WILD OATS SOWINGS;

OR THE

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ADVENTURER.

A tale
Of moving accidents, by field and flood.
Shakspeare.

BY S. W. CUSHING.

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PREFACE.

No one undertakes the task of getting up a book without an idea, in the first place, of bettering himself, or herself, pecuniarily; and in the second, place, of conferring the benefit of his experience upon those around, who have not had so extended an acquaintance with the world.

These were the grand motives that impelled the author to the labor of which this work is the result; and in presenting it to the public, he would simply express the hope that its perusal may serve to gladden the hearts and brighten the hopes of those whose eyes are straining oceanward for the loved one, long absent but still unforgotten, for whose safe return the throne of Heaven is daily importuned. To such as these the pictures of life at sea and in foreign lands are always welcome, and to such this work is the more especially dedicated by

THE AUTHOR.

BOSTON, May 1857.

WILD OATS SOWINGS;

OR

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ADVENTURER.

CHAPTER I.

Introduction—Birth—Parentage—Early training—Education—My roving cousins—Early inclination to the sea—Mrs. Barnes—School-boy tricks—The old school system—The new school system—Difference in favor of the latter—Evil tendency of indiscriminate flogging in schools—Seamen's boarding-houses—My inclination to frequent them—Pernicious results—Present condition of the sailor compared with the past—The result of Christian benevolence.

In these days, when book-writing has become the ordinary occupation of a large proportion of our countrymen, as well as women, it requires no ordinary sacrifice of diffidence in the amateur, to venture even upon the record of an "OWER TRUE TALE." By far the greatest stumbling-block in his way, is the glowing language, innate in some, in which the hero or heroine of the modern novelette is portrayed, and which appears at the present day to be the standard most commonly accepted by the people and aimed at by the author. But this standard will not do for the relator of sober facts of actual life, who is obliged to place ideality beyond his reach, that he may the better follow the course of events in his history.

Truth is stranger than fiction. This, though strictly true, appears to be forgotten. Among other and like sands of gold, it has been voted obsolete; and the youthful mind, instead of being instructed as well as amused by the recorp of actual

occurrences, is left at times to exult, admire, or sigh over the achievements or tribulations of some creation of the scribbler's brain. The consequences may be seen daily in the thousand-and-one false notions of life and human character betrayed by the young of both sexes, on their advent upon the stage of the world, who have made their debût with expectations never to be realized, because in most cases impossible.

The aim in life will correspond with the character and tastes of the individual. Many will desire to become rich, yet very few, comparatively speaking, will succeed; and not a few of those who reach the goal of their desires, will do so to the ruin of both soul and body; and "what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" Many, again, will aspire to celebrity, fame; but none of this class may hope to reach the pinnacle to which their ambition spurs them. They may, it is true, follow in the track of their instructors, and enjoy for a brief space the eclât of the same class in which they themselves graduated; but it will be evanescent as the summer cloud, which dissolves and is lost for ever. Many, again, will become imbued with the spirit of adventure: these, for the most part, become mere rovers, without home, or any settled object in view. They are cosmopolitan; their home is the world. Thousands of these are lost to their kindred and homes annually, who under a different course of reading and instruction would have remained to gladden the social circle of many an estimable family, who now mourn the absence of a wanderer. How many, infatuated by the daring exploits of pirates and highwaymen, as portrayed by the brilliant pens of the last ten years, have become the inmates of our prisons! how many have expiated a life of crime upon the gallows! It is universally admitted, that the first and paramount desire of mankind, in whatever way it is sought, is notoriety, or to become an object of mark to their fellow-men; and it is equally certain, that all are not alike strong-minded. How easy, then,—and I may say, not inconsistent, when we consider the depravity of

human nature,—for the weak-minded youth, upon finding the avenues to distinction closed to him from lack of natural abilities, to turn into that broad and soul-destroying road, where all the gifted, alas! yes, the gifted and the groveling, are alike competitors.

Many voices have been raised latterly against the evil tendency of the modern novelette, but as yet the tide is unchecked; and worse than all, the theatres, once the temples of propriety and reason, have lent their aid in the great work of demoralization, by enacting the actions of criminals, carefully bringing forward to the light whatever real, or in most cases imaginary good traits, they possessed, as if in extenuation of the most daring and revolting crimes that ever disgraced the earth. In this country, the rush to witness the performance of such plays as "Jack Sheppard," "Dick Turpin," "Martin the Highwayman," etc., is truly astonishing. Who are they who go to witness these representations? Step to the doors of our cheap places of amusement. As crowd after crowd of the youth of our land disappear beneath the portals, you will there find the ragged and scantily clad news-boy, and the well-dressed and well-cared-for apprentice, elbowing, jostling, crowding with loafers, blacklegs and drunkards; and above the mass rises in strange unison the ribald jest and profane oath, indicative of the presence of the debauchee and the ruffian.

Will any one wonder, that such schools and examples as these turn out bad citizens? I think they will not. But the subject of wonder is, that people whose eyes are opened to these facts, should remain quiet and suffer them to exist. They are by some, and should be by all, felt as an outrage upon society. In this respect we are behind our neighbors upon the other side of the Atlantic. There the public exhibition of such plays were found to have so pernicious an influence upon the morals of the lower orders, that the public authorities were obliged to forbid their representation; and yet it was carried no farther there than it is here. But a careful inspec-

tion of the prisons, and examination of prisoners, instituted by order of the British Government, developed these facts beyond gainsaying. In regard to public exhibitions the law may suffice; but in that of reading, nothing will avail but parental authority. Books are plentiful and cheap, and the world furnishes bona-fide subjects enough to swell their number to infinity. The only object, then, is to create a desire for solid and useful information: this, when once effected, is seldom lost. History, voyages, and travels, in most cases beguile the youthful mind; and if parents would take the trouble to explain the difference between a work of veracity and one of fiction, many would be drawn away from the vortex which is ever open to receive its votaries.

There are many men and women moving around us in our every-day walk in life, whose history, if properly written out, would afford more instruction and amusement, even to the young, than the massive piles of paper and ink which load the counters of the literary depôt. The history of one of these persons I am about to portray, hoping that it may be found sufficiently entertaining to repay the reader for the trouble of perusing it; and if any one should be benefited by the conclusions which they may be enabled to form upon the various subjects of which I shall treat, I shall not consider as useless my efforts to please them.

The whole contents of this work is a narrative of facts which have transpired in the life of the writer, who has undertaken the work by the solicitation of many friends, for the gratification of their laudable curiosity, and the hope that it may remunerate him for the labor of its compilation. While I shall give a detail of stirring adventure, the work will possess some interest in a historical point of view; as all of the events described, in which the Author participated, have occurred within the last twenty years. Another feature will be the description of men, manners, and customs, as I saw them, in different parts of the world, with the scenery, natural history, and

incidents; all of which I shall submit without comment to the judgment of the reader. I shall endeavor to be as concise as the nature of the subjects will admit of; and with this introduction, relying upon the indulgence of the courteous reader for whatever grammatical or logical errors he may find in the composition of the work, I shall enter at once upon its details, hoping that it may serve to afford instruction, as well as beguile the tediousness of idle hours, too often thrown away upon the novelette.

"TRAIN UP A CHILD IN THE WAY HE SHOULD GO, AND WHEN HE IS OLD HE WILL NOT DEPART FROM IT." So said Solomon; and the like has been said by every wise man from time immemorial. It is acted upon by many judicious parents and guardians, who take the trouble to observe and carefully study the dispositions and inclinations of their children. But with the mass it is different: the great difficulty appears to be in deciding what is to be the way in which he should go. With the first, the wishes of the parent in regard to the child will be governed by the knowledge of its character, which must be to a great extent the creation, under God, of the parents; while the infant mind of the child, under their guiding and fostering influence, may have all its capacities developed and variously turned into their proper courses. With the last, an overweening desire to have their children considered prodigies of smartness and aptitude lead them to neglect their necessary early training, and the consideration of the great question as to the way in which they are to go, or should go, is of course dropped: the golden moments have passed; the child has assumed the right of governing himself; and it is soon found that nothing but strong coercive measures will avail to keep him within bounds. It is now that the worst traits of our nature develop themselves and commence their growth, and each succeeding year witnesses a decline in parental authority. Many will yield to persuasion; but it is not until they verge upon maturity, and consequently have been the occasion of much needless anxiety, and too often of suffering, to fond parents.

The subject of this narrative was born in the city of Boston, Massachusetts,—that most staid and moral of American cities, whose fame has gone forth to the uttermost bounds of the earth, where enterprize, intelligence, and industry are appreciated,—upon the first day of September, 1818, of a good and highly respectable family. Among my earliest recollections, and inseparably connected with them, is the old wooden church which whilom stood at the corner of Stillman and Salem-streets, where I first heard the word of God preached by the venerable Dr. Wayland, the late President of Brown University. There I also attended Sabbath-school and received my first religious instruction; and how often in after-life has my mind reverted to the kindly admonitions and religious precepts which were there instilled into it by the kind and faithful servants of God! —precepts which, though sown by the wayside, where the weeds sprang up and choked them for a season, were destined at last, through his mercy, to produce the fruits of righteousness, to his honor and glory.

The youngest of five children, I was the petted, and I may almost say "idolized" object of our family circle, whose utmost care seems to have been to gratify my every wish, without any consideration as to its propriety. This course, continued in until I had attained my sixth year, at which time my father died, found me a wayward and spoiled child. Bent upon having my own way in everything, at this age I experienced much sickness, which was undoubtedly the reason of much of the neglect of my early training; and my dear mother, who immediately after the death of her husband broke up housekeeping and went out to board, taking me with her, was so occupied with her own bereavements, that much of the care of me devolved upon an invalid aunt of mine, a sister of my mother, who, although a very estimable lady, possessed the same overweening fondness for me; the consequence was, that I did not improve under her tuition.

I had early learned to read, and the condition of my health

being such as to keep me confined within doors, and never taking much pleasure in toys, my mind naturally turned to books. Nature had done much in bestowing upon me a good understanding and a retentive memory, and I could at an early age appreciate and understand readily the writings upon most subjects which fell in my way. Added to this, at my aunt's I frequently saw two young gentlemen, distant relatives of our family, who were attached to the United States Navy. In their company I took much delight; and I often laugh, when I think of my childish wonder at the strange stories which they would tell of what they had seen upon the ocean and in foreign lands; and at my childish glee, not unmixed with tertor, at their hoarse imitations of the commands usually given upon shipboard, and of the various calls of the boatswains and their mates. These, added to their descriptions of the wealth of foreign countries, backed by a profuse display of gold and silver, which, according to their assertion, was lightly won, irrevocably fixed in my mind the determination to be a sailor.

My course of reading, or rather the larger part of it, which, up to the advent of these roving cousins of mine, had been geography and history, of which I had been very fond, now took (though nearly allied to the two former) a new direction. Books of voyages and travels, of whatever kind, whether of fact or fiction, were eagerly sought after and read with avidity; and those writings which treated of their subjects in the most marvelous light, were invariably prized the most. Having a relative who kept a large bookstore in the city, I had no difficulty in procuring whatever I wanted in that line, as all my friends ever gave me every encouragement in whatever pertained to the acquisition of knowledge.

At eight years of age, my health having become restored, I was sent to school. This, which was of the primary order, was kept by a Mrs. Barnes. The building stood upon the site now occupied by the church of the Rev. B. Stow, in Salem-street, or rather in the court leading from Salem-street, the

name of which I cannot now recall to memory. Mrs. Barnes was an austere woman and a rigid disciplinarian, as I soon found to my cost. Just turned loose from the kindly atmosphere of a home, where I had been accustomed to naught but gentle words and the smiles of affection from infancy, it will not be wondered at that the cold, and as I thought unfeeling, glances of the school-mistress sent a chill through every vein in my body. Everything appeared strange and even repulsive. My temper was not bad, but there was a natural buoyancy, almost amounting to volatility, about me, which was ever seeking for some object to prey upon. This my new preceptress was not slow in discovering; and as a natural consequence, after having been twice forgiven, I received a tremendous whipping, for making such uncouth faces at the school-mistress behind her back as set the whole school in a roar, in spite of all their terrors of the birch, which there outstripped even knowledge in its thrift. Such was my first introduction to King Solomon's method of instilling instruction into the hide (I had almost said mind) of the refractory. This was my first day at school. I returned from it with my back striped like the sides of a hyena. I did not fret much at my disgrace, after the immediate smarting of the flagellation had subsided, as I had an indistinct notion that I deserved the punishment; but my dear mother was much distressed, and had I not remonstrated against it, she would have kept me from school altogether. A note of gentle remonstrance from my parent produced a sort of compromise between Mrs. Brown and myself, in which the promise of sundry (visionary as they afterwards proved) presents were to exchange ownership, thus inducing me to promise amendment, and I was installed into a seat conspicuously placed, where from under my contracted brow I could clearly discern the Argus eyes of my instructress continually directed. During that and the three succeeding days my behavior was all that the lady could have wished; but as yet no lesson had been assigned me. The object seemed to be,

that I was to get an idea of the difference between home and a public-school into my head, and to understand its attendant pains and penalties. With the remark that I was a good boy, on the fifth day of my term I was placed in a class and commanded to get a lesson. But, unfortunately for me, the form upon which I was seated breaking down, although truly without any agency of mine in producing the disaster, led me to wish that I had been in Jericho. The established order of the school had been violated; and I, though innocent of any wrong whatever, was marched out into the centre of the school-room, where, in spite of my most solemn protestations of innocence and promises to behave myself, I received flogging number two; which exceeded the first in this respect, that the former was administered in birch, and the latter with a heavy rattan. I did not recover from its effects for a week. I made no complaints, not even to my mother or aunt; but, young as I was, I understood perfectly well the injustice which had been done me, and secretly vowed to revenge myself by doing all the mischief I could. But the season when I joined the school being near the end of the term, prevented my playing any tricks for a time.

Upon examining me in regard to my acquirements, she pronounced me sufficiently versed in the rudiments to enter one of the grammar-schools, and I left her charge, my last act being to enter the school-house through one of the windows, (which I did from the shoulders of another boy,) and breaking every rattan and ferule in the room, after tearing up two shawls and a hood which I found behind the rostrum. I never had another chance to annoy her myself; but a larger boy, at my instigation, ran her down as she was crossing Salem, at its intersection with Prince-street, in the following winter. In those days the boys frequently made the public streets their coasting-ground. The accident resulted, I am happy to say, in only frightening the lady a little.

I do not relate those incidents of boyish mischief from any

feeling of exultation, but rather to show by what untoward circumstances a youthful mind may be led astray, and to seek its own pleasure and revenge, contrary to the rules of government established by the pedagogue. The entire school system has changed, and happily, too. Thirty, and even twenty years ago, the schoolmasters and mistresses were as imperious in asserting their prerogative to govern the children committed to their charge, as are the despots of the world in dictating to their meanest subjects; and in this they were upheld by public authority. Now that the system is more under the supervision of the parents of the children who are being instructed, its effects are visible in the decline of the soul-hardening flogging system, and the substitution of gentle admonition and encouragement. There are many, it is true, who cannot be reached even by this course; but they may never be bettered by the floggings, however severe, which they may receive, the tendency of which will only be to bring out and foster the growth of all the worst features of our nature.

As I was too young to enter the grammar-school,—the law specifying that none under ten years of age should be admitted to their privileges,—I entered the school of the North Square District. This was likewise a primary establishment. Here, although I learned nothing from my studies, they being merely rudimental, I read a great many books; and the school-house being very near a number of boarding-houses kept for the accommodation of seafaring men, I had every opportunity for indulging my penchant for listening to their "yarns," as they in nautical phraseology termed them. With them I also frequently visited the wharves, going on board of many of the vessels and climbing into their rigging, but as yet keeping in close proximity to the deck. These excursions, of course, were utterly unknown to my mother, who, although I often expressed to her my admiration for everything which pertained to ships and sailors, never for a moment dreamed that I should ever wish to try the hard and perilous life of

those who "go down to the sea in ships, and do business upon the great waters."

It may readily be supposed that my intercourse with these people did not improve my morals. The sympathies of the benevolent had not been extended as yet to the moral condition of the sailor; but thank heaven, a brighter day has dawned, and already its cheering beams are felt and appreciated. No longer looked upon as outcasts, our gallant tars, under the guiding influence of Christian benevolence and instruction, have risen to a position in society, whose influence tends in itself to keep alive the spirit of improvement and progress. May the tide still roll on, for it is written, "the abundance of the seas shall be his."

CHAPTER II.

Introduction to grammar school—Rapid progress—Satisfaction of friends—Reveal my inclination for the sea—Opposition—Means to produce a revolution in feelings—Fail—Compromise—A damper—My mother's determination—Capt. A.—The Swiftsure—Nautical pride—Under way—Delight—Sea-sickness—Tricks upon travelers—Biter bit—W——Cape Cod—New scenery—Smell a rat—Capt. A.'s advice—Introduction to my new friends—Mrs. H.—Mrs. R.—Miss P.—Miss N.—Instructions—Duties—My new designation—My first regrets—Too late to repent—Determine to run away.

My pursuit of pleasure was at length interrupted, in this direction, by my entering the Hancock School, in Hanover-street, in which I commenced my studies in grammar and arithmetic. In these I made rapid progress, to the great satisfaction of my teachers and friends, who were profuse in their encomiums at my steady advancement. I continued at school for the greater part of three years, during which time I acquired what is usually considered a good English education;

was well read, even remarkably so for a boy of my age, upon most subjects; and, as is generally the case with school-boys, imbibed a notion that I was perfectly qualified to commence life upon my own account. It was about this time that I first spoke to my mother of my inclination for a life upon the ocean. As may well be supposed, my mother was at once surprised and frightened. She pictured in saddened tones the dangers and hardships of those who sought a livelihood upon the great deep, and deprecated strongly my intercourse with the sailors, an account of which I gave her. She perceived that the mania had taken a firm hold of me, and had too much good sense to deny my wishes altogether; therefore in conclusion I was told, that if after I had thought the matter over well, and had got a little older, I still continued in the same mind, she would try to gratify me. This concession was not made without many tears. She bade me remember that I was her only son, (my brother having died some time before my father,) and that I was the sole comfort she had, who she hoped was destined to grow up and be her support through life. How often have I since regretted that I had not acceded to her wishes! But childhood, and even youth, is most often selfish, for the reason that they cannot understand the depth of a mother's affection for her offspring. Everything was now brought to bear upon me which was calculated in the least to overthrow my determination. My sisters united their efforts to those of my mother. Accounts of awful shipwrecks, pirates, and of the sufferings of shipwrecked seamen, which they put into my hands and strongly commented upon, instead of producing the desired effect, only served to confirm me in the course which I had laid out for myself. I remember that there was one thing which they dwelt strongly upon, which for a little time acted as a slight damper upon my aspirations; this was, their account of the punishment of seamen by flogging with the "cat-o'-nine-tails," which they were certain I would encounter frequently; but the effect of this wore off, upon some of my nautical friends

assuring me that the "cat" was used only upon the refractory, and that a well-behaved man or boy was seldom punished.

Thus everything conspiring to confirm me in my hobby, my mother determined to send me a short trip upon the water, in hopes that the usual sea-sickness attendant upon a first sea-voyage would have the effect which she desired. Accordingly, the necessary preparations having been made, and the day having arrived, after a leave-taking which was purposely made very affecting, I was confided to the charge of Capt. A——d, of the good schooner Swiftsure, which ran as a packet between B—— and W——, upon Cape Cod, where I was to be consigned to the charge of a friend of my mother, a Mr. H——k, who had already received special directions concerning me. Many were the tears which were shed on both sides, for this was the first parting from my dear mother and sisters, and I almost repented that I had ever wished to leave my home. But the glowing accounts which I had read and heard of a life upon the ocean wave passed in rapid succession before my mental vision, and I tore myself away, and still sobbing, ran by the side of my conductor, who with long strides led the way to the dock, where his trim craft was moored ready for sea.

Captain A—— was an old and weather-beaten sailor of the old school, of a rather rough appearance as regarded his exterior, but of a kindly nature, and in cheering tones he sought to draw my mind from the thoughts of home, which still distressed me. "So, boy, you wish to be a sailor, do ye? Well, it's no bad wish neither, though I say it. True, it's hard to part from home and friends, but what then? They'll be so much the more glad to see ye when ye return. Ye'll take a trip with me down to the Cape. But mind, boy, that will not be going to sea, by a long shot; no, that will only be a smell of the salt water for the benefit of your health, as 'twere; ye'll find old ocean a different affair."

By this time we had reached the vessel, which was having her lading completed. He stopped suddenly, and laying his

hand gently upon my arm, pointed his finger to his floating home and said, "There, lad, mind I tell ye, ye'll sail many a thousand leagues before ye'll fall in with a handsomer craft than that." And in truth she was a beautiful vessel; but I could not account for the warmth of feeling which appeared to glow both in his features and language, as he pointed out to my untutored gaze the various points of excellence in the model and spars of the Swiftsure. I had yet to learn that the true sailor conceives an affection for his vessel little short of that with which he regards his loved ones at home. The captain being called away, I was directed to amuse myself in any way I chose, with an injunction not to stray away from the vessel, or fall overboard, for fear of losing my passage.

At four in the afternoon we hoisted our sails; and casting off our fastenings, the noble vessel glided out into the bay, where the strong south-west wind catching her sails, she yielded gracefully to its influence, and in a moment more the blue waves dashed from her bow in broad and shining sheets of foam. For a short time I was in an ecstasy of delight, not unmixed with fear, when I saw, during the more powerful gusts of the breeze, the water rushing through the lee scuppers. My wondering eyes did not escape the notice of the passengers, of whom there were a large number on board, or of the crew, who no doubt enjoyed the fun very much. But every rose has its thorn, and my pleasure was soon to be dashed by something which I had not thought of. Already before we had passed the castle, an undefinable feeling of uneasiness in my stomach became evident; and before we had cleared Long Island, the usual libation to the briny deity, whose dominions I had invaded, was rendered, calling forth much merriment from the crew, and particularly from the sable genius who presided over the *cuisine*, whose capacious jaws, when opened to their full extent, induced the fear that the head would part company with the body. This dignitary prescribed raw pork and molasses as a sovereign remedy for my complaint; while

an unlucky wight, who was in the act of holding a cup of salt water to my lips, instead of fresh, which I had asked for, (which manœuvre had not escaped the notice of Capt. A——,) received a blow from the giant fist of that officer, which laid him sprawling in the lee scuppers, with the admonition to mend his manners, and play no more tricks upon travelers. Leading me along the deck to the companion-way, which in nautical parlance means cabin-doors, he advised me to go below and turn in, at the same time calling to the steward to take charge of me. But sick as I was, it was obvious to me that that person had his hands full already; however, he pointed out a berth, into which I rolled, and for a few moments endeavored to go to sleep, but the motion of the vessel and the close, warm atmosphere of a crowded cabin, together with the smell of the bilge-water, (stagnant water always found in the bottom of a tight vessel,) soon made me glad to return to the deck, where I ensconced myself under the weather-bulwark by the side of the helmsman, and there remained between sleeping and waking through the night—certainly one of the most unhappy nights that I ever spent in my life, and the very reverse of what my day-dreams had led me to expect. However, the morning's light found us snugly at anchor in W—— harbor, and soon after, the ebbing of the tide left the vessel high and dry upon the sands, when all hands walked ashore.

It was a bright sunshiny day, and my sickness having ceased with its cause, (the motion of the vessel,) my spirits in a great measure revived; and in the gratification of my curiosity at the new objects which surrounded me, my troubles were forgotten. The difference in the country, as to appearance, at so short a distance from home, surprised me. Such immense barren hills of sand—the long, low lines of sheds, as I termed the covered vats where salt is formed by the evaporation of sea-water by the heat of the sun—the flakes of interwoven brush, covered with salt fish of various kinds, undergoing the drying process—all were new and strange to me, and

I thought I should never tire of looking at them. What a letter I would write to my dear mother and sisters about them! how pleased they would be to read it!

Unconsciously a sigh escaped from me, as the parting scene from those who loved me came to my mind, and as I thought of the wide space which separated us; but new objects rose upon my sight and chased away for a time all unpleasant thoughts.

"Come, boy," said Capt. A——, "I will show you the way to the house of your new friends." By the way, they are nice people—old acquaintances of mine; and if you are a good boy they will do well by you. But they have got a pretty good lot of children of their own," he continued in a musing tone, "and I think that I should as lief let the lad have his way, and send him to sea with some good captain, as to leave him here."

This, though evidently not intended for my ear, was not lost upon me; and a vague idea that there was some secret arrangement to which I was not knowingly a party, crept into my mind and caused me some uneasiness.

"Why, Capt. A——, I have not come here to remain but a short time, have I?"

"I don't know, youngster; but I rather guess that you will remain until you get away: but Uncle Tom will satisfy you upon that point. All I can tell you is, be a good boy and you will do well enough."

This conversation brought us to the house of my friends, who received me very kindly: but there was no resemblance between them and any one whom I could recollect to have met among the many friends at home. The family to whom I was introduced consisted, at present, of an old lady, the wife of Mr. H——, (or Uncle Tom, as he was more familiarly termed,) who, it appears, was settling up his affairs in Boston, preparatory to retiring from business, after the acquisition of a competence in the oyster-trade, and three daughters.

Now that I have become domiciled in my new home, I will

proceed to introduce my new friends to the reader. Mrs. H—— was a venerable lady of some seventy years of age, as near as I can recollect, although from her appearance few persons would judge her to have been over sixty. She was smart and active as a cat, with small piercing grey eyes, which almost looked as if they could see through an oak plank of anything like ordinary thickness; otherwise her features were regular and even handsome; but there was a certain knowing and positive way in which she inclined her head to her left shoulder, that gave me to understand that as I had come there to find a mistress, I must look out for breakers. I observed, likewise, that she smoked a pipe, which to me was the strangest thing which I had encountered yet; and she was also excessively fond of snuff, which was ever an abomination to me. Altogether, I did not like her appearance. The next person in order was a daughter, Mrs. R——, a rusty, hard-visaged widow of about thirty-five summers, though one who in the main, when it did not conflict with her interests or inclinations, could be both kind and companionable. I set her down as one with whom I should not endeavor to establish much friendship, and truly I never did. The other two members of the family were girls of eighteen and sixteen respectively. The elder, P——, was a tall spare girl of ordinary appearance, which was relieved, however, by a kindly heart and winning manners; while the younger one, N——, who was smaller both in stature and understanding, was as pert and proud a little minx as ever walked. I do not know but that the reader of these pages will charge me with want of gallantry in writing of the ladies after this manner, but my duty as a faithful narrator, in their proper places, of my feelings, as well as of my adventures, demands it.

These four comprised the whole of the family at the time I joined it. But I was informed that Mr. H—— himself would arrive home by the next return packet, and in the meantime I was instructed to address that gentleman, when I

should have the happiness of seeing him, by the title of gran'ther (grandfather;) Mrs. H—— as grandma'am; and the sons and daughters of the old people as uncle and aunt; and I was given to understand that I was to drive the cows to and from pasture, work in the garden, and do the *chores* generally about the farm. This gave a turn to my affairs which I had not counted upon; but it was too plain to be misunderstood, and I submitted to my fate, merely observing that I had not expected to remain with them for a longer period than suited my wishes. To which the old lady tartly replied, "You have come here to work, you sarpent!"

The first three or four days convinced me that I was to be made the drudge of this amiable family; for besides the above-noticed persons, there were other sons and daughters, having families who occupied houses contiguous to the parent-hive. These were continually flitting backwards and forwards between the respective dwellings of their "gran'ther," and uncle this and aunt that, and I found that I must hold myself ready at the beck of all indiscriminately. To this injustice I subsequently demurred, and received a severe flogging for my pains, with the assurance that I should get down upon my knees and kiss their feet, if they required it.

CHAPTER III.

Determine to run away—Capt. A.'s advice—Enlist a sympathizer—Desert my post—Reach the vessel—Secreted on board—The puzzled skipper—That's a whapper—The anxiety of the people results in the fox being unearthed—Mirth of passengers—Rage of officers—My disembarkation, and custodians—Cape Cod compliments—Balancing accounts—The court assembled—The prisoner arraigned—Trial—No defense admitted—The sarpent condemned to be flayed alive—Execution of sentence—Miss P.—Gratitude—Hatred—Mr. H.—His intended generosity—Revelations, one-sided—General treatment—Cod and Bass fishing—Winter occupations—No relief—The cabbage-plants—Opposition to Methodism, and its results.

But to resume the thread of my narrative, not liking the aspect of things, I determined to return to B—— as soon as the packet sailed again, and I applied to Capt. A—— for a passage. Upon hearing my request he looked at me and laughed. "So soon, youngster? Why, you are soon tired of your visit to the Cape." I stated frankly to him the position in which I was placed, and the prospects before me. He acknowledged the justice of all I said, but told me that he could not take me back to B—— without the permission of Mr. H——, as by doing so he should offend that person, with whom he was connected in business. In conclusion, he advised me to endeavor to do the best I could, and take the earliest opportunity to inform my mother, who he had no doubt would take me home again. This was all very well, as far as it went, but it did not satisfy me. I thought that I could not get away too soon.

Having told one of the men attached to the packet, just before we left B——, of my destination, it occurred to my memory that he had spoken of Mr. H—— in a very disparaging manner, he having formerly lived with him upon his farm. To this person I applied. He readily agreed to secrete

me on board, directing me to hold myself in readiness the next day. Accordingly on the morrow, the morning chores having been finished, I went to work as usual in the garden, where I continued until about ten o'clock; when, throwing down the hoe, I dodged away out of sight of the house, and ran as fast as I could to the harbor. I arrived just in time, the tide having in its flow nearly surrounded the vessel; and in the hurry of the many people who were getting on board her cargo of oysters, I gained the deck, as I thought, unnoticed, and hastily secreted myself in the forecastle, congratulating myself upon my escape, and in imagination was already treading the streets of B——.

But I had reckoned without my host. I was doomed to disappointment, and should have been lucky had it stopped there. An hour or more passed; and as the flowing tide by degrees righted the vessel, and I could hear the sailors casting loose the sails, followed quickly by the heaving up of the anchor, my anxiety became intense. But now the sound of approaching footsteps descending the forecastle stairs fell upon my terror-stricken ear, followed by the voice of Capt. A—— summoning me to come forth from my hiding-place. I remained silent as the grave, scarcely daring to breathe. I had thrown the clothing out of a chest belonging to the aforementioned man, as had previously been arranged, and ensconcing myself within, had closed the lid. Having searched all around in vain, he stopped, as he afterwards told me, completely puzzled, and almost believing that I had left the vessel again. I could hear his every motion, and judged correctly in regard to the dilemma he was in, which at length found its vent in an oath, which prefixed the remark that he knew that I was down there, as he had seen me go down with his own eyes. "I'll tell you what it is, youngster, its no use; you might as well come out: I know where you are," (thinks I, that's a whopper; tell another,) "and if you don't show yourself soon, I'll hunt you out, when we get clear of the land, and throw you overboard."

I thought I might as well be thrown overboard as to return, so I did not comply with his request.

Presently I heard him ascending to the deck, and again I breathed freely. But my respite was of short duration; for the singularity of my disappearance inducing some of the people to fear that I had fallen overboard, they commenced a more thorough search, which resulted in the chest being overhauled, and I was dragged forth more than half dead with fright, amid shouts of laughter from the passengers, intermingled with curses from the officers at the detention I had caused. I was hurried into a boat which was waiting alongside, and with sorrowful eyes beheld the little vessel fill away and glide swiftly upon her course toward my dear native home, which I now only regretted I had ever wished to leave.

I had been delivered into the charge of two stout boys—or I should rather say, young men—grandsons of Mr. H——, and they, it appeared, had already taken offense at my very apparent desire to leave them, and they seemed greatly delighted at the prospect of the whipping which they informed me I was sure to get. In short, they did not fail to annoy me to the extent of their ability; to all of which, I am sorry to say, I responded in terms equally as gross as those which they used. I must not forget to mention a profusion of kicks and cuffs I received from them, which it appeared they thought necessary to balance accounts, but which I managed to keep in my favor.

In this way I was dragged and kicked along until we came to the house, outside of which the whole family were assembled to receive us. The old lady advanced a few paces to the front, her head cocked to the left shoulder, her eyes sparkling with rage, and her right hand, armed with half a dozen tough birch switches, hid behind her; while the rest were drawn up in the rear in true military style to witness the punishment.

I was dragged forward and confronted with the old woman. There was a profound silence, broken only by my sobs, for

my whole body ached from the effects of the ill usage of her grandsons. My tormenter, after looking at me for a moment with a grin of satisfaction upon her countenance, commenced: "So you 've tried to run away, have you? I'll teach you to do that again! I'll learn you how to behave yourself, and what you've got to expect here!" She now demanded of her grandsons where they found me, and how I had behaved. The account was not in my favor; as the reader may judge, and it did not lack embellishment adverse to my cause; but every attempt to speak, on my part, was instantly quashed by an outcry from the whole posse, above which could be heard the stern command of the old woman—"Stop your mouth, you sarpent!"

I saw my case was hopeless, and therefore quietly submitted to my inquisitors, merely informing them that I would let my friends know, as soon as I could, of the way they treated me. This only served to produce a laugh at my expense, and a sneering remark from the old one that I had no friends; and I could not doubt her word, as far as it regarded my present position, and I did not hesitate to tell them so. This remark appeared to them to be all that was required to fill the measure of my iniquity, for they declared with one voice that I deserved to have the hide taken off of me—a process which the head of the court expressed her determination to execute to the letter. So, after citing King Solomon's injunction to parents and guardians, that the willful and obstinate youth should be corrected with a rod of iron; she seized me by the collar, and flogged me until she was compelled from sheer exhaustion to desist. After the castigation came a shower of opprobrious epithets, in which all, with but a single exception, joined. This one exception was the eldest girl, Miss P——. She really pitied me; and after my tormentors had left me, she sought with soothing words to comfort me, at the same time telling me that when her father got home I should be better treated. I was very grateful to the kind-hearted girl

for her sympathy with my misfortunes, and from that time she was the only one of the family whom I could love or even respect. I had always been very tender-hearted; and although at times I was both willful and obstinate, yet a few gentle words would serve in most cases to bend me to the will of others. But with this punishment my whole nature appeared to be changed: a burning, bitter hatred of the whole place, and especially of the family with whom I lived, with the one only exception mentioned above, seemed to take possession of me; and although I strove hard to conceal my feelings, they often burst forth in open revolt at some instance of insult or oppression which my spirit could not brook.

The next week brought with it Mr. H——, a tall, broad-shouldered, weather-beaten visaged old man of seventy years, and one whose sturdy frame seemed fully equal to the task of breasting the storms of seventy more. He had been a sailor in his younger days, which accounted for the strong tinge of bronze in his complexion. Mild blue eyes, out of the corners of which a merry twinkle escaped when anything particularly pleased him, a nose of the Grecian order, with a well-formed mouth and chin, and a high and massive forehead, formed a daguerreotype at once pleasing and handsome; and had it not been for the unfortunate initiative I had passed through, my stay with them might have been less brief, and more pleasant to all concerned.

Mr. H—— saluted me kindly, expressing himself sorry that anything unpleasant had occurred. He hoped I was convinced by this time that my escape was impossible, giving me to understand that I should be well watched, and finished by promising me at the expiration of six months a pair of red-top boots if I behaved myself. I was astonished at the information of the gentleman's intended generosity, and in reply told him that I would willingly do without the present, provided I was allowed to return to my home and friends. To this he objected, telling me that I was to remain and live

with him until I was twenty-one years of age, for such was the substance of an agreement between himself and my friends. But he omitted the proviso which I afterwards found had accompanied the agreement, namely, that my own feelings were to be consulted at the expiration of a month. I likewise found he had visited my mother the day before he left B——, and related such a tale of my happiness and contentment, that the good woman was overjoyed.

My master, as I must now call him, gave me information of the fact that he intended to remain at home, and keep a tavern and manage his farm himself, and that I should be employed under his immediate supervision. This arrangement I did not at all like, as it would prevent any attempt to escape, at least for the present; but there was no alternative, so I endeavored to submit with a good grace, and for some time things went on very smoothly, with the only exception that I continued to be flogged for every little circumstance, whether of fault or remissness, which they pleased to consider out of order. Many of these castigations were gratuitously procured for me by the grandchildren, who had barely to affirm that I refused to comply with any of their demands, to subject me to a scourging. I have no hesitation in saying that the skin upon my back doubled during the first six months of my service, owing to my repeated flagellations, and my feelings became hardened and depraved in a corresponding ratio. It was about the middle of autumn when I went to live with this family, and during the first six months that I was with them I had written several letters to my mother, which, at the request of Mr. H——, were given into his charge to be forwarded home. These, I have reason to believe, were mostly destroyed; for nearly all the information my friends received in regard to me, was through the medium of the sons of the old man, who were in business in B——. This accounted for the fact that no notice was taken of my complaints, in the letters which I received from home.

There was one feature connected with my service here in which I took much delight: this was the cod and bass fishery, which afforded me much sport, though generally at the expense of a great deal of suffering from cold and wet weather. The whole stock of clothing I had brought from B—— answered very well for the city, but could hardly be considered suitable for the cold and stormy winds of Cape Cod in the fall and winter months, especially as I was of a slight and delicate frame; but during some fifteen months that I remained with Mr. H——, not one single article of clothing was procured for me, if I except a strong pair of cowhide shoes, and these were not provided until I was in imminent danger of having my feet frozen. Hastily throwing on my scanty clothing at the hoarse call of my master, we would sally forth about two o'clock in the morning, during the months of November and December, when the bay was not frozen over, and making our way to the creek where our boat was anchored, we would sail or row some seven or eight miles to the fishing-ground; and frequently, ere the eastern horizon was lit by the early dawn, we would have our boat half-loaded with cod, haddock, and dog-fish, the latter considered useless save for the oil extracted from the liver. The fishing generally became poor by ten o'clock, at which time we would raise our anchor and return home. The rest of the day would be occupied with cleaning our fish, salting, etc., and digging clams (which abounded all along the coast) for bait. These occupations I enjoyed the more, as they served to keep me from what I believe I have once before called *home;* not that I wish it to be inferred that I considered it a home to me, though it appeared to be the only one I had for the present. During the severer winter months I was employed in drawing wood with an ox-team, my master chopping and loading the wood; and on some of the more stormy days I was allowed either to shell corn, or sometimes, as an especial favor, to read to the family in the books which my mother from time to time sent me.

In this way passed the winter months. Spring brought all my former hard work, but the labors were now in a two-fold proportion heavier than those of the previous fall; and to make matters worse, if I did not accomplish as much work as they thought possible, I was voted lazy, and got flogged for my alleged delinquency. No exertion on my part sufficed to please, or to draw one encomium from them.

In the spring, when the time came to set out cabbage-plants, my master not having provided them by sowing the seed, I heard him express a wish that he could procure some. During the day a neighbor asked me if we had any. I told him we had not. "Come with me," said he, "and I will give you some for your master. I know that he will be pleased with them." I was at the time hoeing the young corn, according to directions. Taking it for granted that in this instance at least I should gratify my master, I laid down my hoe and accompanied the man to his house, distant about half a mile, where he gave me about eighty fine healthy plants. The day was fair for setting them out, and I hurried back, having been gone about an hour. Before I reached the field I discovered the old man at work hoeing corn, and was calculating upon the agreeable surprise I had in store for him. I advanced stealthily until I got quite close, when, looking up, he perceived me. Turning quickly, he demanded where I had been. I told him the whole story in as few words as possible; but ere I could finish he struck the plants from my hand with the hoe-handle, and for a moment I really thought he was determined to murder me. The old man was a strong Methodist; but the loud and frightful curses which accompanied his blows, convinced me of the quality of *his* christianity, at least. Having vented his wrath upon me, he turned and went leisurely to work to pick up the plants, calling me to assist in the operation. Sore and bruised, I complied with his orders; but my outward pains were nothing compared with those feelings of hate and revenge which raged within, and I

intentionally broke every plant which I touched. This he soon discovered, and I was forced to submit to another dose of the hoe-handle, which left me sore for a week, indeed I may well say, for a month.

CHAPTER IV.

My soubriquet—Profanity—Miss P.'s tracts—The germ engrafted—After-effects—Mr. H.'s standing—His peculiar gift and accompaniment—The value of a soul—Alter my plans—Determine to escape by land—Fears—Tavern-keeping—Pumping—Advent of the pious negro—His reception and entertainment—"Nigger" excites the pity of the negro—His departure followed by mine—The ice—Crossing the bay—The embayed brig—The ship-keeper—His kindness—Arrive at Orleans—The colonel and the baker—Catch a weasel asleep—The old negro's superior tactics—Reconnoitering—All right—My dream and its results.

This was but one instance of the manner of treatment which I received from this man. Many others of a like nature occurred continually, and I solemnly believe that I should have been subjected to the same punishment had I refused the man's offer in the aforementioned matter of the plants. At the house, the common name by which I was addressed by the younger scions of this worthy family was "*nigger*," in derision of my complexion, which was a healthy brown. Under the continually aggravated state of feeling in which I may say I existed, I had learned to use very profane language; and it will not be wondered at, considering the examples I had before me. This, it appeared, was a source of trouble to the daughter of the old man, whom I have spoken of before as having used me kindly after my first scourging. She did not speak to me upon the subject, but procured a number of tracts treating of the awful consequences of that most vile habit, which she placed

in my hands with a look of so much sweetness, requesting me to read them, that I could not decline. I did try at first to refuse them, but the soft, gentle tones of her voice, as she said, "I will pray for you," fell so soothingly upon my ear, long accustomed only to vituperation and outrage, that my hand involuntarily seized the books, and not only that, but I read them; and although they failed at that time to produce their influence, yet their counsels were, like the hidden things of God, faithfully impressed upon the memory. That kindly heart has ceased to beat: she has gone to her reward. Long years of a more than ordinarily chequered life spent in strife, folly, and sin, have passed away into eternity, leaving nothing but regret and self-reproach as their recompense; yet when but a short time ago I was told of her decease, the circumstance came fresh upon my mind, bringing vividly before me her pleading countenance as she sought, unknown to her friends, with looks and words of love, to cheer and comfort the oppressed and friendless boy. My heart sank coldly within me; and although not given to the melting mood, the tears of a grateful remembrance came forth unbidden, for memory was busy with the past. Nearly three years have passed, and I have not used a profane word since, and have not ceased to condemn it, by word and example, in every place. I do not wish to be understood that I lay claim to any superior merit in this, but would rather ascribe all the praise and glory to Him who has enabled me to fulfill my vow. Surely, the prayer of that pleading angel has been answered. The lips which uttered it have returned to their parent dust, but their fervent aspirations to God are inscribed upon the bright pages of heaven's recording angel, a landmark of immortality. Peace to her ashes!

My master, as I have before said, was a strong Methodist—at least, in his profession, though he fell far short of the practice, as the reader has already discovered. He was also a prominent class-leader, famous for his edifying exhortations and long prayers. This was likewise the case with his wife.

They were very attentive to the duties of family worship, at which I was required to be present: but I must not forget to state that none of the rest of the family attended, with the exception of Miss P——. We often had prayer and class-meetings at the house, at which the "sarpent" was likewise allowed to attend. But I was never permitted to go to church or Sabbath-school during my sojourn with them. They could not deny that I possessed a soul, but they seemed to think it not worth the saving. After church, upon Sundays, I was usually in the house to hear my master read and expound some portion of the sacred volume—a faculty which he prided himself upon possessing in an eminent degree. These expositions were always profusely interlarded with ejections of tobacco-juice, which he appeared to think gave a peculiar emphasis to his remarks; and I often wondered within myself how a man professing to love his God, and his neighbor as himself, as he always did, could treat with such indignity and oppression a friendless boy, (made so by his machinations,) for no more worthy object than the advancement of his own worldly interests. He had grandsons—stout, sturdy fellows, capable of performing thrice the labor I could ever hope to accomplish; yet these fellows were allowed to lounge about, exercising their mechanical genius in whittling out little models of fishing-smacks, or sailing them upon the neighboring ponds: but they wanted a drudge to perform their slavish biddings, and at the same time to be the butt for the young tribe to exercise their shallow wits upon, and for this purpose I was procured. How well I suited their views thus far, I leave the reader to judge.

I had now fully determined to make my escape by land, as all my hopes of being able to do so by sea were ended, by the injunction my master had given to the captains of the packets. For this purpose I procured a map of the State; and after carefully studying the direction I was to take, I committed to memory the names of the towns and villages through

which I should have to pass before I reached B——. My whole stock of money consisted of three 12½-cent pieces, which had been sent to me by my mother at as many different times. This fund I had secreted, as the old woman had coaxed me to buy snuff for her with the first remittance my mother had sent me, and which I naturally thought would tend to create a little more friendly feeling towards me: a very mistaken idea, however.

The time passed heavily, as day after day wore away without any chance occurring which I could improve. The fall came, with its cares and labors. Being continually with the old man, who watched me with the untiring vigilance of a tiger ready to spring upon its prey, I was left with no other alternative but submission and patience. At length winter set in with unusual inclemency. The bay was early frozen over, thus ending for the season our fishing excursions. The packets, being firmly enclosed by the ice, ceased their trips. To hazard the journey of nearly one hundred miles, in the middle of January, through the snow, rain, and sleet, with scarcely a shoe to my foot, and without money or friends, seemed madness, and I had almost begun to despair of getting away; when the advent of a new character upon the family stage, and some circumstances connected with him, turned the balance in favor of the trial.

This person appeared in the shape of a stout negro, who had belonged to a vessel which had been wrecked near Provincetown, which forms the extreme point of the Cape. I have before mentioned the expressed intention of my master to keep a tavern, but I believe I forgot to note the fact that the intention was carried into effect, and that before the door of the house swung the sign conveying the information to the weary traveler, that within might be found entertainment for man or beast. The most of the business in this line, however, pertained to the summer, when numbers of the city people resorted to the Cape to enjoy the sport of shooting peeps and

seagulls; but in the winter there were but few guests at the tavern. Now and then a solitary straggler on foot would stop for the night to rest his wearied limbs: this, however, was so seldom the case, that its occurrence seemed to form no insignificant epoch in the history of our winter evenings; and the unfortunate wight was so thoroughly cross-questioned by the time he retired for the night, that it would be hard to tell which knew most about his business, himself or his inquisitors, especially if he was disposed to be at all communicative.

This negro stopped at the house; and stating the fact that he was a distressed person, to my great surprise they consented to let him remain through the night. During the evening they discovered their guest was a Methodist, and from that moment he appeared to be doubly welcome. They got him to pray and sing, etc., and ere he retired to rest, an invitation was given him to remain and recruit himself for two or three days, which invitation was duly accepted. The arrangement was likewise made, that he should attend a prayer and class meeting the two following nights, which was of course agreed to. I considered the negro quite an important personage, for I really believed that he was a good Christian; but judge my surprise and dismay, when, upon retiring to rest, I discovered the darkey in my bed, snoring away an accompaniment to the gale that was blowing outside the house. I immediately returned to the kitchen, and asked if I was to sleep with the negro. "Yes," almost yelled the old woman, "don't you think the nigger is as good as you are? Go along to bed." This was too much, but I was obliged to bear it; so, returning to the chamber, I took some bedclothes and laid down upon the floor without undressing—a manœuvre which cost me a flogging in the morning. Miss P—— was away from home, so I had no one to pity me but the negro, who expressed himself so kindly that I truly believed him, and I subsequently had other proof of his sincerity.

The two following days passed. The negro, in the mean-

while, had become a great favorite, and had he chosen, he might have taken up his residence for the winter at the hostel. My master and mistress were so infatuated with the pious volubility which he displayed, that they introduced him to all their relatives and acquaintances as a remarkable monument of the Divine mercy. The story of his conversion and experience was told over and over, to the great edification of the Capesters, until, as the poor fellow told me himself, he was afraid that his jaws would be worn out. At the prayer and class meetings he reigned supreme. The lead was conceded to him by all without exciting the least displeasure; while the people flocked from far and near to hear the pious exhortations of Uncle Tom's negro, which it was acknowledged surpassed all that had ever before been heard in that locality.

But I will pursue the negro upon another track. The morning came for him to take his farewell of his new-found friends. It was a bright and sunny morning toward the end of January, but as yet the air was very chilly. The guest, after uniting in prayer for the last time with the family, bid them an affectionate good-bye, not without receiving some pecuniary assistance from the hands of my master—the proceeds of a small collection which had been taken up among the members of the Methodist Society. Outside of the house he bade me take care of myself, and with a kind "God bless you," he hobbled away upon his journey. The poor fellow had been so unfortunate as to have his feet frozen, and he consequently made but slow progress. My master, who had lately had a severe attack of pleurisy, kept himself snugly housed the most of the time, and I came to the conclusion that now or never was the chance. The negro had told me the course he should take, which was across the head of the bay to E——, upon the ice, and I concluded that I could easily overtake him, and by that means obtain company for the space of time it would take for me to get beyond any part of the country where I might possibly be recognized. I thought I might pass

very well for a shipwrecked sailor-boy, if I could only get the negro to consent to the deception. With this intention I started off, and as soon as I got out of sight of the town, I ran as fast as I could until I got some four or five miles from W——, upon the ice. Between W—— and E—— a brig, which had been driven into the bay by stress of weather, had been shut in. Upon arriving alongside, I discovered my old colored friend talking to another negro, who it appeared was both cook and shipkeeper, the captain, officers, and crew having left the vessel on account of having their hands and feet frozen. My black friend, after expressing his surprise at seeing me so far from home, at the same time informing his friend of our previous acquaintance, concluded by saying he believed I was running away. I gave him to understand that such was the case, and requested that he would let me keep company with him until we were off the ice. To this he at length unwillingly consented, upon my assurance that no one would ever think of pursuing me in that direction, in which request I was supported by the cook.

After partaking of some hot cocoa, which was kindly tendered for our refreshment, we started upon our journey to a distant point of the bay, just discernible from the deck of the brig, and which proved to be a part of the town of Orleans, where we arrived just at nightfall. After landing upon terra firma once more, my black friend positively insisted that I must not accompany him any farther, alleging as a reason, that if I was pursued and caught in his company, he should be likely to get into trouble. I could not but acknowledge the justice of his fears, although, for my own part, I began to feel quite safe. I therefore left him, mutually wishing each other good luck; and being a fast walker, I arrived first at the tavern where I proposed to stop for the night.

At my first entrance to the bar-room, things looked rather doubtful to me. During the previous fall, the regimental muster of the military district—which, it appeared, included

this place—was held in the town of W——; and my master's tavern, which, as usual, formed the nucleus of the martial forces, was generally resorted to by all who attended either from duty, interest, or pleasure. The officers of the gallant regiment, in particular, partook of a sumptuous dinner prepared for the occasion, under the especial supervision of the lady of mine host. In the person of the landlord of the Orleans hotel, to my dismay, I discovered the gallant colonel who commanded upon that memorable day. But I had gone too far to recede—his eye had fallen upon me: so, stepping up to where he was, I demanded if I could be accommodated with lodgings for the night. After eyeing me for a moment with a mingled look of curiosity and uncertainty, he informed me that I could have all I desired in that respect, and I turned away. As I did so, the words, "Where the devil have I seen that boy before?" fell musingly from his lips, pronounced loud enough, however, to be heard by the men clustered around the fire; one of whom arose, and offering his chair, revealed another face which was fresh upon my memory. It was that of a baker, who had attended the muster to dispose of a load of cakes and crackers, and whom I had obliged in assisting in caring for his horses. Stepping up to the landlord with a laugh, "I'll tell you," said he. Without appearing to take any notice of what was said, I went on stripping off my stockings, which, after wringing, I hung upon a nail in the jamb of the fireplace, breathlessly listening all the while, lest a single word should escape me. "I'll tell you: it's old H——'s boy. Don't you recollect him down at the muster last fall?" "You're right; that's the talk. I remember well now," said the colonel, at the same time slapping his thigh to give force to his language. They continued their conversation for some time longer in an under-tone, during which I was upon nettles, as their glances were frequently directed towards me.

I sat with my eyes closed; and being tired, was falling

asleep, when a sudden nod aroused me, just in time to hear the colonel say, "Well, Joe, you are going that way to-morrow; suppose you take him back." I was now wide awake; but I scarcely breathed, when I heard the other respond, "Well, he is not very heavy: I guess I will. Perhaps I may make something out of the job." About the same time there was a certain personage present who guessed that *he* (the baker) would not make enough out of it to make him rich. With these kind intentions in his mind, he approached, and laying his hand on my shoulder, upon the instant with a well-feigned start I roused myself, and looking up into his face, asked what he wanted. "Don't be frightened," said he, "no one will hurt you: we've met before somewhere." I said I thought I had seen him before. "Well," said he, "are you going to stop here to-night?" I answered in the affirmative. "Well, come," said he, "I'll give you some supper for old acquaintance sake." I accepted his kind offer, wondering within myself whether he would ever get his pay for it out of my late master. I was very hungry, and fell to with a good will upon the edibles; and after satisfying my hunger and thanking my new-found "friend," I resumed my former place at the bar-room fire. In passing from the dining-room through the kitchen, I discovered my late traveling companion seated at a small table, industriously engaged in the process of stowing away sundry good things, of which a plentiful supply appeared upon the table. The old fellow, with a better display of tactics than I possessed, had stormed the castle in the rear, a circumstance which I afterwards did not fail to improve to good account.

Upon retiring for the night, I was careful to reconnoitre the plan of the house, with an eye to the possibility of leaving it at the hour I thought would best suit my convenience. This I found corresponded with my plan. There were two beds in the chamber in which I was to sleep, one of which was occupied by my sable friend, whose tremendous snore denoted the healthy action of his respiratory organs. This

was lucky for me, as otherwise, being very tired, I should have overslept myself. Long and soundly I slept, in spite of all the noise which rang through the chamber. I was dreaming I was on board of a ship, and was endeavoring to climb to the top of the highest mast, and was about to succeed in accomplishing the feat. Though nearly exhausted, my hand was already outstretched to grasp the truck, when my limbs suddenly becoming paralyzed, I lost the power of supporting my weight, and down, down, I fell with a crash upon the deck. I sprang upright in the bed, and for a moment could hardly believe I was in the land of the living, when the opening of a door which led into another chamber, revealed the person of the hostler of the tavern, with a light in his hand, and a countenance indicative of alarm. Casting his eyes around, he demanded sharply, "What is the matter here?" I looked toward the other bed. The negro, encased in a half-dozen quilts and blankets, from which, with a profusion of grunts and groans, he was slowly unrolling himself, lie upon the floor. I jumped out of bed, and pulling on my pants, assisted the poor old darkey to set himself to rights, and then told the hostler I did not want to sleep any more. As he said he was about to make fire in the bar-room and kitchen, I agreed to help him; to which he assented, and we descended to the kitchen together.

CHAPTER V.

Dennis—The good farmer—Continue my journey—The inn at Hanover—The maniac—A scene—Departure—Quincy—Arrive at home—Reception—State of feeling in regard to former wishes—Evil tendency of parental dislike to their sons becoming sailors—Reflections—The alternative—Lieut. Commandant D——e—The Corvette—Reception on board—The middy—Employments of the men on board—The general exercise—All hands to witness punishment—The incorrigible—Reflections on flogging in the navy—Honor to whom honor is due—I'm bluffed off—The fishing-smack—Good times—Mount Desert—What was done there—The fountain of supplies for our navy in war time—The fleet breaks up—A stroke of good luck.

A good opportunity offering, I soon improved it, and started forward upon my journey, and ere it was broad daylight I was in the village of Dennis. Here I got my breakfast at the house of a farmer, who, after I had resisted all his endeavors to induce me to stay with him until the spring, engaged me to deliver a letter at the office of the *Barnstable Patriot*, for which service he gave me a half-dollar. Thanking these kind people, I again resumed my tramp. To make up for the time I had lost in waiting for my breakfast, I hurried forward like a frightened deer. The traveling was wretched, the ground under-foot being covered to the depth of five to six inches with snow; and my shoes were filled with water ere I had walked the first dozen yards in the morning.

I passed through Barnstable at noon, stopping only long enough to deliver the letter, as I had promised; and when night fell, I found myself at the door of a tavern half-way between Barnstable and Plymouth. This tavern was kept by English people, and from their conversation I learned that they had been Cornish miners. I think the town I was now in was called Hanover. Of this, however, I will not be certain. The strange dialect of these people surprised me. I had never

before met with any foreigners—that is, with any who could not speak English—and their language fell upon my ear harsh and discordant. Besides these there was a woman, a sister of the landlord, who was insane. This person was allowed to roam at will over the house, and continually kept her tongue in motion in the same idiom, but in louder and still less pleasing tones. This person, in answer to my inquiries, I learned was often very refractory, and they frequently found it necessary to use harsh means to keep her within bounds, as during the more violent paroxysms of her insanity she was disposed to be mischievous. This information did not tend to make me feel at ease; although the people of the house, who saw I was afraid of her, told me not to be alarmed, for she would not molest me. She was a tall, stout, dark-featured woman, (and I may here remark that the whole family were very dark in their complexion,) and when I could get a glimpse of her features when they were calm and composed, I thought her very handsome. From the moment I had entered the house she had watched me constantly, and several times endeavored to approach to my side, when the sharp voice of some of the family would make her spring back with the agility of a cat. Joined to this source of terror, was the dark and gloomy appearance of the room and its furniture, dimly lighted by a couple of smoky tallow candles, whose blaze only served to render the darkness more visible.

All these circumstances conduced to raise such an excitement in my mind that I burst into tears. Upon their inquiring what was the matter, I disliked to state the real cause; so, as an excuse, I told them that I had not had anything to eat since morning. "Never mind that, my boy, you shall have some supper in a moment." Meanwhile, all the accounts I had ever read of lone travelers having been murdered at roadside inns came fresh upon my memory; and as if this were not enough, the thought of my utter loneliness came upon my mind with tenfold force.

At length the supper smoked upon the table, and I was invited to sit down and partake of it. Between the landlord and I, sat the crazy woman, who, now that she was by my side, —a proximity which I did not much relish,—seemed much pleased. She did not eat, but kept her eyes fixed upon my face. At length she ventured to stroke my hair gently, a proceeding which fairly made my blood curdle. "Why, Poll, who have you got there?" said the landlord, addressing the poor creature. She looked up in his face, and bursting into tears, rose from the table without saying a word, and took a seat in the corner of the room, from which she never moved during the evening. The rest of the conversation at the supper-table was carried on in their own peculiar dialect. How much of it had reference to me I am unable to say, but their looks were frequently directed towards me.

I retired to rest early, but it was a long time before I could sleep. Tired nature at length asserted her supremacy, and after a profound slumber, which lasted uninterruptedly until nine o'clock the next morning, I arose refreshed and vigorous. Upon descending to the kitchen, I found my breakfast waiting for me; after partaking of which, I offered my entire stock of money in payment. But, with all their uncouthness, they were not people of that sort. They laughed at the offer of money from me, and bidding me good-bye, with many kind wishes for a successful termination of my journey, I left them; not, however, without inquiring for the poor lunatic, who I now missed. The good man, evidently grieved, said he had been obliged to shut her up, for fear she would make trouble. I ventured to inquire the cause of her insanity, at which, shaking his head, he told me that I was yet too young to understand it; and once more bidding me good-bye, I again set forth upon my tedious journey, stopping only to get my dinner at a farm-house, where I was treated to the best the place afforded.

I perseveringly continued on through a violent snow-storm, which set in about two o'clock; and in spite of the cold wind

which blew the snow full in my face, I reached F——h's Hotel, in the town of Quincy, at nightfall. Upon asking for accommodations, they demanded who I was, and where I came from. I simply told them all my little story, and I was assured I should be well cared for. The landlady told me there was to be a ball there during the night, and that I might go into the hall and see the dancing. I spent the evening very pleasantly, and at half-past twelve, having had a good supper, a bed of buffalo-robes was made in a corner of the bar-room, as all of the rooms in the house were full. I slept soundly until daylight, when I was awakened by a milkman, who had been especially commissioned to take me to B——, by the people of the Hotel.

It was eight in the morning when I arrived in the city; and telling my kind friend, the milkman, that I could find the way home without any trouble, I jumped out of the sleigh and hastened to the house of a friend, who was also a distant relative, where I was kindly received and welcomed. They had missed me for a long while, as I had frequently visited at their house previous to my residence at the Cape, and were not a little surprised at the story of my wanderings. They could not inform me where my mother lived, as they had not seen her for some time, but I learned that she had married again; and after answering a number of questions which they put to me in relation to what instruction I had received, and whether I had attended Sabbath-school regularly or not, I started off to find where my mother lived. This I soon succeeded in doing. She was very much surprised to see me, and was still more distressed when she heard the account of my ill-treatment. She commended the course I had taken in leaving, at all hazards, my late situation, and hoped I had given up my desire for roving. I told her candidly that my inclinations still led me that way, and after some expostulation upon her part, she consented to let me gratify my own inclination—a course which every parent would do well to imitate in similar cases.

The life of the sailor, although exposed to danger and continually recurring hardship, has its many enjoyments, which are not a little heightened by the remembrance of past perils and privations. There has ever appeared to be with parents a strange antipathy to their children embracing the profession of the sailor. This, in former years, was in a great measure the cause of the low state of moral degradation to which that really noble class of men had fallen. The sailor's name had become a by-word and a reproach. Himself the object of scorn and derision, keenly sensitive to the wrong done him, in the spirit of bitterness, without a friendly hand stretched forth to aid him, he plunged deeper and deeper into the abyss of dissipation and recklessness; but even in this fallen state the nobler points in his character would predominate, casting far in the shade the boasted humanity of those who professed to despise him. The first cause, then, for this state of things, must be sought for in this disinclination of parents to their children becoming seamen. The boy inclined to the ocean, the parent opposed his wishes, using not only argument, but, when that failed, coercion was resorted to. The rod was put in requisition, as it was said, to curb an obstinate spirit, but in reality to break down and eradicate a noble ambition. The mind of the youth is not always, in these cases, cowed and subdued. There are many, and by far the nobler part of the class, who, smarting under their chastisement, their souls filled with bitterness and revengeful feelings at the injustice which has been done them, abscond from their homes, to which and its joys they are henceforth utterly lost. The course, then, to be pursued is obvious. Let the parent take the son, and placing him under the care of some good shipmaster of known humanity, (for unfortunately there are many of an opposite stamp—petty tyrants, who abuse the power which is conferred upon them by the laws of their country,) give him the opportunity to decide by a practical experiment whether he will continue to adhere to the course he has laid down. By this

means many youths are led to renounce their first determination, and choose some other course in life; while the former or contrary method cuts off all avenues to return, from fear of shame or chastisement. I hear many say that no youth of a truly noble mind would be influenced by such fears, and I would not deny that there are such; but the reasoning powers of our youth, generally, come not thus early to maturity.

It was about two months after my arrival at home, when my mother with tearful eyes placed in my hands a sealed note, directed, "Lieutenant D——e, T——t House," with an injunction to deliver it into the hands of that officer. I accordingly repaired to his temporary place of residence; and, sending in my name, was speedily admitted to the presence of a tall and remarkably fine-looking gentleman, in the uniform of the United States Navy, seated at a table, busily engaged in writing. He looked up, and smilingly motioned to me to take a chair. I did so, holding the letter in my hand, while he continued writing. In a few moments, which seemed to me as many hours, he finished and sealed his document, and rising, told me to follow him. He led the way to the noble portico of the building, at that time the pride of the city, as the first house of its class in America, where, turning to me, he remarked that he knew what my business was with him. "You wish to be a sailor," said he, kindly taking the note which I now tendered for his acceptance. I answered that I did. "Rather small," said he, breaking the seal; "how old are you?" I answered that I was in my thirteenth year. "Are you pretty tough?" I told him I was. "Well," said he, after reading the missive, "come to me to-morrow: you will find me here. I will see to your fit-out. In the meantime, if you like, you may go on board and see your ship," giving me a note to the officer in charge of any boat belonging to the ship, which he told me always landed at Long Wharf. I made my best *congé* and left him. The ship, a fine corvette, the L——n, lie at anchor in the stream, and I unwillingly deferred my proposed

visit on account of the lateness of the hour. Returning home, I related to my mother and sisters, a dozen times over, all that had transpired; but I found no one there to rejoice with me: all were silent, and from necessity I at length became so too.

With the first beams of the sun I was up and dressed, ready to start upon my excursion to the ship as soon as I should get my breakfast, which I dispatched in a hurry; when, seizing my hat, I proceeded to the wharf, where I found the ship's market-boat nearly ready to start. Delivering the note to the midshipman in command, he invited me to a seat in the boat, and in a few moments more, everything being ready, we cast off; and the cutter, urged through the still water by fourteen oars in the hands of as many sturdy Jack-tars, in a few moments reached the vessel, up the side of which I clambered, to the admiration of the boat's crew, a few of whom ventured to prophesy that I would make a smart seaman. Upon gaining the deck, I was struck with surprise at the order and extreme neatness pervading every part of the ship: the deck, which had just been cleaned, was of an almost snowy whiteness; the long range of artillery upon each side of the ship, their black shining surfaces reflecting the sun's rays as from a mirror; the snugly furled sails; the yards squared with true naval precision; and the beautiful arrangement of the ropes, taughtened to a straight line and coiled flat upon the deck, gave, to my eyes, an air unique and grand, beyond any conception which I had ever indulged in.

Upon making it known that I was to be attached to the ship during her intended cruise, I was taken in charge by a boy of about my own age and size, who accompanied me over the ship and explained the meaning and uses of everything which attracted my notice. My conductor sported a long, slender dirk, the insignia of his rank, which I greatly admired. He had already made a cruise in the "Old Ironsides," as our tars still familiarly term the Constitution frigate, of which he gave me a brief account, just at the conclusion of which the rolling

of the drum attracted my attention. My companion started for the upper deck, calling to me to follow and take my station at the capstan. This I did, and in a moment the heavy batteries of the ship were manned, the marines drawn up in the gangway, and the roll called. My presence on board was now noticed by the officer in command of the ship, who, upon learning by what means I came on board, sent his steward into the cabin, where the note which I had before delivered to the officer in the boat lie upon the table. It appears he had forgotten it. I believe at that time the rules of the service forbade the presence of strangers on board of our national vessels during the muster. The note was brought and duly read, and after a moment's study he said: "Well, young gentleman, you can remain if you wish." He returned to his duties, and I was gratified to see the entire ship's company go through all the manœuvres of a sea-fight; after which the drum beat the retreat from quarters, and the men, of whom there were near two huudred on board, dispersed themselves over the ship about their various duties or pleasures; some making or mending clothes, others making hats, canvass slippers, etc. The carpenters, the coopers, and the sailmakers, commenced their several duties, and all was activity and life; but so noiseless, that the lowest word of command from the quarter-deck was distinctly heard by all upon the deck.

At twelve o'clock the drum rolled, and immediately after, the calls of the boatswain and his mates were heard. The drum signified to the crew that their grog was ready, (I believe now pretty generally dispensed with, to the great benefit of the service,) and the calls, or silver whistles, of the boatswain and his assistants summoned all hands to dinner. About two o'clock, P. M. the commander came on board. This officer was no other than my acquaintance of yesterday. Shortly after he arrived, the calls of the boatswain's mates were brought into requisition again, and the loud cry of "All hands to witness punishment!" rang hoarsely through the ship, followed by

the hurried shuffling of feet, as the men tumbled hastily up from below at the harsh summons. The marines were drawn up with fixed bayonets, and presently the prisoners were brought forth by the master-at-arms and the ship's corporal, whose duty it is to assist in preserving order in the ship. There were three of them, one of whom I knew was an old offender, from his looks, as he came along with a swaggering gait, totally unmoved at the sight of the preparations which were being made for his disgrace. The youngster who had been my guide in the morning, whispered in my ear, "That fellow cares no more for a catting than I would for a musquetoe-bite;" and indeed I believe what he said was true. I have seen a great many men flogged with the "cat" since then, but I have never witnessed such perfect *sang-froid* as was exhibited by that man, who, while the blows cut the skin from his back, and the blood streamed in profusion, stood as unmoved as a marble statue; exhibiting a power of endurance which I had read of, but never believed a human being could attain to. The other two prisoners were more subdued, and even professed penitence; and I surely believed and hoped they would be let off, as they plead so hard; but the law was inexorable, and they were flogged with the same unfeeling rigor as the other one.

This brutal exhibition totally destroyed all my former wishes to become an inmate of the floating palace, as I had named the ship, but now, to my notion, rather a pandemonium—the abode of fallen spirits. Strange, that the idea should ever enter the head of man, that the moral condition of his fellow-man could be elevated by disgracing him in such a barbarous way, driving out or breaking down every feeling of self-respect—in short, reducing him to the level of a brute. Thank heaven, efforts have since been made, and not in vain, to suppress this awful disgrace to manhood. All honor to the man who first raised his voice against the foul blot! His fame shall be enduring, for the monument to his memory will be engraven on the hearts of those whose just cause he has so nobly advocated.

I did not inform Capt. D—— of the great change that had come over the spirit of my aspirations; for experience had made me cautious, and I did not know but that if I should exhibit the true state of my feelings, I might be detained on board—a proceeding which I should not relish. So after, in answer to his inquiries, I had expressed my satisfaction and pleasure at the visit I had made, he told me I could go on shore and get myself ready to join the ship, and to call upon him on the following morning.

That afternoon I finished by engaging myself on board of a fishing-smack belonging to Provincetown; and as the sun disappeared, we left the wharf in B——, and ere morning dawned we were running with a fair and fresh breeze past Race Point light, at the extremity of the Cape on which I had formerly lived, bound to the Bay of Fundy after mackerel, where those fish are mostly caught in the spring. By the way, I never saw Capt. D—— again. Our crew, who, including the "*skipper*," as the masters of these craft are usually termed, numbered eleven, men and boys, generally fine whole-souled fellows, were in the best of spirits. Our little bark was swift and stanch; and fun and frolic, doughnuts and fried pies, with stories and good singing, made the time pass very pleasantly.

The night of the first day of our trip proving stormy, we ran into the Cranberry Islands harbor, upon the coast of the island of Mount Desert. These were the highest mountains, or rather hills, I had ever seen. The next day, a gale of wind preventing the continuance of our voyage, I amused myself, in company with two others of the crew, in climbing to the top of one of the highest peaks in the neighborhood, and in gathering "golden-rod," an herb which grew plenteously upon the mountain.

There was a grog-shop upon the island, and there being about fifty sail of fishing-vessels in the harbor, the scene on shore in its immediate neighborhood was one continued carousal. On board of the vessels things wore a different aspect. Many

of the smacks were lashed together, in some cases, seven and eight in a row. On board of these the more sedate and elderly fishermen assembled, and spent their time in prayer and class-meetings, in which exercises they appeared to unite with a becoming spirit. These people were mostly Methodists. This sect evidently constituted a large majority among the fishermen.

We remained at Mount Desert two days, at the close of which, the gale having exhausted itself, the vessels all weighed anchor and sailed in company, our destination being mostly the same. During our stay in the harbor the various skippers had made arrangements for a little nautical manœuvering, by providing a Commodore, and arranging a code of signals, etc., by cutting up various old flags. In pursuance of this plan, to avoid confusion, the fleet hove up their anchors and made sail by divisions, each led by its appropriate chief. These, as they severally gained the outside of the harbor, "hove to," in nautical parlance—to balance the propelling and repelling power of the sails, that the vessel might remain stationary—until the whole were in their respective places; when, at a signal from the Commodore, whose pendant waved from the mast-head of the leading vessel on the right of the two main divisions, the whole filled away in search of the enemy, who, could they have known of the preparations being made for their capture, I have no doubt would have vacated the waters of the American coast.

Our fleet of little vessels, with their sails of snowy whiteness, made a gallant display, each one having its flag and pendant streaming in the breeze. The foretopmast-head of the vessels of the sub-chiefs, each bearing the union-jack, with its azure field studded with stars, as the badge of their rank, formed a spectacle so novel and pleasing that all who witnessed it were delighted. The two centre divisions of twelve vessels each were flanked by a division of eight others, all maintaining a distance of about a quarter of a mile from each other, and moving with the utmost regularity. In this way we proceeded

for an hour, when the vessel of the Commodore bore up for the right flank division, displaying the signal for the rear vessels to move forward into line. This was speedily accomplished by the leading ones trimming their sails in such a way as to lessen their speed.

During the day many and various were the evolutions performed, to the amusement and instruction of all on board of our vessel, who, being young men, entered into the exercise with great spirit: but it seemed such was not the case on board of the others, for contrary to orders to show a light and keep company, they broke off during the night, and the morning light found but five of our fleet in company. Out of forty vessels, there were but twenty-two in sight, the most of whom, in imitation of Commodore Paul Jones' refractory captains, refused to obey the signals of their chief. We, however, remained true to our allegiance, following in company until we reached the Bay of Fundy; where, not meeting with the success which we had anticipated, after cruising around to little purpose for a fortnight, we left, steering for the Isles of Shoals, which lie off the coast of New-Hampshire, trying very frequently for mackerel, by throwing overboard clam or fish-bait, which has been previously ground in a hand-mill used for that purpose, causing the fish to rise to the surface around the vessel. As yet we had not been fortunate enough to catch but two or three barrelfulls at a time; but better luck was in store for us. Off Boon Island we raised a large shoal of the fish we were in quest of, and in one day we succeeded in capturing one hundred and twelve barrels of them. The sport was at first glorious; but it soon began to wear the aspect of hard work. I will endeavor to describe the process.

CHAPTER VI.

Mackerel fishing—Squalls—Gloucester—Visit my relatives—I change my berth—W.—My old master and his family—An offer to compound—Uncle Joe's bantering—Sharp thorns—The pedler adrift—New occupation—The winter passage—Disaster—Arrive at home—Reception—I——h—Again leave my friends—The boarding-house keeper—Ship on board of the S——n—Under way for Charleston, S. C.—Our naval architects—Capt. H——g—My first lesson—Caught in a fix—Desperate energy—Threatened with a flogging—Come out right—Mirth of passengers—All's well.

The vessel being hove to, so that she becomes stationary, as far as the currents of the tide will admit, the fish are brought to the surface in the manner aforementioned, and the lines, (which have been previously arranged along the side of the craft,) each about eight or ten yards long, have at their end a strong hook, over the shank of which a sufficient quantity of lead has been run to sink the line readily. This instrument, which is called a "jig," is baited with a small piece cut out of the throat of the mackerel itself, of about the size of a shilling-piece, the white shiny surface of which instantly attracts the attention of the fish, upon being thrown into the water, and is as quickly seized. Two lines are assigned to each man, between which he stands, and on his right side is placed a barrel for the reception of the prey. The sport commences, the skipper dispensing the ground-bait with a lavish hand. The lines are thrown, and in the general scramble of the finny tribe to secure a portion, the more unlucky ones seize the glittering hook, and in an instant is transferred from his native element to the barrel upon deck. All is now hurry and bustle. There is no waiting for a bite: another fish is trying to run away with your line. Don't try to remove the hook from its mouth with your hands: holding the line about a foot from the jig, swing the fish over your hand, taking care that in its descent

it comes in contact with the inside surface of the barrel. This never fails to disengage the hook, as the mouth of the mackerel is tender. The skin of the bait being very tough, a barrel of fish is frequently caught without the necessity of re-baiting.

The rapidity with which the practiced fisherman throws and hauls his lines excites the astonishment of the uninitiated landsman, whose clumsy attempts to imitate the dexterity of the "old stagers" occasion not a little merriment; and the reader will therefore not be surprised, when I inform him that I did not fail to come in for my share of ridicule. But we were too well pleased with our good fortune to entertain any hard feelings on this account, and the work of destruction among the seemingly undiminished millions of fish, which at times fairly lifted each other out of the water, continued on uninterruptedly until the sun dipped his broad disc in the western horizon. At this time the deck of our little schooner was crowded with heaped-up barrels, while their interstices were likewise filled nearly to the top of the rail. Having no more room, we gave up fishing; and after clearing a space, the work of cleaning and salting the fish commenced. This was mostly accomplished by candlelight; but day broke long before it was finished, and for once in my life I was tired of sport.

But as yet no one, save myself and a couple of others, novices in the business, thought of rest. The cook, however, was ordered to prepare breakfast, for we had not thought of eating since dinner the previous day. While the rest of the crew were summoned to their lines, during the process of cleaning and salting, all of the fish which fell short of a certain size were thrown aside, to be ground into bait, which was again cast forth to entice the unwary inhabitants of the briny element, who had hitherto been lucky enough to escape capture. But our sport was nearly at an end. The fish had been so well fed the day before, in addition to the bait which had been thrown over during the night to keep them around the vessel, that they were filled to satiety. As they would not bite, we

did the next best thing, for which we all felt disposed,—that is, we dove into the cabin to take a bite on our own hooks,—not the aforementioned "*jigs*," though, by any means; in other words, we went to breakfast, each one grinding his own bait with a most excellent appetite.

This necessary operation over, we again returned to our lines, where we in vain endeavored to provoke the enemy to an attack. During the forenoon, which was warm (the month of April) and beautifully calm, a number of what are called the mackerel shark made their appearance; and after driving away our shoal of fish ere we were aware of their proximity, one of them succeeded in getting no less than five "jigs," attached to as many lines, in his mouth. As his evident intention was to have made a clean sweep, the five "jigs" being as many as he could reach,—the forward line preventing his going any farther toward the stern,—the others, through his struggles to get loose, speedily became twisted in a stout line, which managed to hold his sharkship, in spite of all his efforts to escape. We soon had the intruder floundering upon our deck, much to his dislike. After examining the new comer, who was about four and a half feet in length, and who, by the way, displayed an ugly set of teeth, the men made a strong rope fast to him, and throwing him overboard, they amused themselves in the practice of throwing the lance, (an instrument used in killing the whale,) which at length resulted in the death of the animal, after being nearly cut to pieces by these amateur whalemen.

Towards evening, the breeze springing up, we made sail again, continuing our course homeward with but little farther success. Ere our voyage ended we paid a visit to the harbor of Cape Ann, or more properly Gloucester, where I knew I had some relatives, whom I soon found upon landing. They appeared very much surprised at my being so far from Boston, and evidently thought me a runaway. However, as there were none of the male portion of the family at home, I was allowed to take my departure the next morning, without molesta-

tion. From them my mother and sisters found out the course I had taken; and the occupation I was engaged in not being very dangerous, their minds were relieved, for the time, from any apprehensions on my account.

I remained on board of this vessel until August, when, finding the companionship of those on board becoming tiresome, and the pay rather small, (six dollars per month,) I resolved to leave, which I could do at pleasure, as I had not engaged for any stipulated time. I was the more anxious to do this, because the skipper took it upon himself to require of me the performance of various duties about his house, when the smack was in port, and I had no inclination to try another residence upon the Cape. I therefore engaged on board of a Wellfleet smack for the rest of the season. In this vessel I made three trips, each very successful. My former master, Mr. H——, wisely forbore to molest me, or he would probably have caught a Tartar.

October came, and near its close the fishing-season ceased, and I was paid off. I now thought I would make my old friends a visit. This may to some appear strange; but I was wild and reckless, and above all, I wished to play off some trick upon those who had ill-used me. Proceeding to the house, I surprised its inmates by entering. My reception strongly contrasted with my former treatment. I was, at times, petted and flattered; my health was kindly inquired about, and they begged to know how I had succeeded in regard to my summer's work, and whether I intended to follow the same business the next year. Finally, they requested an account of my journey the previous winter; after relating which, they paid me a compliment, by pronouncing me a bold little fellow. The old man now hinted to me that he would like to have me remain with him through the winter—a hint immediately improved by the old lady, who enlarged upon the advantages of living with them during the winter, and having the time to myself in the fishing-season.

To all this I assented, as I knew I should have to remain in W—— some days before I should be able to get a chance to leave for B——. So, without actually consenting, I acknowledged the propriety of all they said, and told them I would stay and help them upon the morrow. This led them to think they had gained their point. Had they treated me as well before I left them as they did that night, and during the subsequent time I remained with them, I should never have gone away. The next morning I shouldered a hoe, and accompanied the old man to the potato-field. Upon the way we had to pass a house in which lived a brother of his. "Well, Tom, you've got your old boy back again. He ran away from you, didn't he?" This was said in a dry, jocose tone, as many of the neighbors took the liberty to make a great deal of fun of Uncle Tom. "Yes," responded that worthy, "but he says, he repented in dust and ashes before he got far." This was false, as I had never used such an expression. However, I said nothing, as I should have made little by interfering. "How long do you intend to keep him?" continued the inquisitor, laughing. "I've often heard of white men running off niggers, but I never heard of a nigger running off a white person before. By the way, Tom, do you recollect how the darkey prayed that his race might be relieved from their bondage to the whites?" The old man nodded impatiently. "Well, he was a Christian nigger, that's a fact; for he could not see any difference between a white nigger and a black one." "Why, you don't call him a nigger, do you?" asked Uncle Tom, looking at me. "O no, not at all; but things mostly take the shape we give them." This was said with a sly wink at me, and we passed on. The old man was sullen and silent for some time; but at length he remarked, "Uncle F—— is rather sharp this morning; but he will never be hung for his wit."

This and the two following days were spent at my old occupations. During the third day not a little excitement was created by the arrival of a small sloop in the harbor, freighted

with a rich cargo of drygoods, groceries, glass and iron ware, which were proffered by the master to the "*Capesters*" in exchange for either cash, old rags, iron, brass, copper or glass. Among the rest, I visited the little craft, and soon became acquainted with the proprietor, who was captain, cook, and all hands in his own person. With him I struck a bargain to follow his fortunes until he should reach B——, whither he intended to proceed, in case the weather should be too severe, by the last of November. In consideration of my services, I was to receive ten per cent. upon all sales I might effect while with him; and, in addition, I was to receive two dollars per month as cook. I agreed to join the same evening, and for that purpose removed my clothing from the vessel on board of which I had been last employed, to the sloop, and repairing on board about dusk, was soon engaged in weighing out teas, sugars, etc, or in expatiating upon the merits of various articles of glass or iron ware, in which I discovered points of excellence which certainly no one else could find without the aid of spectacles. This business I soon managed to perform with great success; and as my wages were to depend mainly upon it, I spared no pains to make a sale. When the trade became dull at any place where we stopped, I would fill a basket with light drygoods, and go to peddling upon shore, and in this way made many a dollar.

The master of the sloop, Mr. O——r, was an excellent man; and although the weather was cold and inclement, we passed our time very pleasantly together. In the course of about two months we visited nearly every town upon the southern and western coast of Cape Cod, trading for everything out of which any profits would be likely to accrue, until the last day of December found us in the harbor of Provincetown, whence we intended to take our departure for Boston. Having supplied the wants of all the inhabitants of that place, as well as we were able, our stock of goods became nearly exhausted.

In the evening we weighed anchor, and with a strong easterly breeze started upon our voyage home. The night closed in dark and stormy, and ere we had cleared the harbor we found it necessary to close-reef our sails. The sea was very heavy, and our little sloop, only twenty tons' burthen, deeply laden, appeared at times to be upon the point of foundering. The cold was also so intense, that had not Mr. O——, who was stationed at the helm, been enabled to stand upon the cabin-stairs in a partially sheltered position, (the companion-way opening from the after-end of a slightly raised trunk upon the deck,) we should inevitably have perished. As I could be of no use on deck I remained in the cabin, where I kept a fire burning in a small stove, on which steamed a kettle of hot coffee, of which Mr. O—— frequently partook, while I relieved him at the helm.

About midnight a heavy sea struck our little bark full upon the broadside, filling the deck with water; and as it came rushing down in the cabin, which was half filled before the skipper could get the doors closed and the slide drawn over, I thought we were going to the bottom: but the little sloop was not to be lost so easily. Presently the slide was pushed back, and I heard O——'s voice summoning me to the helm. I sprang to the steps and jumped upon deck. Giving me the helm, he made his way forward, where I could see a large white object floating upon the waves, the jerking of which threatened every moment to tear the bow from the hull. This was our jib, (the triangular shaped sail at the fore part of a vessel,) which had been struck by a wave, tearing away the stay, and leaving the sail jerking and plunging furiously at the end of the bowsprit. Luckily, with the disaster came a change of weather, and already when I reached the deck the gale had disappeared as if by enchantment, and in five minutes more it had sunk to a gentle breath, barely perceptible. The little bark rolled about, to our great discomfort, as we were afraid that our mast, from the loss of the head-stay, would go by the board. A low,

clear line of blue sky, occasioned by the lifting of the dark, murky clouds, now appeared on the north-western horizon, gradually increasing in size as the storm-clouds retreated before it, their heavy masses piled one upon another as if in defiance of a foe against whose power it were vain to contend; until the whole azure field, glittering with its myriads of stars, fell upon our vision. Not a trace was left of the short-lived storm, save in the wild commotion of the sea and the partial wreck of our little vessel. With my assistance the jib was secured after a great deal of exertion, and the wind, contrary to our expectations, not increasing beyond a smart breeze, and Boston light being in plain sight from our deck, we shook the reefs out of our mainsail; and the vessel, not much retarded by the loss of her head-sail, again bore us rapidly onward to our homes.

We arrived at the wharf about noon. It was Sunday, and I thought the bells of the churches never sounded half so musically to my ears as they did that day, while putting everything in order before leaving the vessel. It was dark before I reached my home. I felt sad: my heart upbraided me with being undutiful to the mother who so dearly loved me, and I inwardly promised myself that I would try to conquer my desire for roving, if it were possible. With these good resolutions in my mind I reached my long-abandoned home, and entering without any ceremony, I found myself confronting a bridal-party, who only awaited the arrival of the minister to tie the knot. The pleasure of all, by whom I was gladly welcomed, was not a little enhanced by my unexpected appearance. My mother, it seems, had but a few moments before remarked that only one more was wanted to make the party complete, it having assembled to witness the nuptials of my eldest sister, which I will merely say passed off to the satisfaction of all concerned.

I was now sent to school, a measure to which I reluctantly consented. My mind, in spite of all my former good resolutions, still turned wistfully to the ocean, careless of every other consideration. I was now past my thirteenth year, of a slight, withy

frame, which at that time gave but little promise of being capable of enduring the hardships I afterwards experienced. My features were pale and attenuated, and people very frequently made the remark in my hearing, that I was not destined to see manhood; yet my health was excellent, my frame hardy, probably from my former beatings, and within me was an iron will, bent upon accomplishing any point which I had in view, and carrying to an extreme a determination to oppose, at all hazards, any efforts made from any source to curtail my liberty.

After remaining at school about a year in B——, I was sent to I——h, a beautiful town situated about twenty-eight miles north-east of B——. But even here I could not content myself for any length of time, and once I came very near being drowned in the river which runs through that place. In August of this year I left I——h, unknown to my friends and master, and proceeded to B——, where I visited my mother and sisters, who thought I had permission to do so from my instructor. After staying with them two days, I departed and went to board with a Mr. Shaw, who kept a seaman's boarding-house in North Square. This man agreed to find me a vessel, and fulfilled his promise a few days after by taking me to sign the articles of the ship, S——n, then running between Boston and Charleston, S. C.

I was now about to attain the height of my ambition; that is, to make a voyage in a ship—a regular "square-rigger," as I had learned to call it. I joined the vessel immediately, as she was upon the point of sailing, and made myself both active and useful; so much so, as to call forth the encomiums of Capt. H——g, the commander. In the afternoon, everything being ready, the top and topgallant sails of the ship were loosed and sheeted home, the yards mastheaded, the fastenings cast off, and the vessel glided into the stream and commenced her voyage. We had a large number of passengers on board, many of whom were ladies, who were all upon the quarter-deck, watching with great

interest the manner of getting the ship under way. The royals were loosed and set. The courses dropped, the jibs, fore, main and mizzen trysails (the latter commonly called a spanker) were shook out of their brails; and their sheets being trimmed, the gallant ship sped onward to her ocean home.

Who that has ever stood upon the deck of a ship which, under full sail, with a smooth sea, is careering majestically over the briny deep, has not felt his bosom swell with delight? Who has not felt the thrill of honest pride coursing through his veins, enkindling his very nature to a glow of enthusiasm, at the success of our artisans in perfecting the ocean palaces of our country, whose snowy canvas whitens every sea? If there are such, they certainly are those only who are bereft of the light of reason. These were my feelings as I stood upon the deck of the ship, my soul filled with delight at the completeness of the arrangements, and total absence of confusion which, like the mechanism of a clock, was to my eyes perfect as any human power could make it. Casting my eyes toward the waves, the speed of the vessel, which was dashing through the water at a great rate without any perceptible motion, save at times a gentle careering to the leeward, I involuntarily repeated the words of Byron:—

> "She walks the water like a thing of life,
> And seems to dare the elements to strife."

"Hallo, youngster! here boy!" I turned and met Capt. H——. "You've never been to sea, I believe?" I answered him, "No further than going a-fishing one season." "Well, boy, you see that little sail up there?" pointing to the topmost sail upon the mainmast, which to the uninitiated I will say is the middle one of the three masts which a ship carries. I told him I saw the sail (royal) in question. "Well, boy, you must learn to climb up there. It will be your duty to take care of that sail; and as the water is smooth, you may begin now." I ventured to say, without thinking, that I had never

climbed up so high on a vessel's mast. His laugh brought me to my senses, and I sprang into the rigging, Capt. H—— calling to me that he would send a man up to show me how to loose and furl the sail, and after that I would have to do it myself. Casting away all thoughts of danger or difficulty which crept into my mind, and firmly resolved to accomplish the feat, I scrambled up the rigging—remembering the injunction of many of the old salts, who, when I first left the deck, shouted to me to keep my eyes upward—until I reached the head of the main-topmast, when, stopping an instant to rest, I cast my eyes down, and was not a little surprised at the height I had gained. Here the ratlins (the short lines which are fastened across the topmast and lower rigging) ended. These lines correspond to the rounds in a ladder. The rest of the way was to be accomplished by "shinning," as it is called on shipboard, which is done readily with the aid of the two shrouds—two stout ropes which stay the mast upon each side. I had become used to this operation on board of the fishing-smacks, and being light and vigorous, I reached the royal yard, which, with its sail clewed up, had been lowered for the instruction of the new sailor. The men gave me all the necessary insight into this branch of my duty, by going through with the details of loosing and furling, after which the sail was set as before, and I returned to the deck. "Well, youngster," said Capt. H——, "do you think you can perform that operation alone?" I answered that I thought I could. "Well, jump up and let us see how smart you can be." Again I ascended to the yard, furled the sail, and returned. "Now," said Capt. H——, "you must go aloft and loose it once more." I made the ascent, and casting the sail loose upon the lee yard-arm, I crossed to the windward side and essayed to do the same; but here I was stopped. The laurels I had won were fast withering. I had unfortunately tied the gasket, i. e. the line which confines the sail to the yard when furled, in a hard knot which resisted all my efforts to unloose, and I was puzzled. If I had had a

knife with me I would have cut it; but although well provided with that article, it was unfortunately safely stowed in my chest in the forecastle. A moment more, and the voice of Capt. H—— hailed me from the deck. "If that sail is not set in a moment more, I'll flog you as soon as you come down!" This sounded awfully in my ears. The flogging process on board of the L——n passed through my mind, causing my very flesh to creep. I seized the gasket between my teeth, in a spot where it was about half worn though, and tearing away with all my might, the raveled shreds yielded, and the sail fell from the yard. My manœuvres had been closely watched from the deck, and when I descended, I was saluted with shouts of laughter from all save Capt. H——, who gravely enjoined me always to carry a knife about me—a hint which I never forgot.

CHAPTER VII.

The Voyage—Exultation—The old salts' advice—Watches—The light-house—Adieu to my native hills—Explanation of marking time on board ship—Improvidence of sailors—Off soundings—Porpoises—Sport—A capture—Cape Hatteras—The Gulf-stream—Squalls—Thunder and lightning—A quiet ship—The contented steward—The gale—All hands—Wish myself on shore—The deluge and the hurricane—Terrific war of the elements—Making all snug—Hove to—Light-heartedness of sailors—The tables turned—Another call—Scudding—A narrow escape—Invalided—Momentary regrets—The storm over—All right—Land ho!

The ácmé of my desire— the making of a voyage on board of a ship—was now to be accomplished. I was on the eve of visiting, though not a foreign, yet to my ideas a very distant country; and words would hardly suffice to express the exultation and excitement in which I seemed to exist, to the amusement of the old salts, who in their rough way gave me to

understand that this was only one side of the picture, bidding me to keep a weather-eye open and look out for squalls.

The weather was fine and the breeze strong, and by the next morning we had gained the open sea. The preceding evening I had been placed in the captain's watch, which is usually in charge of the second officer, and always commences its duties at eight P. M. on the first day of a voyage. During this time I took my first lesson in steering a ship with a wheel, which to me was a new affair. At midnight, we were relieved by the other half of the crew, which constituted the first officer's watch. When I left the deck we were midway between Capes Cod and Ann, the lights of which, together with those of Plum Island, were in sight, their guiding blaze directing the hardy mariner safely upon his trackless course; bringing vividly to mind the beacon-fire of heaven, which by God's command led the Israelites of old in their quest of the promised land. Tired of excitement and toil, upon being relieved from duty I went below, and turning into a berth, was in a moment transferred to the mystic land of dreams, in which all my cares and excitement were alike forgotten. I could hardly believe that four hours had passed, when at the sound of three heavy blows upon the forescuttle, the hoarse cry of "All the starboard watch ahoy!" fell in almost deafening sounds upon my ears. Hastily reaching the deck, I found nothing farther was the matter than that I had slept four hours, and that the other watch considered turn-about fair play. This being all in regular course, the other watch went below, while those who were not at the wheel or on the look-out stowed themselves forward upon the windlass. There, in spite of the cold, the time passed very pleasantly with me in listening to the men, who, being comparative strangers to one another, were recounting their former voyages. During this time the last vestige of the land, in the faint glow of the Chatham lights, sank in the distance, and the soft beams of the early dawn in the east revealed the approach of day.

"Forward there, sir! Strike three bells, and get along the wash-deck tub to the gangway." "Ay, ay, sir;" and our little party broke up to carry out the orders of the officer, when the process of washing and scrubbing the deck commenced, in which I managed to get well washed myself, by way of induction into the mystery of the operation, which lasted, owing to the foulness of the decks, the greater part of two hours. This duty accomplished and the deck swabbed dry, the order to strike seven bells, and for the watch to go to breakfast, was given. This, occupying but half an hour, brings eight o'clock, A. M. when the relieving watch are called, and in their turn take breakfast and then proceed to duty; the old watch going below, where they remain until meridian, which ends the marine day.

I must here explain to the reader the method of marking time on shipboard. The day of twenty-four hours is divided into six watches of four hours each; but as this arrangement would continue to give the same hours to each watch during a voyage, that which occupies the time from four to eight in the evening is divided into two, of two hours each, which constantly changes the time occupied by the two divisions of the ship's company—the captain's or starboard, and the mate's or larboard watches. The passing of time is noted by strokes of the bell, if there is one on board; if not, some article that will produce a ringing sound,—as for instance, a crowbar,—is hung up, and the time is faithfully noted by strokes upon it; the man at the wheel having in view a clock or watch, or, as is often the case, a half-hour glass, which when run out is quickly turned, and the number of strokes given to indicate the time. These always commence with the watch. Thus the time is eight o'clock:—at half-past eight, one stroke; nine, two strokes; half-past nine, three strokes; and so up to eight, which announces twelve, four, or eight o'clock, when the strokes commence with the new watch. The divisions of time —two hours each, from four to eight—are technically termed dog-watches.

Everything upon deck having been stowed ready for sea the previous day, the watch were permitted to go below, where some went to sleep, and some to work mending their *dunnage*, as they called their clothing, for at that time the sailor had not learned to be provident enough to have his clothes mended on shore; the larger class of whom spent their money and time in carousing, instead of preparing for future wants. The weather still continued very fine; and not being disposed to sleep, I went on deck and took a seat between the night-heads, where I could command a view both of our deck and of the boundless ocean, whose deep blue color, now that we were off soundings, I for the first time noticed. There was nothing in sight seaward, save a large shoal of porpoises far away to leeward; so turning my eyes in upon deck, I amused myself by watching the various movements of those who where stirring in that direction, until the cry was raised by some of the passengers who had discovered the afore-named fish, which were coming with the speed of the wind directly toward the ship. The moment it was certain they would approach near enough, a harpoon, with which most vessels are provided, was brought forth from its hiding-place; the jib down-haul (a stout line) was made fast to it, and the mate, descending to the martingale-stay, under the bowsprit, poised his weapon and prepared for the sport. While he was getting in readiness, the other men had fastened a snatch-block to the foretopmast stay, into which the line was placed, and some seven or eight, including myself, all eager for the capture of one of the fish, laid hold of the rope, in readiness to run him up out of his native element the moment he was secured.

The excitement now became intense. The porpoises came dashing on in thousands, in regular platoons of, at times, thirty or forty abreast, rank after rank, in an order which would have put to shame the so-called straight lines of many of our volunteer militia companies. These, in their turn, were flanked by large numbers of others, who, like the light troops of a

marching division, preserved a much less dignified order, frequently breaking their ranks, and leaping out of the water sometimes to the height of five and six feet, balancing themselves so nicely in the air, as to come down into the water head foremost; at other times, those on the extreme right or left would throw themselves at full length upon the surface of the water, into the spray of which they would fall and disappear, their places speedily supplied by others. The massive proportions of our stately vessel at length broke the order of their march; and, attracted by the shining sheets of foam rolling from beneath our bow, in which they appeared to delight to frolic, they altered their course to ours, and crossed and re-crossed in scores, fifties, and hundreds, under the place where the mate stood with the weapon barbed with death, waiting to select his victim. "Stand by!" shouted the officer, and ere the word had fallen from his lips, the glittering steel was buried deep into the flesh of a noble specimen of his race, who chanced to break the surface of the water directly under him. "Run him up!" shouted the mate. On the instant, with the assistance of a dozen of the excited passengers, who eagerly laid hold of the rope, the monster, writhing and struggling, was triced up to the foretopmast stay, whence he was speedily transferred to the deck, giving all a rare opportunity to make a minute examination of this curious fish. The most surprising thing about him, to my mind, was the distinctly audible groans uttered by him when dying. The liver of this fish is not inferior to that of a pig; but the flesh, which in appearance resembles horse-beef, is tough and rank, rendering it unfit for food except in cases of extremity. The outer covering of the fish is similar to that of the whale: that is, a covering of fat, which, when cut in strips, and the ends disengaged from the flesh, readily strips down the whole length of the surface. This fish has been frequently called the sea-hog, from its snout, which resembles that of the hog in its shape.

Nothing worthy of record occurred to mar the pleasure of our voyage until we reached the latitude of Cape Hatteras, almost always the scene of storm, and too frequently of disaster and shipwreck. This cape lies off the coast of North Carolina, in latitude 35° 7′ N. and longitude 75° 30′ W. from Greenwich. Dangerous shoals extend to a considerable distance off this point, which has ever been an object of care and fear to the mariners navigating the neighboring sea. Hitherto the weather had continued remarkably fine. The breeze, though at times strong during the six days we had been at sea, seldom amounted to more than what we could safely carry all sail before; while at other times a dead calm prevailed, not a breath ruffling the glassy surface of the water. Fun and frolic had been the order of the day, especially among the passengers; but now the scene began to change: frequent squalls crossed our track, always accompanied by drenching rains, while a heavy cross-sea added not a little to our discomfort, and the thunder and lightning exceeded anything I had ever conceived of. Our hitherto thickly-peopled deck became suddenly deserted, and the merry laugh of the light-hearted passengers were hushed, while the increased activity of the steward plainly indicated that a great change in the aspect of affairs had taken place in the cabin, and bright visions of golden fees seemed to agitate his former long-drawn countenance. We were now in the gulf-stream, and the warmth of the water—a phenomenon, or rather problem, the solution of which has puzzled the sagest efforts since its discovery—formed another subject of notice, which fully repaid me for the hard and untiring exertions which I was constantly called on to make, in common with the rest of the crew.

Towards the evening of the eighth day at sea, the weather being comparatively fine, we were warned, by a heavy bank of clouds in the south-east, of another squall, which seemed to be driving down upon us with amazing swiftness. The captain was instantly called from the cabin, on the first appearance of

the ugly customer, whose immense masses were rolling and tumbling in chaotic strife, while between them and the surface of the water the space was filled with a dim opaque light, which the eye in vain endeavored to penetrate. A glance from Capt. H——, and the rapid strides of the second mate, indicated there was work chalked out for us. The captain instantly ordered me to bring his speaking-trumpet; and the watch below, who had been summoned on deck to bear a hand, (which by the way, generally occasions some grumbling from the old salts,) being in readiness, the order was given to clew up the topgallant-sails and to haul down the flying-jib; which were immediately furled. This was followed by the hauling up of the courses, which, being the heaviest sails of the ship, required all our force to accomplish. By the time this was done the whole heavens were overcast, and the fading light of the departing day spread over the whole aspect of things an air of unearthly gloom. But we had little time to indulge in sentiment: hardly a man spoke, save in a whisper, and anxious care sat heavily upon each brow. How many of the little band who stood upon the deck of our gallant ship, ready and willing to do battle with the elements, which were only lulled that they might fall with redoubled force upon our heads, but who breathed an ardent wish for their safe and pleasant homes upon the land! How much would I have given to have been safe on shore once more! As these thoughts ran through my mind, all my undutifulness rushed upon me with tenfold force, and the whisperings of a guilty conscience told me I deserved this and much more.

"We shall have a tough night of it, Mr. B——," said Captain H——, addressing his first officer. "It looks much like the remnant of a West India hurricane. We will station hands at the topsail halyards, and let the rest get the topgallant-yards upon deck." The necessary orders were given, and the men proceeded to get the yards down from aloft. Meanwhile the captain had called me, and assigned me a station at

the mizzen-topsail halliards, which he commanded me to see all clear for running. An hour of intense darkness had now passed, lighted only now and then by bright flashes of lightning, which revealed with fearful distinctness the smallest object, and left us shrouded in darkness which, like that of Egypt, could almost be felt.

"The yards are stowed," said Mr. B——, respectfully touching his hat to the captain, who stood at the binnacle (the box which holds the ship's compasses) directing the man at the helm—there being no steerage-way upon the vessel—in the vain hope of bringing the ship's head to the sea. "Very good, sir," said Captain H——, politely returning his officer's salute. Just then a distant rustling noise, faint at first but rapidly increasing in volume, struck my ear. The officers were busy talking and had not noticed it. "I hear the wind coming, Captain H——," said I. "Good boy!" returned he, raising the trumpet to his mouth. "Stand by the topsail halliards! Man the starboard and larboard braces cheerly now, men! Mind my orders, and jump lively."

The wind came down on us dead ahead. It was preceded, however, by a tremendous shower of rain, which descended in torrents for the space of half an hour, drenching every one upon deck. During this time the ship rolled and wallowed in the trough of the huge seas, the topsails at one moment surging forward and filling with wind caused by their own violent motion, and anon recoiling against the mast with augmented force, causing a concussion which vied with the loud thunder-crash reverberating above us and rendered the uproar deafening. The clouds at length lifted from the horizon and the rain-squall yielded to the hurricane, the first roaring notes of which brought the yards to the caps. The sheets were let fly, and for an instant we essayed to clew them up. But this was an order easier given than accomplished, Their distended extremities seemed to be held in the giant clutches of some demon bent upon our destruction. For a brief space we toiled on in vain,

seemingly against hope. But at length the vessel's head falling off, enabled us to clew up the canvas and get the reef-tackles hauled out. This accomplished, we were soon under the three topsails, reduced to their smallest possible dimensions. But we were not long in perceiving that even this was too much for the straining vessel, which plunged forward with resistless force, tearing her way through seas of immense volume without the smallest chance of rising to their surface, throwing on board vast quantities of water, which compelled all on deck to secure themselves to something that would withstand the fury of the waves. The order was now given to take in the fore and mizzen topsails, which being done, the vessel's bow was brought close to the wind; and under the balanced power of the close-reefed maintopsail, our little ship rode like a sea-gull upon the bosom of the angry billows. "The watch may go below, Mr. B——," said the captain; "but tell them to hold themselves in readiness to jump upon deck in an instant, when called. We have not got the worst of it yet:" and continued he, "if this sea gets any heavier, we shall be obliged to scud her." This operation is performed by putting the vessel before the wind and letting her run, presenting nothing to the force of the gale but the bare surface of the hull and spars.

It was now three bells, (half-past nine in the evening,) and being my watch below, I dove into the forecastle, completely cured, as I thought, of all inclination for the sea as the future field of action during my journey through life. Wet, and cold, my flesh almost sodden, I stared with the greatest amazement at some of my older shipmates, who, as soon as they had gained the shelter of the little cabin, commenced a hornpipe in true sailor style, though the motion of the vessel somewhat confused the figures of the dance. This was continued but a short time, when a violent pitch of the ship sent them all in a heap against the breast-hook in the bow of the vessel, with such force that their sportiveness was knocked out of them, giving place, in some, to maledictions in strange keeping with our situation.

We were forbid to turn in: so, after exchanging our wet clothes for dry ones, we all sat down in momentary expectation of a summons from the deck. A heavy sea would now and then strike the ship with tremendous force, causing her to quiver from truck to keelson, discharging large volumes of water upon the deck, the sound of which, as our ship rolled from starboard to port, at times almost made me think there was as much water overhead as below us; while, above all, the tempest roared in resistless might, frequently careening our gallant ship until the points of the lower yards kissed the waves. Weary at length with toil and excitement, regardless of the orders that we were not to go to sleep, I yielded to the fit of drowsiness which came over me, and care and anxiety were soon steeped in oblivion.

The hoarse summons, "All hands!" roused me from my slumbers, and I sprang upon deck, supposing we were to relieve the watch. I imagined I had slept for hours, and felt somewhat refreshed; but the sound of five strokes on the bell told me I had rested but half an hour. The storm was now raging with redoubled violence. The huge waves piled their giant foam-crested summits high above the tops of our lower masts, threatening every moment to engulf us. The time had come when we were obliged to try the dangerous experiment of scudding the ship under bare poles, as it is called. The sail was clewed up, and we ascended to the yard to secure it. I was of the number, and occupied the farthest point of the weather yard-arm. The sail was furled and well secured with extra gaskets, and we proceeded to descend. To do this we were compelled, by the violent rolling of the ship, to hold on with tooth and nail. My feet were unused to the small foot-ropes in such weather, and I was continually slipping back and forth, owing to my neglect of the proper rule, in such emergencies, viz: to stand with my whole weight upon the ropes, instead of depending upon my hands for support. This was now especially necessary; for after the men left the rope, it sank

with my weight to its lowest extension, and being of low stature, my chin was brought down even with the yard. My perilous position was unnoticed amid the confusion and uproar of the elements, until my shipmates had gained the top, at which time I had got but about half the distance from the position I had occupied upon the yard. At this moment, in the midst of a tremendous lurch of the ship to larboard, the foot-rope sunk, my feet slipped, my hands loosened with the sudden jerk, and grasping vainly at the rigging, I fell from the yard. I closed my eyes, and my breath was stopped; but in that brief space of time were concentrated the memory of all that I had ever known of the past. I fell, however, just at the right time: the vessel at that instant was careened to her bearings, and the yard being squared, I landed with violence against the head of the mast in the top; from which, luckily for me, the men had not all descended, or I should have continued my journey below; for my body was about fairly balanced over the forward rim of the top, and had I not been grasped by a powerful hand, the reader would never have been troubled with the perusal of these pages.

"That's a queer way to lay in, off of a yard, youngster," said the gruff seaman. "You'll never try that but once more: are you hurt?" I answered I was not much hurt, but I wanted to breathe a moment. "Well, hold on a little, while I look to the fid in the topmast, and I'll help you down on deck." I did not feel any great pain from the effects of my fall; but an awful sense of the dreadful death which I had just escaped almost stupified me, and I burst into tears as I thought of home and its joys. My mind now turned to that God whose commandments I had disobeyed, and for the time I felt humbled and penitent, as well as fearful, in view of God's wrath, which I had provoked. But unhappily this all passed away with the return of fair weather, as is too often the case with those whose lot is cast among the reckless and the profane. It was ordained that I should yet for a time wander in darkness, and

reap the bitter fruits of my own sinful passions, until I should, like the prophet sent of God to warn the inhabitants of Nineveh, humble myself before him and own his power.

From this state of feeling I was aroused by the voice of my shipmate, who summoned me to accompany him to the deck, saying, as we did so, that I would be stiff for the rest of the trip. Once more upon deck, the captain, upon hearing from the sailor of my accident and narrow escape, called me and inquired as to the cause of my falling, at the same time saying I was too short for the heavier yards, as the foot-ropes were too deep. This I told him was the reason of my falling, "Well. you may go below and rest yourself, and don't turn out until you get well. And mind, you must not go upon the lower and fore and main topsail yards unless I order you to. "If the boy had gone overboard," said the captain, addressing the first officer, as I turned to go forward, "I should never have forgiven myself."

Once more below, I turned in, and, in spite of the raging tempest, I fell into a deep sleep, from which I was only aroused by the vigorous shaking of the mate's arm, who inquired if I intended to sleep until we got into Charleston. Upon my assurance that I did not, and that I felt no ill effects from my fall, he told me that he was the doctor of the ship, though he hated physic; so he would lock his medicine-chest and prescribe a dose of fresh air the next time the watch was relieved. It was ten o'clock in the morning; and having slept enough, I went upon deck. The weather had moderated much, but it still blew very heavily. The ship had been hove-to again, as it was considered less dangerous in the heavy sea than scudding; and a clear blue sky, and bright sun overhead diffusing warmth and light, formed a glowing contrast to the gloomy night we had just passed. At noon the wind had moderated so far that the ship required more sail to steady her, and the three topsails, close-reefed, were extended to the breeze. Ere nightfall we were again heading on our course, with topgallants set,

and the more hardy of our passengers ventured to appear upon deck and snuff the pure air. For the next three days and nights we progressed rapidly upon our voyage. Mirth and hilarity again assumed their sway, and completely drove care and anxiety from our minds, until, on the morning of the thirteenth day of our voyage, the loud cry of "Land ho!" from the man at the mast-head, quickly taken up and echoed from mouth to mouth by the passengers, fell cheerily upon each listening ear.

CHAPTER VIII.

Sight of the coast—Prepare to enter port—The pilot—Fort Moultrie—Nullification—Charleston—Aspect of the place—Southern chivalry, and the darkies—Return to B.—Shaw's—A fright—Nobody hurt—Capt. Marks—His chief officer—Questions—Explanations—My compact—Mum's the word—My uncle—Again afloat—The Thamar—Marks' address to the crew—Concealing goods for smuggling—Instructions—The West Indian waters and their beauties—The bay of Port au Prince—The negro pilot—Hug Francaise—Our cook—The customs officer—Midnight plottings.

As it was not my watch upon deck, being anxious to get a glimpse of the strange coast, I ascended to the topgallant mast-head, from which station I could just discern in the far distance the low coast of South Carolina, fringed with a scattering growth of its armorial emblem, the palmetto, the tops of which, singly or in groups, served to relieve the monotony of its outline, which offered as yet no object of curiosity for examination. I therefore descended to the deck, when the order was given for all hands to prepare the ship for entering the port. This consisted in getting the anchors off the bow, where they had been secured during the passage, and attaching to them the stout chain cables. This done, the chafing-gear—such as mats, splints of wood, etc., which are fastened to the rigging at any

place where the yards are likely to come in contact with them, (which splints are usually termed "Scotchmen," for what purpose I do not know, nor could I ever learn,) together with any amount of old canvas, called by seamen "parceling," which was wrapped around the rigging in those places where it was any way exposed to chafe or wear—came to the deck in showers, and the bleached and weather-worn appearance of the rigging and masts gave place to an aspect of trimness more in keeping with her condition when we left the harbor of Boston.

By the time the necessary arrangements were completed for our introduction to the capital of the Palmetto State, we observed the pilot-boat bearing down for us; and having in the meantime approached as near to the bar as was considered safe, we hove to and awaited her approach. We soon had the pilot on board, and once more headed for the port, at the entrance of which we could see the starry flag of the Union waving proudly in the breeze from the ramparts of Fort Moultrie, bringing freshly to mind the valiant deeds of those heroic spirits who here, at the commencement of the Revolution, checked the arrogant pride of the fleets of Britain, giving them to understand that a new power had arisen to contest for the sovereignty of the ocean. The names of Rutledge, Moultrie, Marion, Jasper, and others of lesser note, occurred to my mind, as I surveyed with much curiosity its frowning batteries, bristling with heavy cannon; while upon the ramparts the occasional glittering of the sun's rays, reflected from the polished arms of the sentinels, told us that the fortress was in the hands of good men and true, ready to do battle for the preservation of the Union. The nullification excitement still hung lowering over this fair portion of our country, its demoralizing influence affecting alike both young and old: but "Old Hickory" had taken time by the forelock, and got the start of the anarchists, by garrisoning all the strongholds, and they were reluctantly obliged to submit to the general government.

Charleston, the capital of South Carolina, is situated upon the point of land formed by the junction of the Cooper and Ashley rivers, in latitude 32° 47′ N., longitude 79° 54′ W., distant from Washington 553 miles. Its harbor is good, but vessels drawing over sixteen feet of water would find the entrance to it very difficult. As in Boston, there are numerous wharves, the spiles upon which they rest being encrusted with bunches of young oysters. I had heard of oysters growing upon trees before, therefore I was not surprised at the circumstance. The ground upon which the city is built is low and flat. The warehouses fronting the wharves being of brick, three or four stories in height, prevented any farther view of the city from the ship.

The aspect of everything was very different from that of any seaport I had ever visited. It was cheerless in the extreme. The tall storehouses, their doors and window-shutters cased in iron, appeared to me like so many prisons, as I looked upon them in the dusk of the evening for the first time; but when the ship was made fast, I started to explore the city, and beyond the gloomy barrier, I was pleased to find there was an inside which did not at all correspond with my exterior view of the place. Large stores, containing every species of merchandise, their front show-windows throwing into the street a blaze of light, and crowds of people intent upon business or pleasure, soon gave me to understand that Charleston was, in this respect at least, not at all behind her sister cities of the Union. During the time I remained in Charleston, I had an opportunity to observe the principal objects of interest which the city contained; but they have been so often dwelt upon by abler pens than mine, that I will not tax the reader's patience with an attempt at description. The manners and habits of the slaves attracted much of my attention; but whatever their treatment might be under the immediate supervision of their masters, their conduct, when freed from restraint, seemed as careless and happy as that of their free brethren of the same color in the Northern States.

It was dangerous to hazard a remark in opposition to the "Carolinian State Rights Platform" at that time; I was therefore very careful not to commit myself. In one, and only one instance, did I venture to broach the subject, by remarking jocosely to a boy of not more than half my size and weight, that Calhoun's party had been obliged to succumb to northern influence. This was too much for the chivalrous blood of the lad, who threatened to do all manner of desperate things, and actually struck me; and in retaliation I threw him into the dock, from which, being a good swimmer, he soon got out dripping, with his warm southern blood materially cooled by the process.

We remained in Charleston fifteen days, during which time we discharged our cargo, and took in a return freight of cotton and rice; and bidding farewell to the capital of the Nullifiers, we again found ourselves upon our homeward course, wafting before gentle breezes toward the less genial but more homelike coast of New-England, which we sighted after a very agreeable passage of eleven days; and upon the next we moored our trim craft, but little the worse for wear, in her old berth where I had first joined her.

After discharging our freight I left the ship, the time for which I had engaged being ended; although every inducement Capt. H—— could offer was held out to retain me on board. But I listened to the smooth-tongued boarding-house runners, who gave me to understand it was not considered seamanlike to remain on board of a vessel after the voyage was ended, and I returned to my old quarters at Shaw's. The fear of meeting any one who knew me, kept me pretty closely confined to the house, the occupants of which divided their time about equally between gambling and fighting.

This soon became wearisome to me, and I determined to look out for a berth for myself. For this purpose I frequented the shipping-offices and wharves for nearly a week, without meeting with any success. About the beginning of December,

while standing upon one of the wharves in company with a party of sailors, watching the departure of some of our boon companions, I was not a little frightened by one of my companions, who laid his hand upon my shoulder and asked me if I knew that a man had been watching me for the last half-hour, at the same time indicating the person by a sidelong glance. Almost trembling, I followed the direction of his gaze, until my eye fell upon the person of a rather good-looking man of about fifty years of age, who from his appearance I rightly judged was a sea-captain. At all events, my fears were at once dissipated, as I felt sure we had never met before, which fact I communicated to my informant in answer to his inquiry. I had just turned to continue my scrutiny of this man's appearance, when he stepped forward and extended his hand in a familiar manner, inquiring if I was looking for a berth. I answered in the affirmative. "Come with me; I want to have a talk with you," said he, leading the way to the end of the wharf, where lay a small brig of about 130 tons' burthen. "I am master of this vessel," he remarked, "and am bound to Port au Prince, in the island of St. Domingo." As we jumped upon her deck, he asked, "Have you ever been there?" "I have not, sir," I replied. "Well," continued he, "come into the cabin; and if we can make a bargain, you may get your clothes on board at once, as I wish to sail to-morrow morning." Seated at the table, he drew from one of the berths the ship's articles, (an instrument detailing the compact between the captain, officers, and crew of a sea-going vessel,) and throwing them before me, said, "You see, they are filled out. I have got my crew all shipped, but I want a boy of about your age for particular service." "That's it, Mr. Lee, aint it?" "That's it exactly," responded the person addressed, who had just then descended from the deck—a little withered, sunburnt specimen of humanity, whose hoarse chuckle somewhat resembled the croaking of a bullfrog. "That's it, sir. Why, you can stick that little fellow (meaning me) into the nigger's eyes, and they

won't be able to see him before he kicks ;" and Mr. Lee laughed in great glee at his own wit, helping himself meanwhile to a liberal supply of brandy and water, which he seemed to swallow with great gusto.

After giving some orders to his first officer, Captain Marks, as I shall call him, took his seat at the table, and invited me to drink, helping himself from the decanter, which he placed upon the table within reach for the purpose of more readily replenishing his glass: then, producing some cigars of which he had a large supply on hand, we both squared ourselves,—he to gratify and I to indulge my awakened curiosity, in listening to the details of his schemes. Previous to his proceeding to this business, however, he asked me a number of questions in regard to my name, age, place of nativity, how long I had followed the sea, what vessels I had sailed in, etc. With my answers to these questions he appeared to be satisfied; and after musing a little while, as if uncertain what course to pursue, he asked me if I would engage to join his vessel for the voyage, adding that I should not be required to do anything at sea unless I felt so disposed, but should live in the cabin, pass for his nephew, and make no acquaintance with the crew. In consideration, he would agree to give me twenty-five dollars per month for as long a period as I should remain with him, and pay me two months' wages in advance. This was enough: fifty dollars in hand at once appeared to me a fortune, and I closed the bargain by signing the articles as supercargo. "Now," said I, "Capt. Marks, what is the particular service you will expect from me?" "All that I want of you, is to help me cheat the nigger custom-house out of the duties upon a few articles which I have on board. It is very easily done—there is no danger ; and if they find you out, why, I can get you off safe, so that there will be nothing on that score to trouble you." "That is what is usually called smuggling, Captain Marks," said I. "Yes," said he; "and in some of the ports of Hayti the government officers wink at its being

carried on right before their eyes. Fact, I tell you," continued he, as he saw my eyes dilate in surprise. "I've smuggled more than 150,000 dollars' worth of goods ashore upon the island within the last ten years. So you see I know something about it." After a great deal of talk concerning his former exploits in wooling the eyes of the Haytiens, I consented to all of his plans; and after taking supper, I arose and was about to start for my boarding-house to get my chest and bedding, which I intended to get on board that evening, when he laid his hand upon my arm, and looking me sharply in the face, said, "We understand each other now perfectly. Keep a taught stopper on your jaw-tackle (in other words, hold your tongue.) What do you say if I go up with you?" I told him I should be very happy to have his company. "That's right. I like to have a man talk right square up to the mark. 'Tis now a quarter to six: we'll get your dunnage on board, and then we'll go up to the National Theatre." Taking the articles in his hand, and proceeding to Purchase-street, he called to a hackman who was passing, and jumping into the vehicle we soon gained the place of my temporary sojourn. As we entered he whispered in my ear, "Leave this business all in my hands." I nodded assent, and stepping forward toward my landlord, I presented Capt. Marks as my uncle. "Well," said my new-found relative, after the usual shaking of hands was got through with, "Mr. Shaw, how long has this boy been with you? I wish to take charge of him myself for the future; and as he is willing to go with me, I'll take him out a voyage to the West Indies. He will do much better with me, than by drifting about in every direction, falling into all sorts of company and continually getting into scrapes. A boy never does well at sea unless he has some one to keep a sharp look-out for him." To all of this Shaw granted assent, while busying himself making out his bill against me. This finished, he passed the account to my companion, who in turn handed it over to me for my inspection. Finding it was as

near right as landlord's bills usually are, the captain paid me over the money to cancel the debt. This done, we got my luggage into the hack, and by seven o'clock we were once more on our way up town, in the direction of the theatre. Previous to our leaving the vessel, I was enriched by two ten-dollar bills given me by Capt. Marks. The next morning found us running under foretopsail, mainsail, and jib, before a strong north-west gale, for the deep blue rolling sea.

The Thamar, the vessel to which I now belonged, as I have before said, was a brig of about 130 tons' burthen, clipper-built and a very fast sailer. Her company consisted of Capt. Marks; Mr. Lee, first officer; Mr. Barr, second do.; cook, and five men before the mast. Altogether we formed, considering the size of the vessel, a strong crew, a rather unusual circumstance for those days in this country. Clear of the lighthouse, all hands were summoned to the quarter-deck, by the direction of Capt. Marks, who produced his articles and read them to the men. Then giving a sign to the officers, who in obedience walked to the starboard side, he made a short address to the crew, directing them to obey implicitly every command the officers might give, the same as if it had been given by himself, and to attend to their duty with alacrity and cheerfulness, without question or demurring; assuring them that if they observed these rules, he would be to them a friend in every emergency; otherwise they were to expect such usage as he should deem proper, adding the imperative decree often heard on shipboard, "Growl you may, if so you will, but go you must." Calling me to his side, "This," said he, "is my nephew: you may call him what you like—ship's cousin, passenger, supercargo,—but I shall expect you to treat him with the same respect as you do my officers. If he chooses to do any duty, he can; but he is not obliged to obey anybody's orders except mine. It rests with you to make our voyage pleasant, or otherwise. Go to your duty." The men returned to the forecastle, declaring the skipper was

a trump, and expressing their anticipation of an agreeable prosecution and termination of our voyage.

After giving the necessary directions to the officer in charge of the deck, in regard to the course he was to steer, the captain went into the cabin, whither I followed. Throwing off his pea-jacket he said: "Now, we've a pretty good job to do here. We'll begin with these," pointing to a large pile of boxes which occupied the after-part of the cabin. Opening them one by one, their contents disclosed large quantities of cutlery, such as razors, scissors, knives, etc., which were quickly disposed of in openings in the ceiling, wainscoting and other hiding-places. As package after package were passed along, their labeled coverings were torn off and replaced by strong brown wrappers, before being stowed away. In this employ we spent several days, during which time we thus disposed of some five thousand dollars' worth of goods, including, besides the above-enumerated articles, a large assortment of spurious jewelry, pocket pistols, and surgical instruments. "If I get this lot safe on shore it will pay pretty well; don't you think so?" he asked, as he drew the last sliding panel of the transom into its place. I told him I thought the hazard of the transaction demanded an extraordinary return. "You are right," said he: "if they do discover us, and find our hiding-places, I lose the vessel, that's certain. But I am well known to the custom-house officers, and I've never been even suspected yet. Besides, we have a great many friends in the island, who are always ready to help in consideration of receiving a share of the profits. But I had rather run my own risk, and trust to few friends: that's the best way in a speculation."

During the remainder of the voyage I received daily lessons from my employer in the duties of my new vocation, and the time passed very pleasantly, especially, after we had crossed the Gulf-stream, where during the warm sunny days of that latitude I spent many an hour watching the sportive pranks of the dolphins, bonitas, skipjacks, and flying-fish, through the

almost unbroken swell of the sea, and ever and anon the surface of the watery mirror would be cut by the back fins of the voracious sharks, which were continually darting about in pursuit of their prey.

On the morning of the 16th of December we sighted Cape Tiburon, and by noon we had entered the bay, at the head of which is situated the city of Port au Prince, the political capital of the island at that time. We passed the Gonaives Islands, which were covered with the most luxuriant verdure I had ever seen, and at dusk were boarded by that important personage the pilot, in the shape of a stout negro, whose wool was as gray as granite. The pilots here are government officers, and ours wore the uniform prescribed by law; which, by the way, was in a shockingly dilapidated state. The gilt buttons and shreds of silver lace still remained as monuments of their departed grandeur, but the fabric was in tatters. On reaching our deck he clasped Capt. Marks fraternally in his arms with the vigor of a bear, which was (for more than one reason) heartily reciprocated on the part of Marks, after which the first and second officers were honored with the hug Francaise, or I should rather say Haytien; and being introduced by the captain as his nephew, (which fact elicited several knowing winks between himself and the pilot,) I too was hugged till I was in danger of having the breath squeezed out of my body; and I was glad to get clear of him, for the odor of his person nearly suffocated me.

The captain having intimated that he was ready to resign the command of the vessel to this official, advanced to the forecastle, where the crew, who were gathered around the windlass, amused themselves with jokes at the darkey's appearance, in which they were aided and abetted by our cook, himself as black as ebony, who was sitting with his head protruding out of the caboose, eyeing the ceremonies upon the quarter-deck with evident signs of admiration, that is, when his face was turned aft; but its expression was evidently

changed when his looks were turned to the men, as the broad grins upon their faces plainly told. I saw that fun was going on there, and pushed along the lee side until I reached the cook's office, "Well, doctor, (a common nickname for the *cuisinier* of a vessel,) what do you think of our pilot?" Rolling up the whites of his eyes, and grinning until the corners of his potato-trap nearly reached his ears, "Julius Cæsar! aint he a nigger! aint he a salty darkey!" Before he could get out any more, we heard the voice of the pilot addressing the crew: "Look heah, you fellers, you jis mine my ordah; what I tell you, do right 'way. Ise captain ob dis vessel now," looking at the captain, who stepped forward and confirmed the pilot's authority by directing them to be smart and obey such orders as he thought necessary. "Now, you sah, (to the cook,) you make some good coffee—vera strong, sah—mine I tell you, vera strong." The old fellow then mounted the night-heads, and casting his eyes around to find the position of the vessel, sang out to the helmsman, "Pull little ze 'tarboard braces; so, belay: port little." "Port it is, sir." "Steady—steady, sir." In this way, alternating from one course to another, we at length reached the anchorage, and came-to about three quarters of a mile from the shore, where we moored the vessel according to the port regulations, under the supervision of the pilot; and after the sails were furled, the officer of the customs came on board and the pilot left us. The custom-house official was a smart-looking mulatto, tall, straight, and as agile as a cat. He was dressed in a half-military costume, and his clothes being in keeping with his person, gave him the air of a French exquisite. He was the very essence of politeness, of which, by the way, I saw more during my stay in Port au Prince than I ever did anywhere else in a place of its size. This officer and the captain, I soon discovered, were old and familiar acquaintances. They sat long at the table in the cabin, after the mate and myself had turned in, and the conversation was carried on in low whispers, till towards morning it had died away altogether.

The anticipations of the strange sights I should see among these people prevented anything like sleep from visiting my eyelids, and the first glow of morning light found me pacing the deck of the brig, anxiously waiting for a glimpse of the city.

CHAPTER IX.

Port au Prince—Its aspects—St. Domingo bugles—Miss Nancy—First equipment—I pass muster—Politeness—Monsieur Rose—The portfolio—Introduction to the family—Madame Rose—Agnes—Celeste—Pauline—The smuggler in clover—Learning French, and vice versa—Pauline's dilemma—Solution of the problem—Relative positions of negroes and mulattoes—Surveillance—Capt. Horner—The French Admiral—A lesson in politeness—A drunken revel.

At night the harbor of Port au Prince is very beautiful. Surrounded as it is with mountains, it forms a grand amphitheatre, broken only at its entrance from the sea. There were about seventy vessels, of all nations, lying around us, many of which I could make out by their build to be those of our countrymen. In a short time the rattling drums of the garrison in the fort, and the deep boom of the morning gun, woke up the echoes of the hills, which in their turn roused the long-eared assinines from their dreary slumbers; and these animals, whose noise proclaimed them legion, made the air resound with their continued brayings. This concert we were treated to twice a day, at evening and morning, during our stay in port. The jacks, which one of our crew named St. Domingo trumpeters, finished the work for which the morning-gun was intended, and by the time their overture was ended, the city—which, by the way, though prettily situated, looked dingy enough—was swarming with its inhabitants, a picture of busy life. The shore along the front of the city was thronged with lightermen,

discharging their cargoes, or putting off to the shipping to re-load, accompanying almost every motion of their bodies with some ditty, which was given in full chorus by the whole gang. The songs that were evidently most in fashion among these long-shore men appeared to be of a political nature, and the principal object of their ire was Napoleon Bonaparte, who was by these model republicans unequivocally consigned to that place where fire and brimstone is said to abound. Boats of various sizes now shot out from the shore, in most of which were from one to three women. Some of the boats were deeply laden with fruits and vegetables peculiar to the tropics; others with fish, shells, and branches of beautiful white coral, rivaling the purest snow in lustre; and others with washerwomen importuning from the "buckras" their patronage, claiming an intimate acquaintance with some, though they had never seen them before. One woman came alongside of our vessel, and taking in her oars, lifted a large cloth of snowy whiteness from the top of her lading, and displayed a specimen of tropical productions that fairly made my mouth water—the freshest oranges, bananas, pine-apples, cocoanuts, guavas, soursops, yams, citrons, and lemons, with abundance of honey, syrup, and fresh bread, all of which she proffered in exchange for money or grease. "Come, pickaninny buckra, I know you: I told you you would come back again: come, buy something from Miss Nancy: everybody buys from Miss Nancy," at the same time picking out the largest orange in the pile nearest to her, and tossing it to me. I assured her she was mistaken, as I had never been there before. "Well, then, it was buckra's brother; I looked as much like him as two peas." I told her I had no brother; but she argued me out of it, in spite of all my assurances to the contrary. Miss Nancy made a good market on board of our vessel, and departed, promising to call again, and charging me to come to her house when I went on shore.

The custom-house officer now made his appearance, and

removed the seal he had placed upon the hatches the previous night, when the captain directed Mr. Lee to remove the battens and tarpaulins, and open the hold fore and aft. This was for the purpose of letting him see that the cargo had not been disturbed. "You will excuse me, monsieur," said the captain," as I must get ready to go on shore immediately after you have passed inspection." The polite official bowed assent, and the captain retired to the cabin, making a sign for me to follow him. "Here, pull on these drawers as quick as you can," said he, throwing a pair of strong double-twilled cottons at my feet. "You will find them warm enough in this climate," he laughingly added. I put on the garment. "Now, do just as I do," said he. "The example is better than the direction. Practice before theory, always suits me best." Casing himself in a similar pair of nether garments, he proceeded to stow away about twelve of the thin packages of jewelry which I have before alluded to. I watched his motions and followed them to the letter, thrusting the goods around my legs until the strong cords at the bottom stayed their further progress. Then producing a large bundle of elastics with strong clasps attached, the drawers were banded with them just above the packages, and the process of filling another tier was commenced, which in its turn was alike bandaged. In this way tier after tier was laid, except at the knees, which were left free until the body of the garment was reached. This was filled with little pockets all around, of just the capacity to admit a case of razors, or pair of scissors, or anything of a corresponding size, and we were soon equipped with our first venture. A pair of slightly padded drilling pants were then slipped over the whole, our coats put on, and we were just ready as the officer had finished his inspection. "Let me see you walk fore and aft the deck two or three times, as soon as we go up. After you have done so, if I nod my head, it's all right; if not, you won't be able to go this morning. Do these things inconvenience you in your motions?" I

assured him that they did not in the least. "Well, we will go upon deck. This officer will be relieved by another, and he will accompany us on shore after breakfast." On deck I walked unconcernedly for some minutes, closely observed by Capt. Marks, who was talking in the meantime to the officer, until I caught the slight nod of approval, as agreed. Breakfast being now ready, we hastily disposed of it, and manning the boat, we were about getting in, when the government boat came alongside and discharged nearly half a ton of black humanity upon our deck, in the person of the relieving officer of customs, of whom Capt. Marks had spoken. The two officials exchanged a few words with each other, when we all indulged in the hug fraternal, and taking our seats in the boat, were speedily transferred to the wharf, called there the mole.

It was yet early to commence business at the custom-house; so after transacting some usual affairs at the office of the captain of the port, Capt. Marks, begging to be excused for an hour or two, which was graciously conceded by the polite darkies, stated his wish to wait upon his friend and consignee, Monsieur Rose. "All right, my boy; we've done them brown this time," he muttered in a low whisper, as we turned a corner which concealed us from the port office. "Did you ever see any people politer than these niggers?" I was forced to acknowledge they exceeded anything in that line I had ever encountered. "Well, boy, you don't know anything about it yet. You will find some girls here at old Rose's house, who will take down anything you have yet seen. But they are not Haytien-born, although their mother was. The girls were born in Italy, and the old man is also Italian: but because his hair curls almost as tight as a nigger's wool, they believe he is actually a darkey; and as it is his interest to make them believe so, he helps them to deceive themselves. The old man has an immense fortune, and he did talk of giving up business, and retiring from the island before long. You will be apt to get well acquainted with him before we leave port. But

above all, I'll bet the whole of my venture that you will fall in love with the girls before you are acquainted an hour." I assured him I was not composed of such inflammable material. "We shall see," he laughingly responded.

This conversation brought us to the Maison Rose, at the door of which we were greeted by the proprietor himself, who cordially welcomed us both, hugging us in turn, and frisking and capering about the room with the suppleness of a French dancing-master. Taking a seat, we waited for the old gentleman to tire himself out, which he at length did; and a few words in his ear from Capt. Marks was followed by our being led some twenty feet below the level of the ground, through a number of intricate passages, from which we emerged into a dark room. Monsieur Rose, who was our guide, here lit a pair of lamps, which were placed upon a table in the centre of the room, and retired to order the preparation of chocolate for our refreshment. We now proceeded to relieve ourselves of our load, which had already become burdensome to me, owing to the heat of the weather and the warmth of the superabundance of clothing.

As Capt. Marks required more time than I did to relieve himself, I had an opportunity to examine the place we were in. Taking a light, I inspected the walls all around, rapping here and there with my knuckles; but they gave forth no sound. "You are working to little purpose there, my boy," said the captain, laughing; "you are farther under ground now than your friends will ever take the trouble to bury you when you die; you may depend upon that. This room served to save the lives of old Rose and his wife during the revolution which made the niggers masters of the island. No daylight ever enters here. But come, I'm ready; let's get out of this." Extinguishing one of the lamps, and taking the other to light us on our way, we soon found ourselves in the same room we had first entered, and were presently joined by our host, who, after talking a few moments upon the affairs of the

island, and such common-place topics, during which time he scrutinized me very attentively, turned to Capt. Marks and asked him who I was. "He passes for my nephew," said Marks, laughing, "and I feel very proud of the relationship, and don't think we shall part company very soon." He then gave the old gentleman such parts of my history as he had learned from me, while I amused myself in turning over the leaves of a sort of portfolio or sketch-book, filled with crayon drawings of the surrounding scenery of the country, and at the foot of the pages the names Celeste and Agnes were alternately written, which led me to wondering what kind of looking girls they were. The father, although an Italian, as I had been informed, was as dark as any mulatto I had yet encountered upon the island; and if the mother was a negress, as I understood by the term Haytien, I concluded the girls must be very dingy beauties. Chocolate and French pastry were now announced by a servant as ready in an adjoining room, and at the invitation of Monsieur Rose we proceeded thither, where we found the lady of the mansion and three daughters, instead of two. The mother was a very light quadroon, and but for the dusky blur upon her complexion, she would have been readily taken for a white woman. Our host, taking each of us by the hand, led us forward and presented us to madame. She and the captain were old acquaintances, and they bowed and exchanged compliments with great cordiality; after which I made my bow, and extended my hand, Yankee fashion. The old lady took it very willingly, but instead of shaking it, she pulled me upon the sofa alongside of her; and screaming out something in French, the only part of which I could distinguish was, *petit matelot*, she nearly smothered me with kisses, laughing all the while like a mad person. I hardly knew whether to be vexed or pleased, but sat as patient as a martyr for a moment, almost bewildered, and horrified at the smell of her breath, which was dreadfully tainted with garlic. Her fondling at length ceased; but still holding my hand, she called Agnes,

Celeste, and Pauline, from each of whom I obtained a salute, giving one in return. I was then given in charge of the girls by the mother, who bade them take good care of me. They were indeed, as Capt. Marks had told me, not only the very pink of politeness, but likewise very beautiful. Agnes, the eldest, I learned from herself, (for in five minutes I was as much at home as if I had been brought up in their family,) was twenty-four years of age, Celeste twenty, and Pauline eighteen. They were all brunettes, with regular features, straight hair, and flashing black eyes, with forms that would have enchanted a Canova, and voices as musical as the softest warblings of the flute.

I thought myself the luckiest dog in the world, and so I was; for no prince in the world was ever waited upon with greater care and assiduity. I was seated upon a sofa opposite the one occupied by madame, with Celeste on my right, Agnes on the left, and Pauline sitting upon a stool before me, holding a waiter upon her lap containing chocolate, cakes, and candy, of all which they continually pressed me to partake, while Madame Rose and the captain were engaged in their confab and chocolate all by themselves, at the table at the other side of the room. "Now, ze demoiselles like moosh speak ze Eenglesh, monsieur," said madame, addressing me from the opposite sofa. "Zey sall be two times een Nouvelle-York, an two, tree times een Nouvelle-Orleans. Zey speak no moosh Eenglesh. Now zey sall aprender parle Eenglesh wis you." This was at least intelligible, and I thought I might make out to converse with the girls. So, having eaten and drank until I was almost surfeited, and the waiter having been replaced upon the table, my fair attendant returned to her seat upon the stool. Well, they have been to New-York twice, and to New-Orleans twice, and they have all made out to understand my questions as to their age. It will be queer enough if I do not make out to hold a little conversation. Celeste asked me some question which I could not understand.

The mother tried to explain. In this she failed, and we were about to give up in despair, when Pauline darted from the room, and presently returned with an English and French vocabulary. Looking carefully through the pages, she read, "You must tell me how to speak (pronounce) these words." She went to work with pencil and paper, and in a moment she asked, "How do you like us?" I turned over the leaf, and there was the sentence, "I love you dearly." She looked in my face and laughed, for on the opposite page was the same sentence in French. She interpreted my answer to the company, which created a great deal of fun, with many "bons" (good) from madame. With the assistance of the book we passed an agreeable hour. But at length, as we were about leaving, the old lady cried out, "But monsieur sall nevare tell us how moosh years old *à vous*" (to the girls.) "*Oui, oui, vraiment!*" came from the lips of all simultaneously, and their looks plainly told me they wished the information. I answered readily, "*Quinze ans*" (fifteen years.) I had picked up the little gold pencil which Pauline had laid down, and wrote the word kiss upon a little slip of paper she had just been using. Looking over my hand, she said, "Kees—what's dat?" I looked at her and laughed. She took the bit of paper in her hand, and read again "kees," then looking in my face inquiringly, she repeated the question. The temptatation to give a practical explanation was too strong to resist; so throwing my arm around her neck, I gave a hearty definition of the word. She was not offended, but did not seem to take the hint, and still demanded the explanation of the word. By this time madame, who had been listening and comprehended the difficulty, had crossed over to our side and let the two oldest daughters into the secret. "*Dites-moi, monsieur.*" Madame winked in return to my inquiring look, and I repeated the kiss as heartily as before. Although not offended, the poor girl, from the slight shade of sadness which passed over her beautiful face, apparently thought I was making game of her,—the

more particularly as her mother and sisters continued to laugh outrageously.

"Come, my boy, we must be off," said Capt. Marks, "or do you feel perfectly at home here?" I answered, that if it would not be any inconvenience to him, I would remain where I was. This was duly interpreted by Mons. Rose, and elicited another outburst of merriment from the whole party. "No, no; I cannot spare you yet," cried the captain, "so let's be off." I took my hat and was about leaving, when the old gentleman called me back. "You don't understand the French fashions yet: you must always salute the madame before you leave and when you come to the house." I complied, exchanged salutes with Celeste and Agnes, and turning to Pauline, I asked, "Shall I tell you?" "*Oui, monsieur.*" "*C'est kees,*" said I, sealing the explanation upon her lips, amid roars of laughter from all sides. Poor Pauline, covering her face with her hands and uttering a scream, as the truth flashed upon her mind, bounded from the room in one direction and I followed Marks the other, and thus ended my first visit to the *Maison Rose*, where true hospitality and politeness reigned supreme.

We walked back the same way that we came, but on regaining the mole, Marks, who had business, as I have before said, at the custom-house, took his way thither, leaving me to employ myself the best way I could until his return, which he said would be in about an hour. I amused myself for some time in watching the motions of the officer in command upon the mole. He was a fine tall, straight mulatto, of whom I had seen several specimens during the morning, wearing the same brilliant uniform which at the review on the following Sabbath I observed was that of the body guard of his excellency Joseph Boyer, President of Hayti, who formed the only body of decent-looking troops I saw upon the island. I could not help observing that the mulattoes held but an inferior rank in the affairs of state. In answer to my inquiries subsequently made, Mons. Rose informed me that the ruling element upon

the island was the sooty black; and I always found that the higher the rank of the person the blacker and homelier the nigger. I encountered but few mulattoes during my stay who held any rank above that of a mere subaltern.

The officer upon the mole, of whom I was speaking, had about a dozen soldiers under his command, who, as was usually the case, were as *outre* in appearance as rags and dirt could well make them. They strolled lazily about, apparently for the purpose of preserving order, while their chief confined his attention to the reception of strangers, who were continually landing from the various vessels in the harbor. I noticed that each one as they landed underwent a scrutiny as rigid as he could possibly bestow without rudeness, while at the same time the smile and graceful bow were tendered alike to the greasy ship's cook and the more dignified captain. The bow was invariably given with the elegant *chapeau bras* raised from the head.

Presently word was given by one of the soldiers that the French Admiral was coming. I had noticed the night before, when we were entering the harbor, the warlike appearance of what appeared to be a corvette, anchored outside of the fort. Just at that moment my eye fell upon the countenance of a man I thought I had seen before, sauntering about among the crowd who thronged the mole, embracing one, laughing at another, and stopping to exchange a word or two with a third. At length his eyes met mine and the recognition was complete: it was a Capt. Horner, the master of the schooner Bee, of Philadelphia, whom I had met and become partially acquainted with in Charleston. After shaking hands and expressing our mutual satisfaction at meeting, in answer to his inquiries I informed him I belonged to the Thamar. "Do you?" said he, "then you can tell me where Capt. Marks is. I've been looking for him all the morning." I informed him that the captain would join us presently, and we walked to the stairs to see the French Admiral land. The

barge, impelled by twelve stout oarsmen, had now reached the landing-place, and the representative of his majesty Louis Phillippe, chapeau in hand, ascended the steps, exchanged civilities with the officer of the mole, bowed to the crowd, and passed on.

"That fellow had to come to Hayti to learn a lesson in politeness," said Capt. Horner, laughing. "How so?" I inquired. "Why, you see, the niggers owe the French government some three or four millions of dollars, and Boyer, the President, wont pay up; so Louis Phillippe has sent this Admiral to make him fork over the tin. Well, about three weeks ago the Admiral's ship came into the man-of-war roads, and after waiting two or three days to let the Haytiens know a little about the business he came upon, he sent word ashore that he would do himself the honor of waiting upon them the next day. He probably thought he should meet with a public reception. So the next morning he pulled in his barge to the stairs, and not finding any guard of honor to receive him, he attempted to pass by the officer of the day stationed here, without taking any notice of the very polite manner in which he stood hat in hand to salute him. One of these ragamuffins (making a significant motion toward the black soldiers) picked the Admiral's chapeau gently from his head with his bayonet, and politely lowered it to the Frenchman's hand, who in turn took it from the point of the weapon, with his brow, if anything, a shade darker than that of the corrector of his manners. He made the *amende*, however, with a good grace to the officer he had slighted, who stood the very picture of humility, and witnessed the whole transaction without speaking a word. Bows and scrapes without number were exchanged, and the Admiral passed on his way, wiser, to say the least, than he was before.

By this time we were joined by Capt. Marks, who appeared to be delighted at meeting his old friend. The brig was then hailed, and we were soon snugly seated around the cabin table;

and after dinner the two skippers indulged in narrating their various adventures since they had last met. The day finished with a grand carouse, which was kept up until near midnight, at which Monsieur Rose and some half a dozen other skippers, who came on board towards evening, took part. Brandy and claret flowed in abundance, and the segar smoke drove me to the deck, where I slept until the bacchanalian crew were dispersed or floored.

CHAPTER X.

My second trip on shore—Monsieur Rose running the mail—Progress in study—Last trip on shore—Leave-takings—Promise to return—Letters of introduction—Pauline—Père Felix—A gift—The parting—Monsieur Rose's liberality—Marks, a comforter—Under way—Dispatches—The note—The confession—Marks, a prophet—The Bahama banks—Tropical fishing—Mississippi water—The tow—Ascending the river—Scenery—An alarm—The wreck—New-Orleans by moonlight—The fruit dealer—The belligerent cook—Dispose of my venture.

The morning found Marks sick and sore-headed. He sent the steward for me, and I obeyed the call. Raising himself in his bunk he said, "I'll tell you what, my boy, this won't do—it spoils all: I aint half sober yet. Do you think you can venture ashore alone?" I answered I would try. "Well, take the cook with you, and send him back with some meat and vegetables for dinner." I hastily equipped myself with about the same quantity of merchandise, and receiving Marks' injunction to be on board again by ten o'clock, I called the steward, as we sometimes called the cook, (he held both situations,) and requested Mr. Lee to have the boat manned. Once in the boat, we put off, and were speedily landed upon the stairs of the

mole. I ascended, closely followed by the cook with his basket. At the top I was confronted, hat in hand, by the officer of the guard, who courteously returned my salute, and with a kind "*Bonjour*," (good morning,) motioned me to pass on. Proceeding to the market-square, I soon selected the requisite materials for a good dinner, and discharging the cook, I sought my way to the Maison Rose, where I was soon at home with my chocolate; and madame and the girls all clustered around me, inquiring, as I conjectured, for Monsieur Rose, whom I had left on board, snugly coiled up in a bunk. The assurance that he was safe on board of the brig, and that he had been there through the night, which I managed to convey to them, relieved their minds of any apprehensions upon his account, and we soon resumed the lessons of the previous morning.

I was supremely happy, and it was with extreme regret that I noticed the elegant clock upon the sideboard indicating the near approach of nine o'clock. I arose to take my leave, the whole family accompanying me. There had been but one slight drawback upon my pleasure—my little friend Pauline appeared somewhat reserved towards me. On gaining the street, I offered my arm with a bow, and the smiles returned to her face, and her laugh was as silvery as ever. We parted at the entrance of the market-plaee, my friends pursuing their way to the church, which stands at its head; and I to the mole, where I found the boat in waiting for me. I soon put Marks at ease by my appearance on board safe and sound. "Bravo! bravo! my fine fellow!" he shouted at the top of his lungs. "I welcome thee back. I have but just got clear of those fellows, and was preparing to go on shore to be ready in case of accident to you. I loaded Rose," continued he. "The old gent made some wry faces at first; but I soon convinced him he was not the right man to be suspected, and at last he consented. He is a trump," said Marks; "I watched him with my glass as he went up the stairs. He stood as cool as an icicle, talking to the captain of the mole after he landed for a full half hour, and

I began to be a little uneasy. He was gone but a few moments before I saw you come down." To my inquiry as to whether we were to make only one trip a day on shore, he told me it was customary for officers of vessels and merchants connected with them to go to and fro at any time of day or night; but as they were more particular after sunset, and searched the persons landing, we should have to do our business during the day. "We will go on shore this afternoon, and stay to tea. Rose and I are to have a match at billiards, and you can do as you please in the evening until eleven o'clock."

During the twenty-one days we remained at Port au Prince, having a continued intercourse with the charming family of Monsieur Rose, I fully succeeded in establishing myself in their good graces. The girls acquired English, under my tuition, with astonishing facility, while I was not less apt in learning French.

We had run the whole stock safely on shore, and in the meantime the cargo of the vessel had been landed, and a freight of coffee and cocoa had been taken on board to be conveyed to New-Orleans. The brig was cleared, and we landed for the last time to take leave of Monsieur Rose and his family. Proceeding to the house, we found that gentleman and his lady in the parlor, and both rose to welcome us. The merchant to whom our return freight belonged, stepped to one of the windows, taking Marks with him by the button of his coat, where they engaged in conversation. Madame took my hand, and leading to another room, more richly furnished than the one we left, seated herself, and drawing me to her side, while the tears started to her eyes, commenced, "Is you gone too, *mon petit?*" I answered that I was. "*Mon Dieu!* you sall nevare *venir* more." I made her understand that we were to return immediately to Port au Prince. "Ah! *mon cher*, I'm 'fraid for you. You *avais* a *mère?*" (mother.) "*Oui, madame.*" "*Très-bien*, (very good;) you sall go *voir* (see) *votre mère;* zen you sall *venir* (come) back." With all my French, I failed to make

her understand that I should not be apt to see my mother in New-Orleans; so I let the matter rest. It was pretty evident that madame had taken a great liking to me, as she kept stroking my hair, and her tears flowed freely. I was surprised that none of the girls made their appearance, and I at length ventured to inquire for them. Madame, pointing to a door opposite, arose, and after embracing me, left the room, and I did not see her again until my return from New-Orleans.

I now silently approached the door to which madame had pointed, and slowly opening it, discovered Agnes and Celeste, the former of whom was dictating a letter, which the latter was inscribing on the glazed surface of a sheet of gilt-edged pink paper. Each, on my approach, took one of my hands, and turning away their faces, burst into tears without speaking a word. In regard to the female sex, I am free to confess I am very tender-hearted. I did all I could to console them, assuring them nothing could induce me to stay long away from them; and after awhile they became composed enough to inform me that the letter they were writing was one in my favor to a friend of theirs in New-Orleans. But where was my little Pauline, as I had learned to call her?—a right which, by the way, had been conferred upon me by the family in full conclave. Another door was indicated by a motion of Celeste's head, and I quickly opened it, and discovered my little friend upon her knees before a small altar, upon which stood a madonna and infant, and a small crucifix. In her clasped hands she held a portion of the rosary with a small cross attached to it, which she usually wore around her neck. Stepping in lightly, though no Catholic, I knelt by her side and kissed the crucifix, which she pressed to my lips. Before I had any chance to inquire the cause of these solemnities, she read the inquiry in the expression of my countenance. "I tell the Holy Mother to guard you, and bring you safe back. I shall cry much till you come again, for my father has told me that you would come back very soon: I shall pray for you every day,

three times every day, until then. You will know when I pray for you, and you must send me a kiss each time." "But how will you get it, my sweet friend?" "O, I have asked St. Agnes to bring it to me, and I have promised two wax candles for the altar of her shrine; and Père Felix (the family confessor) assures me that I shall have it. But he does not like you; he says you are a heretic: but I know you are not, for you have just kissed the cross." "And will kiss it again a thousand times for your sake," said I, laughing, "but not once for that old woolly head." I was going to say more, but the little hand upon my mouth stopped me, nor was it withdrawn until I had promised not to speak a word more against Père Felix. "I have something for you, and you must never part with it," said she, disengaging the small gold cross from her rosary and attaching it to another string of the consecrated beads. "You must wear this always, and then you will remember me"—pointing to the cross, on which were engraved the words "*Souvenez-vous.*"

This conversation, in spite of bad English on the part of Pauline, and still worse French on mine, was carried on with a celerity that surprised me. I promised compliance with all her requests, and then offered for her acceptance some little presents which I had purchased for the occasion. Although of no value compared to the one which she had just made me, they were received with the utmost delight, as were likewise the trifles which I presented to Agnes and Celeste, each of whom gave me one in return; that of the latter being the sketch-book which I have mentioned before. I received, likewise, a souvenir from madame, through the hands of Mons. Rose: this was a splendid breastpin.

The time had come for us to take our leave, and Mons. Rose having declared his intention to see us under way, we all proceeded to the mole in company. I said in company, but Pauline and myself managed to keep some fifty yards behind the rest, and we proceeded down the mole so slowly that

Marks was obliged to call to me to bear a hand. When we reached the stairs, I turned to my companion, gave her my salute, and received hers in return. Though the place was thronged with people, I saw not one of them. It seemed to me like the sundering of soul and body. Mons. Rose took charge of Pauline, whispering in my ear, "Courage!" The word "Adieu" fell from the dear girl's lips, and I sprung into the boat amid shouts of "Bravo!" and "*Bon voyage!*" from the crowd upon the mole.

Alongside, a large boat was discharging a load of oranges, pines, and bananas. "This is your property," said Capt. Marks, turning to me as we reached the deck. "Rose chartered the brig without reserve, and has given you the boat upon deck. You will make a handsome penny by the operation. You are a lucky scamp. It was as much as I could do to get off with you. Rose swore he would have you at any rate; but I told him that I could not do without you this trip, so the old man will be after you when you return. Why, what's the matter with you, man? You look like a long-fasting friar. Come into the cabin; you'll soon get over it." But I could not move from the deck. I plainly saw every one upon the mole, and my dearest friends still lingered there.

Capt. Marks quickly prepared himself, and the pilot having come on board, the process of unmooring commenced. We were soon under way, and ere long I waved my handkerchief the last time, as the forms of those I was leaving became undistinguishable. We shot past the fort, and commenced making more sail, when a gun from the French Admiral's ship gave us notice that she wished to communicate. We hove-to, and in a few moments received a package of documents, which Capt. Marks was politely requested to deliver to the French Consul in New-Orleans, to be forwarded to the French embassy at Washington. Again we commenced our journey oceanward, and at sunset discharged the pilot with a liberal supply of salt pork. The course was given, the watch set, and

I retired to my state-room, for Marks had given me possession of one. I noticed latterly that he had been less free with me. He had always been kind, never having spoken a harsh word to me since we had been acquainted; but now he appeared to look upon me more in the light of a companion. Here for the first time I read the note I had received from Capt. Marks, as we were passing the fort. It contained the compliments of Mons. Rose, and requested my acceptance of the fruit before-mentioned, with his hopes that it would turn out a lucky venture; ending with "God bless you! do not fail to return." "I do not need spurring upon that account," said I, half aloud. "I'll go your bail for that," said Capt. Marks, laughing. "Now, be honest; how long was you acquainted with mam'selle before you found yourself head and ears in love with her?" "Not five minutes," said I, without hesitation. "I shall take rank as a prophet then, at once. You remember my prediction on our way to the Maison Rose." "Yes," said I. "Well, what was your answer?" "*Je ne comprehende pas, capitaine:* let's change the subject, if you please," I responded, half vexed at his raillery. "Well, well; you are on the right track, so I'll let you slide."

Our passage was unmarked by any circumstance worthy of note. The breeze was fair and the weather delightful. The crossing of the famous Bahama Banks did not fail to attract my notice, and the novel sight of the coral branches and the spreading sea-fan upon the pure white sandy bottom of the sea, at the depth of ten or twelve fathoms, seen with as much distinctness and accuracy as if the objects were upon the surface of the water instead of beneath it, afforded me a pleasure which I had often read of and desired to see. Occasionally the view would be intercepted by the passage of a huge shark or the snout-headed porpoise, while at others the sunny wave would be alive with immense shoals of the lesser species of the denizens of the briny deep, from the many-hued dolphin to the minnow. These last, which swarmed in millions around

the shank of our rudder, where they appeared to have sought protection from the ravenous jaws of their foes, I concluded would make good bait; and with a sieve, borrowed from the steward, I succeeded in capturing nearly half a peck from the cabin windows. Baiting our hook with these, we in a short time caught several hundred bonitas, dolphin, and suckers. These last have a flat ribbed head resembling a rasp, by which they adhere so close to the bottom of a vessel that half an hour's prying with a boat-hook will scarcely break their hold. They feed upon the barnacles adhering to the bottom of the vessel.

The morning of the fifth of February, which was likewise the fifth since we had left Port au Prince, the large stretches of water impregnated with Mississippi mud, gave me the first notice of our near approach to the great father of waters. I ascended the rigging, firmly persuaded that land was in sight, although Capt. Marks had told me it was near fifty miles yet to the Balize. I was greatly surprised to find that the discolored water was fresh, although surrounded with water nearly as salt as pickle. From the mast-head I counted seven of these isolated bodies of fresh water, out of one of which we filled an empty cask. A teaspoonful of pulverised alum carried the mud to the bottom and left the water as clear as crystal.

At noon we made the land and ran in, accompanied by some twelve or fifteen other vessels, large and small, where we were soon taken in tow by the Grampus steam-tug. It was a great curiosity to me to see a "tow," as it is called. The one of which we formed part was a fair sample. On either side of the tow-boat was lashed a ship of from seven hundred to one thousand tons; outside of these a bark and a brig; while three brigs and a large schooner brought up the rear, all towed by strong hawsers or cables. This fleet was forced against the wind, and against a current running some five miles, at the rate of two and a half miles per hour.

At night the wind increased to a gale, and we were obliged to anchor. Towards morning it moderated, and again we got

under way. It was Sunday, bright and beautiful. The low marshy banks of the river were densely crowded with magnolias and cypress-tress of immense size, whose ponderous weight the land seemed scarcely able to bear. The trees were draped with moss, which hung in graceful festoons or waved in streaming pendants from every limb; while the hum of insects and the notes of the feathered songsters on shore, and the bellowing cough of the escape-pipe on board of the tug, heard above the loud cries of the sailors or the orders of the officers, as the fastenings were inspected or yards braced so as to offer the least obstruction to the wind, formed a picture which was ever varying, as reach after reach of the river was passed. As the steward called us to breakfast we passed Fort Jackson, upon the left side of the river, and I went below as hungry as a shark, from the continued excitement of the morning. We were hardly seated at the table when a stunning report upon deck, followed by a loud outcry, greeted our ears. We sprang from the untouched breakfast, overturning the table, and as I went up the companion-way I cast my eyes over my shoulder, and perceived the cook upon his knees among broken fragments of plates, cups, saucers, and dishes, while coffee, warm biscuits, potatoes, and fried ham and eggs, lay rolled together in one grand dish of salmagundi. I could not forbear laughing, though at the expense of my breakfast, when I perceived the air of bewilderment upon the face of our cook. The cause of all this racket was the parting of our hawser. The anchor was let go, and the tug drifting down to us, we again made fast, and then sat down to what the cook had managed to save from the wreck.

My first view of New-Orleans was at night. It was near twelve o'clock before we dropped our anchor, and in the bright moonlight the city made a most imposing appearance. I stood gazing at the steamboats as they ran in to the landing, and listening to the songs of the firemen tending the furnaces, until, chilled by the night air, I turned in, but not to sleep.

"Going ashore, captain?" I inquired at the first movement I heard him make towards turning out. "No; I guess we will haul into the Tier first," (the "Tier," as it was called, or more properly the "Picayune Tier," was a space between the lower ship-landing and that of the steamboats, and was devoted exclusively to small brigs and schooners,) "and that will take some time." Vexed at the delay, which I saw was unavoidable, I rolled over, and was soon fast asleep again.

"Say, John, you sleepé too much." I turned, and beheld a sallow-faced, big-whiskered fellow standing beside my bunk, with his hand upon my shoulder. "Who are you?" I demanded, rubbing my eyes to get them open. "Jose Maria Sanchez, *para servir de usted*," he answered. "What's that?" said I to the cook, who was busy in the cabin. "Dun no, buckra," said the darkey, laughing heartily; "guess he's a Spanish man; he said something 'bout the United States service." The Spaniard turned with a look of contempt upon him. "Ah! you speaké Spanish; yes, yes, you speaké Spanish, caramba!" "Do you want me, sir?" I inquired. "*Si senor*, (yes, sir,) I buy de fruit, de baranga, de banana, de pineapple, de cocoanut, de segar, de monkey; I buy dis nigger," pointing to the cook. "Well, what will you give for him?" Holding his nose, as I have seen some of the buyers at the slave-market do, and walking around him: "You no *quiero comprar*," (I don't want to buy him.) "Why?" I asked, laughing. "'Cause he's yam-footed." This roused the darkey's ire, and had it not been for Capt. Marks, who just entered the cabin, there would have been a fight. By the way, the trip to New-Orleans was rather an unfortunate one for the poor darkey, for he was marched to the calaboose that afternoon for safe keeping, the law forbidding any free blacks from entering the State.

My fruit netted me altogether sixty-seven dollars, without having any trouble with it, as the purchasers unloaded it themselves.

CHAPTER XI.

My credentials—Monsieur Dufilho—A French welcome—Introduction—Quizzing—*Routine pour passer le temps*—Off again—Marks' reception by the Dufilhos—Passage—The British middy—Marks shows up the monkey—Part company with the cutter—Arrive at Port au Prince—Another trip and return—Accept the offer of Monsieur Rose—Small pox—The victims marked—The last run—The accident and arrest—Examination—The brig seized—The calaboose—Blanketing—My companions—Disagreeable reflections—Re-examination and re-committal—Improved condition—A *ruse*—Miss Nancy—Hope dawns—The fatal news—Its effect.

I found the letter which Agnes, and Celeste had written, in the portfolio given me by the latter, and I commenced preparations for delivering my credentials in person. Donning my best, and brushing up as spruce as a dandy, I took the missive, which was directed, "A Monsieur Dufilho, rue de Chartres," and gaining the levee, a few steps brought me to the direction. On delivering the letter, I took a chair, which was courteously offered, and sat down to see what effect it would have upon the old gentleman. Tearing open the envelope, he took from it two sheets of paper neatly folded, which I recognized by their color, and laying one upon his desk, commenced reading the other. Presently I saw by the twitching of the old gent's face that he was getting warm, and in a moment more he came dancing round the counter, exclaiming in a strong French accent, "My dear sir, how do you do? I am ver happy to be acquainted wis you;" and catching me in his arms, he hugged and whirled me around the store until I was dizzy. The excited Frenchman declared himself and all he had at my disposal, and at once insisted I should take up my quarters at his house during my stay in New-Orleans. Without waiting for my answer, Mons. Dufilho seized me by the hand, and after calling a boy to attend to the store, dragged me up a pair of back stairs and

ushered me into a large and handsomely furnished parlor, where his family were assembled in a few seconds, to each of whom I was formally introduced.

"These are the dear friends of les demoiselles Rose," said Mons. Dufilho, smiling, as he presented the yet unopened note to two fair and graceful-looking young ladies, whom he introduced as his daughters; "and this is my son Francis, who has been twice with my friend Rose at Port au Prince." I was introduced to madame, who, like a true French matron, had numberless questions to ask, and long ere I had an opportunity to excuse myself to her, I saw that the young people were impatient to have their turn at interrogating me. The lady observed my uneasiness, and at last said, "Well, you may go now; but I have a great many more questions to ask you, so you must lay in a good stock of patience. I know the young people do not like to be kept long by an old woman, when there are younger ones about," she added, laughing. Assuring her that I should always take great pleasure in gratifying her wishes to the best of my ability, I saluted madame with due ceremony, according to custom, and the next moment was engaged in answering the thousand-and-one questions of the sisters and their brother.

An hour and a half passed very pleasantly, though not without some little confusion on my part when they questioned me in regard to Pauline and her sisters, as I had noticed a great many sly winks passing between them. At last the younger one asked which I preferred. Not answering very readily, she exclaimed, "I declare, he is a Catholic! Pray, *excusez, monsieur;*" and reaching out her hand, (the open collar of my shirt having exposed the rosary about my neck,) "I have seen these amber beads before, I believe. Ah, yes, (pulling gently until the cross was exposed to view,) *Souvenez-vous. Très-bien*, monsieur; you need not mind my question. I will send them word when you return." I was relieved from any further embarrassment by the summons to dinner, after

which the whole family retired for the usual *siesta*. I remained with this estimable family fourteen days, during which time I was treated with the greatest hospitality and politeness. I had been introduced to all their friends and relatives, attended balls, theatres, parties, etc., in their company; and had my destination been anywhere else, I should have been very reluctant to part with them.

It was on the morning of the 22d February that I received notice to be on board by twelve o'clock, when the Thamar was to haul out of the tier. From the moment breakfast was dispatched until eleven o'clock I was engaged in receiving presents, messages, etc., for our friends upon the island, and numberless were the pressing invitations to me to return, and equally many were the apprehensions that I should forget them and never come back. Each one of the family had a memento of the visit for my acceptance. Monsieur Dufilho and his son accompanied me on board, and remained until the gangway staging was thrown off the bow and we were made fast to the steam-tug. At half-past one we fairly commenced our return trip, the eight days of which were spent pretty much as were those of our former passage from Boston to Hayti—that is, in arranging contraband goods. Captain Marks was in high spirits, and was much pleased with the account I gave him of my entertainment. He had only required my services twice during our stay at New-Orleans, and at those times but for the space of half a day. He had visited the Dufilhos twice, upon their invitation, and expressed himself much pleased with them. Monsieur and madame were delighted with him, but the young ladies thought him rather rude in his manners; which they laughed at, however, when their father explained to them the difference between an old sea-dog and the more cultivated manners of their city merchants.

The only variety to our passage was in falling in with a small armed cutter, (sloop,) commanded by a midshipman, which had been dispatched by the Port Admiral at Jamaica to

cruise among the islands for piccaroons and smugglers. The officer boarded us for the purpose of hearing what news we had. It being quite calm, he took dinner with us, by the invitation of Marks, at which the health of his majesty King William the Fourth was drank with much ceremony. His majesty's officer was a great brag; and Capt. Marks having, as he afterwards told me, imparted the information that he (the captain) was an Englishman, he gave full vent to his arrogance and vanity, boasting of the superior equipment of the vessels of the British navy and of the prowess of their seamen; in all of which Marks fully concurred, frequently coinciding with him to that extent, that I was puzzled to make out what he meant. He caught my look of surprise, at last, and with a sly wink to me, he pushed the brandy over to the officer's side of the table, who, notwithstanding he had already helped himself three times, was nothing loth to take a fourth glass, after which he favored us with the "Death of Nelson," a song familiar to most persons. By this time a light breeze sprung up, and the king's cutter forged ahead and hove-to alongside of our vessel, when we assisted our hero upon deck and from thence into his boat. We could hear the notes of "Rule Britannia" until we saw his majesty's representative parbuckled up the side of the cutter and passed into the cabin by his gallant crew, as drunk a man as ever I beheld. Our course lying in different directions, we parted company at once—the cutter for Great Abaco, and we for the eastern end of Cuba.

On the third of March we moored ship in our old berth, and in less than an hour I was receiving the congratulations of my dear friends at the Maison Rose. We sailed again upon the 15th for New-Orleans, and returned to Port au Prince in April. By this time I had become thoroughly acquainted with most of the officers upon duty at the mole, and with our arrival commenced the old business of smuggling, of which I was getting tired, and nothing but my friendship for Marks

could have for a moment induced me to disregard the offers of Monsieur Rose to take up my residence with them. However, this was my last trip, by express agreement with Marks himself, and a clear ship was to discharge me from any farther obligation.

But it was not my destiny to become a Haytien. The fifth day after our arrival, the small-pox made its appearance, and among the first persons attacked by the pestilence were Celeste and Pauline, the rest of the family having had the disease. It appeared in its most malignant form and scores were swept away daily. I was dismayed, and all of my requests to monsieur and madame to be allowed to visit the unfortunate girls were met by the most decided refusal. I had never had the disease, and they were certain I would take it were I permitted to enter the sick-room. The time passed heavily with me. I still continued to assist my employer in his venture, without taking any notice of our progress, or of the lapse of time.

One morning I was roused from my bunk by a sudden call from the captain. Upon the transoms were scattered several packages, mostly of cheap jewelry. "There, Wad," said Marks, "is the last of the venture: will you take them, or shall I?" Anxious to get on shore, I accepted the mission, and hastily secreting the goods about me, I sprang into the boat and in a moment was landed at the stairs. In ascending them my foot caught upon the edge of the second step from the top of the flight, and falling forward, my left knee came in contact with the edge of the topmost stair, and with the strain the strings of my drawers burst, and four small packages rolled upon the steps. In an instant they were seized by one of the soldiers on duty, who sprang upon the stairs. The packages were transferred to the officer in command, and I was marched off to the office of the captain of the port, where I was thoroughly searched. Besides the four packages mentioned, they took possession of four others of the same descrip-

tion of goods, one package of six razors, and one containing a dozen pairs of scissors. The cost value of all was about fifty dollars. In reply to the interrogations of the captain of the port, I asserted that the goods were my own private property, brought to the island without the knowledge of the master of the vessel to which I belonged. My story was believed, as a matter of course, until something further was ascertained. In the meantime a detachment of soldiers was dispatched on board of the Thamar.

After a rigid examination and cross-examination from the various officials of the port and customs, I was ordered to prison. Escorted by a guard of black soldiers, I was soon taken to the calaboose, where I found myself in a moment surrounded by a choice company of villains of the worst stamp, including whites, blacks, and mulattoes of every shade. There were about fifty, all told; and as I was pushed forward into the crowd through the open door, I noticed the dark scowls given me by my new companions as I stepped into the room, which was reeking with filth. The door was closed, and the next moment an old filthy blanket was thrown over my head, shrouding me in total darkness, and my arms were pinned to my side by a giant embrace. I essayed to call out, but a violent punch in the ribs soon silenced me, and I submitted quietly to my fate. Their object, evidently, was plunder. Not finding any, (my pockets having been relieved of their contents by the port officers,) they finally released me by a violent thrust into one corner of the room, blanket and all. When I had succeeded in extricating myself, the whole hive were in motion—talking, laughing, and singing, with the most perfect *sang froid*. Upon my demanding who were the persons that had been rifling my pockets, no one could tell; so I was forced to give up any farther inquiries.

Some five or six hours passed away—long and dreary hours were they to me, to be shut up with such a herd, and in such a place, where the air was tainted with pollution and the

arched roof echoed back the sounds of riot and blasphemy—uncertain as to what would be my fate, or how long my imprisonment might last. I wondered what my friends at the Maison Rose might think, upon hearing of my detection, for Monsieur Rose had long before told me that no one was in the secret of our operations besides himself; and from the knowledge I had of the character of the girls, I concluded I should receive but little mercy at their hands; for I was aware I could not justify myself without implicating their father, which I felt I could not do. At length, wearied and sick, both in body and mind, I sought the quietest part of the room—a low sloping *banquette*, raised from the floor, and evidently intended for the prisoners to sleep upon. Here, seating myself, I was just falling asleep, when the door opened, and I heard my name loudly called by a voice which I knew could be none other than that of Capt. Marks. I was taken into the office of the jailor, and there confronted with the captain in the presence of a large number of Haytien dignitaries, and after a long examination was again ordered to the den I had left. To all their questions I gave substantially the same answers that I did to the captain of the port. Monsieur Rose, who was present and took a great interest in my case, made an application for better quarters for me; and upon offering to pay for the concession, I was taken to a small square room which faced the market-place, and permission was likewise given to Marks to supply me with provisions daily. Here, after seeing me safely bestowed, he delivered me a long, and doubtless to the Haytien officers, a very severe lecture upon the wicked course I had been guilty of. But still promising to do the best for me he could, as an uncle should do for his nephew, and also promising to send me a bed before night, he took his leave and left me to my own reflections, which, all the circumstances considered, were anything but pleasant. Marks did not forget me. Ere the sun had finished his daily course I was supplied with a mattrass and the neces-

sary covering, a bountiful supply of provisions, and a couple of books to amuse me during my imprisonment, which I began to feel assured would not be of long continuance, judging from the willingness shown by the officials to make these concessions in my favor.

My first night in prison was anything but comfortable, owing to the sultriness of the room where I was confined, and I welcomed with joy the first rays of dawn. The morning brought the steward of the brig with one breakfast and Mons. Rose's servant with another, with a whispered injunction to keep up my spirits and make myself as comfortable as I could, and leave the rest to my friends, assuring me of a speedy release. At ten o'clock I was again visited by one of the government officers, who restored my purse and watch, and brought me a supply of writing materials, telling me that if I wished to make any communication to Capt. Marks I could do so. I saw at once the drift of this manœuvre, and resolved they should be no wiser on that account. I wrote, however, a long penitential epistle to the captain upon the subject of my delinquency, and another to Monsieur Rose, imploring the continuance of his efforts in my behalf. These were directed and sealed up, and passed into the hands of the jailor to be forwarded. But it is needless to add, neither of those gentlemen received them. They never went farther than the office of the captain of the port.

In the afternoon, I received a visit from Miss Nancy, our bumboat woman, with whom I had always kept upon very good terms. She staid with me the most of the afternoon, till opportunity offered to deliver a note she had smuggled in from Marks, in which I was informed that I should be kept in prison until the brig was ready for sea, and was then to be sent on board, with the injunction to leave the island and never dare to set my foot upon Haytien ground again, or to enter one of their ports at my peril, death being the penalty of my disobedience.

I judged by my kind friend's manner that she had some intelligence to communicate which very much grieved her; and anxious to solve the problem, I had asked a number of times for an explanation, but she seemed reluctant to answer. At last, happening to think of my friends at Maison Rose, I inquired if she had heard anything of the family. Walking up directly in front of me, fixing her eyes upon mine, and laying a hand upon each shoulder, she replied in a low voice, "*Dey's bofe done gone, ma picaninny buckra.*" It is useless for me to attempt to describe my feelings upon receiving this information; and when Monsieur Rose broke the sad tale to me the next morning, after following the remains of his two daughters to their last resting-place, my calmness astonished him. In truth, the anguish of the preceding night had all but destroyed my reason. During the remainder of my imprisonment, which lasted eight days, I received frequent visits from my friends.

CHAPTER XII.

Notice of liberation—The escort—The parade—President J. P. Boyer—The mulatto condemned—The marching salute—The yard of execution—The negro priests—Execution of the criminal—My release—Conveyed on board—Despair—Intoxication—Announce my determination to quit the Thamar—Marks opposes my design—My last visit to the Dufilhos—Settlement with Marks—The invitation—The fountain—Introduction to Marks' friends—Young Horner—A cruise in the crescent city—The roulette and faro bank—Its scenes—I try my luck—Marks a winner—The Kentuckian—I'm cleaned out—A fit of desperation—The *gendarmes*—Luck changed—I come off with all the honors.

It was upon Saturday, March 21st, that I received notice to be in readiness at ten o'clock the following morning, when I was to be released from prison. Anxiety and distress of

mind had reduced me almost to a skeleton, and the pallor of my countenance, as I passed into the open air the next morning, excited the commiseration of all who beheld me. A guard of soldiers were drawn up on either side with fixed bayonets, into the centre of which myself and four others were conducted. A moment more, and the guard closed around us, and the order was given to march. A large body of troops were resting on their arms along the three sides of the public square, which were occupied with buildings. Our course was directed to the head of the place, where the President's guards were drawn up before the cathedral, the state carriage of the chief of the republic occupying a position some thirty or forty yards in advance. The member of his council and a brilliant staff were formed in order upon either side of the equipage, directly in front of which, and within speaking distance of his excellency, we halted. Our guard opened their ranks, and troops stood to their arms, and the colors were lowered in presenting arms, the band struck up a national air. The salute to the President, and again all became still. One of our number, a tall, elegantly-formed mulatto, such as I have formerly described as composing the guard, the uniform of which he wore, was now marched forward to within a few feet of the carriage, where he was addressed for a moment by the President in a low tone of voice. When he returned to his former place, I noticed that the bright sallow of his complexion was replaced by a dusky, livid hue, while his restless eyes told a tale of mortal fear which was distressing to look upon. The remaining three were now taken forward. Being evidently of a lower degree, but few words were spoken to them. They returned, and I was taken to the same spot, where the old gentleman, with a severe brow, read me a lecture in French, of which, from his hurried manner and my fears, I did not understand one word. A paper was now delivered to an official upon his right, and with a wave of his hand I was conducted back to my old stand.

The bands, of which there were three upon the ground, now struck up: the troops broke into marching column, and passed in review before the chief. As the last battalion passed the carriage, the guard, which still surrounded us, re-formed their square, and, preceded by a squad of four drummers and two trumpeters, we were marched to a large building in a street named, as I was told, Patrona. Through this building we reached a yard already lined with troops, a party of twelve of whom rested upon their arms in the centre of the area. At the first glance around, I noticed Capt. Marks and Mons. Rose engaged in conversation with some gentlemen, who I learned were consuls of different nations. I did not like the aspect of things at all, and in spite of the looks of encouragement given me by my friends, my spirits began to flag; when I saw two burly negro priests in surplices walk into our little squad, and each taking the mulatto by the shoulder, led him to the lower end of the yard, about ten paces in front of the party resting in the centre of the area; and while the priests were talking to the poor fellow, the jail-birds, brought for the purpose, pinioned his arms behind his back. This done, the padrés left him, the firing-party shouldered arms, and an officer ordered the condemned prisoner to kneel. He obeyed. I closed my eyes upon the scene until the ringing report of the muskets struck my ear, when I opened my eyes just as the mangled body of the unfortunate man fell to the ground. He had sprung, I was told, full eight feet into the air, as the balls struck him. The drums rolled and the trumpets sounded their loudest notes; but it was useless—the man had passed away for ever. The crime for which he suffered was for introducing counterfeit coin into the island.

A long address was now made to my three companions, and they were sent off under a strong guard to prison. The papers for my release were then handed to Capt. Marks, who stepped forward to receive them; and I was addressed in mongrel French for the space of five minutes, the official stopping at every

sentence, to allow Monsieur Rose, who acted as interpreter, to translate it. The sum of the whole was, that I had broken the laws of the island in attempting to defraud the revenue of its dues, which crime was usually punished by confiscation of the vessel, (i. e. where the captain or officers were implicated,) and close imprisonment during the pleasure of the established authorities; but that on account of my youth, his excellency had been graciously pleased to pardon me, only upon the condition of leaving the island and never returning to it again. The finishing clause was an emphatic command to beware how I infringed upon the conditions of my release, and the assurance that my second offense against the laws of the land would be summarily punished, as the Haytien laws were not to be broken with impunity. "You are now free. Adieu, my friends."

We were then escorted to the mole by two military officers, where we found the barge belonging to the port office in waiting. In this we were conveyed to the brig, the deck of which was half full of black soldiers, of whose presence Marks was now relieved, much to his joy, as they had been quartered upon him since the first day of my arrest. Our escort from the arsenal remained on board of the brig until we were under way the next morning, their sole object being to prevent my leaving the vessel. Mons. Rose remained with us likewise, but there was no carousing, as formerly. For my part, I longed for the moment of departure; for I began to hate the very sight of even those places I had formerly most delighted to gaze upon; and during the day I managed for the first time in my life to drink to intoxication,

When I awoke from the swinish sleep occasioned by the excess, I found the brig under way, and already some five miles outside of the fort. Springing into the rigging, I turned my eyes for the last time upon the place which I felt had been a paradise to one. For a few moments I strove to make out some loved and familiar object, but the distance was already too great, and with an aching head and heavy heart I de-

scended to the deck, and seating myself upon the companion, gave full vent to the tide of sorrow which almost swelled my heart to bursting. Capt. Marks, who stood but a few paces from me, wisely refrained from interfering until the paroxysm had begun to subside; but at length stepping up to me, and laying his hand gently upon my shoulder, he said: "Come, Wad, my boy, cheer up; the world is wide, and you are young yet. Don't take things so much to heart; we can do as well somewhere else, as at Port au Prince; and if you only stick to me as you have done, your fortune's made." I mentally resolved never to sail another voyage with him, but I did not tell him so, as I wished to remain friends with him, for he had always treated me kindly, even generously, and left nothing undone to relieve me from the ugly predicament I had been in, and from which I had so luckily escaped.

Wafted by gentle winds we glided over the bay for the last time, and before night our masts were bending to the breeze under their full complement of canvas, and the Thamar once more laved her prow in the blue waves of the Carribean Sea. During this passage, the winds being more favorable, we ran down the south side of Cuba, and rounding Cape San Antonio, shaped our course direct for the Balize. We sighted the cape, and in thirty-six hours we were in tow once more for New-Orleans. During the passage up the river I informed Marks that I was tired of the business, and that I had concluded to leave the vessel, at the same time putting him in mind of our former agreement, in connection with Mons. Rose's expressed wish that I should remain in Hayti. He acknowledged that I had a perfect right to quit the vessel if I chose, but at the same time made use of every argument he could think of, to induce me to remain with him. I steadily refused every offer he made, and the subject dropped for the time, he being called away to his duties. I was agreeably surprised at the manner in which he treated the announcement of my intended departure, as I had anticipated a storm; but

on the contrary, he seemed, if possible, more friendly than ever. His looks and the tones of his voice were the same as usual. "Come, Wad, let's dive and take a nip," greeted me. This was his usual way of inviting his friends to drink with him.

Once more I landed in New-Orleans, and wended my way to the residence of M. Dufilho, as I had letters intrusted to my charge to be delivered to him, otherwise I should have avoided him. I was again pressed to make the Creole's house my home during my stay; but having determined to leave the city as soon as possible, I declined his kind offers; promising, however, to call upon him daily while I remained.

I now went on board of the Thamar, and packing up all my effects, I sat down to wait for the captain. As my eyes glanced around the little cabin, and rested for the last time upon the many familiar objects, a feeling of misery and utter loneliness came over me and I burst into tears. In this situation Marks surprised me. "What! all packed up already! Hey! what's this? Sprung a leak in your upper-works too! Come, come, this won't do; we are not going to part company so soon. You did'nt think it was so hard to part with the little barky, did you? But come, cheer up; we'll have some dinner, and then go up town together: I wish to introduce you to some of my friends. But if you like, before we start we'll have a settlement and square the yards. I want you to understand that I do not wish you to remain with the vessel, unless it is of your own free will. But that need not interfere with our walk up town." To all this I assented, and after our meal was dispatched we proceeded with the balancing of our accounts, at the conclusion of which I found myself the possessor of one hundred and ten dollars, minus a few cents. This sum included the money I had already been possessed of, the avails of Mons. Rose's generosity, etc. The reader may well suppose that I felt not a little proud at finding myself the master of such a sum, and for a little while everything else was forgotten.

Our business now being completed, Capt. Marks proceeded to equip himself for the contemplated cruise, and all being in readiness we proceeded on shore, where, taking my arm, a few minutes' walk brought us to the Fountain coffee-house, in Chartres-street. Here Marks introduced me to a number of his boon companions, mostly captains of various small crafts lying in the tier with our vessel; and as the old yarn was still kept up in regard to the relationship between Marks and myself, I was very well received among them, more especially by some half dozen of the more confidential cronies of Marks, to whom he had related our adventures in Port au Prince. The time passed very pleasantly during the afternoon, which was spent in conversation, playing at dominoes, etc., as it was not customary to commence a carouse before eight o'clock P. M., at about which time all were usually ripe for gambling and debauchery.

Among the crowd was a Capt. Horner, commanding a clipper schooner belonging to Philadelphia, which was moored beside the Thamar in the tier, of whom I had occasion to speak before. This man was accompanied by a boy of about my own age, whom the captain gave me to understand was his son. Rather liking his company, as being more congenial to one of my age, I quickly made his acquaintance, his father frequently remarking to us in a laughing way that we must take care of each other. This boy was better acquainted with the city than I was, and we agreed to take a stroll in the evening. Accordingly, after supper we proceeded on our tour, he introducing me to the elephant, and I footing the bills. We rambled about until eleven o'clock found us at a gambling-saloon upon the Old Levee, at the corner of Poydras-street.

At this time the public gambling-houses were in full blast, and the rattling of roulette-balls, and faro-counters could be heard in every part of the city. In this saloon I found the captain and the rest of his companions, some of whom, including Marks, were deeply interested in the chances of the

game, while the glittering mass of gold and silver piled up before Marks, told that he had been a successful player. The features of the gamblers, although then regarded with mere curiosity, without any regard to after-thought, are as vivid to my memory as if they were witnessed but yesterday. The joyous shout of the lucky winner, and the knit brow and muttered curse of the desperate loser, formed a picture which the artist could but feebly portray.

My attention was called from this study by a loud yell of triumph from Marks, whose clenched fist descended with the weight of a sledge-hammer upon the table, causing everything to dance, to the utter discomfiture of the players and banker. "Come, boys, let's all go take a drink and lunch. Don't you be frightened, old fellow," said he, noticing the alarm of the banker, who was evidently about to expostulate at his quitting so largely the winner, without giving him a chance to get his money back. "Here, give me bills for this," counting pile after pile, and pushing them over to the dealer. "Don't you be frightened; I'll give you a sight till daylight." The banker, now all smiles and bows, counted over the amount in bills, and we proceeded to the refreshment-saloon, where we all regaled ourselves with a lunch, and then entered the gambling-room once more.

The play had not proceeded far, when an itching desire to try my luck possessed me. The inclination was seconded by the persuasions of my companion, who having borrowed a dollar of me, now triumphantly exhibited twenty dollars, after paying back the loan. Thus tempted, I commenced at the other end of the table, betting at faro without knowing anything of the game, and in about an hour I was minus forty dollars. Discouraged, I next tried my luck at roulette, at which I was more successful, and in a short time I had won back all I had lost except four dollars, and now, thoroughly elated, I quadrupled my bet. It had been five dollars, now it was twenty. With the most intense anxiety I watched the

ball. "Thirteen black!" I had bet upon the red. "Hit him heavier, young one," said a voice at my elbow. I looked up and found a huge lantern-jawed Kentuckian, dressed in blue jeans, peering over my shoulder. "Hit him heavier, stranger, if you want to win." I put down forty dollars more upon the red. Again the whirling ball turned up on the black. My money was now more than half gone, and I was inclined to go too, and had already turned on my heels, when the voice of the Kentuckian arrested me: "Hav'nt you got any more rocks, stranger?" I answered I had. "Well, don't let that big-whiskered shark have your money while you can get a sight for it." I went back to the table, and continued betting, with various success, until one o'clock in the morning, when I found my pockets drained of every cent of money. Ere two o'clock, I had borrowed thirty dollars of Marks, and lost every cent of it. By this time I was in a phrensy of excitement, and rushed from the place, cursing my folly and utterly careless where I went. I felt that nothing was too bad for me, and had I been tossed headlong into the Mississippi, I would not have made an effort to save myself.

Rushing along without heeding any object, I brought up head first against the stomach of a gendarme who was leaning against a lamp-post, the light being extinguished, quietly indulging in a snooze. His unearthly grunt, as he pitched into the gutter, and the rattling of his arms as they struck the pavement, recalled me to my senses, and with visions of the calaboose dancing before my eyes, I dashed along up Conti until I reached Chartres-street, and entered the bar-room of the "Fountain," just as the proprietor was closing the shutters. He eyed me for a moment with a look of vague uncertainty, as if doubting whether he had ever seen me before; but at length he appeared to recognize me, and expressing his surprise at my being out at such an early hour, he inquired the cause of my appearance. I informed him of my bad luck; and declaring my intention to have a chance for

my money while I was possessed of the means of raising a dollar, I took out my watch, and putting it into his hands, requested him to loan me twenty dollars on it. After examining the article, which had cost me forty-five, he counted out the money, but advised me not to go near another gambling-house. His arguments, however, were all lost. I was furious, and getting possession of the bills, started back. Arrived at the saloon, I found the place as crowded as I had left it. Marks was still playing, but a glance told me that he was losing, and was grossly intoxicated. Walking up to the table, and answering the nod of recognition from the dealer, I told him I wished to go my whole pile. He gave permission, provided it was not over one hundred dollars. Upon the instant I threw the whole amount I was possessed of upon the "king." The third card turned in my favor and my money was doubled. I was about to grasp it, when something seemed to stay my hand; and ere I could resolve which to do, the dealer turned another "king" in my favor, and I was the possessor of eighty dollars. I now picked up the money, and crossing to the roulette-table, I cornered ten dollars on four numbers—red again. I won; and thus I played until past six in the morning, winning and losing alternately, yet hardly knowing, after the first hour, whether I was gaining ground or not, as I pocketed my money instead of piling it up before me, retaining but a small sum in my hand for immediate use.

After accepting an invitation to honor the place with my presence the next evening, I looked around for Marks, whom I had missed for some time. The Kentuckian I have before mentioned, told me he had called a hack for him about four o'clock, and that he had gone with the rest of his friends. I was not surprised at his leaving me behind, as I saw they were all too much intoxicated to know what they were about. Marks had given the Kentuckian a five-dollar bill, and having good luck, he managed to increase it to fifty-five. We joined company and proceeded to the "Fountain." The proprietor,

Mr. Mills, was not up yet, and being shown to a private room, I locked the door upon the inside, and stuffed my handkerchief through the keyhole and placed the washstand against the door. Having thus made everything secure, I stripped off my coat, vest, and boots, threw myself upon the bed, and was soon locked in a profound sleep.

CHAPTER XIII.

Congratulations of Mills—His good advice—Marks' mistake—His offer rejected—We part friends—Take passage for New-Bedford—Arrival—Proceed to New-York—Inducted into the mysteries of Gotham by Barker, the blackleg—His expose of the tricks of his profession—His conduct and death—The Hayti—Arrive at Mobile—Leave for New-Orleans—Try various employments—Eighth of January in New-Orleans—*Legion de la Louisianne*—A new acquaintance and an invitation—Capt. Wm. Brown—Powder and patriotism—The cigar factory—Capt. Brown's offers—The Liberty—Engage in the Texan service—My duties—Material for a ship's company—Off for Texas.

About twelve o'clock I was awakened by a loud rapping on the door, and the voice of Mills, who inquired if I was alive. I assured him I was, and springing up, I removed the table and opened the door. "Well, my lad, how did you make out after you left me this morning?—cleaned out, eh?" I shook my head. "No?" said he inquiringly. "No, *sir!*" I answered emphatically. "I'm glad to hear that. Did you win back all you had lost?" I told him to stop a moment, and I would ascertain. After washing my face and hands, I sat down to the table and emptied my pockets of gold, silver, and paper, the whole forming a pile which surprised me. Mills looked on until I had brought out all I could find. "Well," said he, "you're lucky, for once. And now (and as he spoke he moved toward the door) now take my advice: have nothing more to

do with Marks, Capt. Horner, or that spurious son of his, and keep away from the roulette and faro-tables. Come down, as soon as you are ready, and have some dinner." My money, over and above what I had lost, amounted to one hundred and fifty-seven dollars, after deducting thirty dollars to pay Marks and twenty to redeem my watch.

Possessed of two hundred and fifty dollars, I once more moved round with a light heart, and resolved that I would henceforth avoid the gambling-houses as I would a pestilence. After dinner, Mills informed me that Marks had been there for me, and mentioned that I had been dead-broke the evening before. He was not as yet aware of my after-success, and had kindly offered to redeem my watch, an offer which was declined until I was consulted. About three o'clock Capt. Marks made his appearance, accompanied by Capt. Horner. They both expressed their sorrow for my ill luck the night before, Marks assuring me that as I would now be obliged to remain with the brig, he would not press me for the payment of his loan, at the same time tendering me five dollars for present use. I declined his offer, and gave him to understand that I should not alter my resolution in regard to quitting the vessel. To this he replied by giving me the choice of signing a new contract, or going to the calaboose for debt.

The contract was produced, ready drawn up, requiring three months' farther service from me, and stepping to the door, he beckoned to an officer who was passing. The affair was explained to this person, who informed me that I must pay the debt or go to prison. To the surprise and confusion of Marks and Horner, I now produced a roll of bank-notes to the amount of two hundred dollars, and after displaying it to their astonished gaze, I returned the roll to my pocket, and laying two doubloons upon the table, requested Marks to hand over the change. This he did mechanically, without speaking a word, and we all took a drink and parted friends. I deposited all my paper money in the hands of Mills, receiving therefor

acknowledgment before witnesses, and then, accompanied by him, we proceeded to the brig, from which my baggage was quickly transferred to the "Fountain."

Towards evening the two captains made their appearance, attended by the bogus son of Horner, whom I sharply told to keep company with his father, giving the reputed father to understand that I had some suspicion of their relationship, and renouncing all connection with Marks. This put an end to any hopes Marks entertained of either coaxing or forcing me to remain with him, and I was now fairly rid of his importunities. During the few days I remained in New-Orleans I kept up my intimacy with Mills, rarely leaving the house without being accompanied by him, or some trusty acquaintance to whose care he confided me.

It was now the 25th of April, and becoming tired of loitering away my time in idleness, I took passage in the schooner Agate, of New-Bedford, to which port the vessel was bound; and after a tedious passage of forty-five days, during twenty-one of which we were becalmed between the Balize and the Tortugas, (lying off Cape Florida,) we arrived at our destined port, and I again stepped upon the soil of New-England.

I now proceeded by the way of Fall River and Providence, taking passage from the latter place on board of a sloop to New-York. Upon arriving in that city, having a large part of my money still in my pocket, and being a stranger to the place, I determined to see the sights—in which resolution I was strengthened by the eloquent description of the wonders of Gotham, which were given in detail by a seedy individual of the name of Barker—a specimen of the *genus* blackleg, who gloried most commonly in the professional title of "Old Sledge." This fellow, by a continued run of ill luck at the gaming-table, was completely cleaned out; and like most of the fraternity under like circumstances, passed his time lounging about the saloons in search of a bird to pluck. Being a person of very convivial habits, his credit was usually good at

those places, on account of the custom he drew; and as cards, dominos, and dice were then common appurtenances of a bar-room, he managed to pick up enough to live upon.

With this personage I became acquainted on the first day of my arrival in New-York, and on the strength of his own recommendations, I engaged his services in the capacity of a guide to the novelties of the city. With him I visited most of the public places, entertaining him liberally, and at times loaning him small sums of money upon his promises of repayment. Our intimacy growing stronger, my new friend shifted his lodgings to the place where I had taken up my abode, and, as an especial favor, initiated me into all the mysteries of gambling, fully opening my eyes to the chances a greenhorn might have at the hands of a professional gamester. Barker had often used his utmost endeavors to induce me to try my luck, commencing so moderately as to propose the game of poker at a penny ante; but finding me fixed in my determination, he gave me an expose of the whole art, very coolly asserting that gambling was a profession, and that those who lived by it were justified in using every means to win.

A month and a half passed quickly away in a continual round of amusement, and I felt its effect in the diminished weight of my purse, which led me to turn my thoughts toward a change of location; besides, my chaperonè began to be more frequent and importunate in his efforts to obtain a loan, and hardly a night passed that I was not obliged to bring him home in a cab or hack, in a beastly state of intoxication. Although I continually remonstrated with him, it was all to no purpose, and I determined to quit his company altogether, intending to do so the first opportunity: but I was spared the pains. Towards the close of the day on which I had made up my mind what to do, I received a note from the city hospital requesting me to call at that institution. I immediately went, and found Barker stretched on a bed, totally insensible: his features were swollen and distorted to an incredible degree by a rush of blood to

the head, and every effort was being made to produce a reaction and restore the circulation. Veins were opened in his arm and legs, but no blood followed the withdrawal of the lancet. In answer to the inquiry as to whether I was a relation of Barker, I gave a history of my connection with him, and requested permission to remain with him until his disease reached its crisis, which was granted; and I seated myself near the sufferer, whose breath came short and quick.

It was about half-past ten in the evening, when I endeavored to raise his head from the pillow. I seated myself by the bedside, and placing his head against my shoulder, I could just hear in a faint whisper from his lips the words, "Can't you do something for me?"—a common expression which he had invariably used when urging me to lend him money. Poor fellow! he was beyond the reach of help. The next instant his whole frame was convulsed with a mighty throe, and raising his body up to a line with his head and feet, pressing me back to the pillow, he sunk upon the bed again—dead.

I had no longer any business in New-York; and having resolved to resume my occupation as a seaman, I shipped on board of the brig Hayti, commanded by Capt. Staples, and bound for Mobile. On board of this craft nothing worthy of note transpired. We had a very favorable run to our destined port, and the pleasure of the trip was much enhanced by the presence of the captain's wife, who accompanied us—a very estimable lady, whose influence caused harmony to reign on board, and nothing occurred to mar the good feeling of the crew and passengers.

Arrived in Mobile, it being optional with myself as to whether I remained on board or not, I immediately, though much against the will of the captain and his lady, took passage for New-Orleans, via the lakes. Once more in the crescent city, I waited upon my friend Mills at the "Fountain," and my call was very opportune. He was in want of a bar-tender, and engaged me at once. After remaining with him four months,

I found the business did not suit me, and concluded to try some other speculation. I went into various lines of business with very indifferent success, and finally concluded I would lay by for a short time, and see what might turn up or offer in my favor.

The cold damp mists of early dawn were just commencing their retreat before the soft glow of the approaching day, when I was aroused from my slumbers by a loud burst of martial music, accompanied by the heavy and measured tread of marching troops. Hastily springing from my couch, I threw up the sash of the window of my *camera*, and beheld a sight that would have gladdened the heart of a veteran. Down the street (rue de Chartres) were marching the far-famed "Légion de la Louisiane;" and the warm glow of the morning light flashed from the polished surface of sabres, muskets, and gorgeous equipments of the infantry, as the column swept by in all the pomp and circumstance of war. On they rolled—cazadores, voltigeurs, tirailleurs; and now a numerous park of artillery, including battering cannon and howitzers, thundered over the pavement, followed by a fine body of cavalry, which with waving pennons and sounding trumpets closed the superb pageant.

Hastily throwing my coat across my arm, and descending to the bar to ascertain the cause of the display, I learned that it was the 8th of January, the anniversary of the battle of New-Orleans, which is considered the most important holiday in the calendar among the creoles of Louisiana. "You are a stranger here, are you not, young man?" asked a very red-faced person, who was seated at one of the tables, carelessly turning over the dominoes which lay thereon. I answered in the affirmative. "May I inquire where you are from?" I gave the desired information, at the same time taking a seat at the opposite side of the table. "You are an American, I suppose?" "I am, sir." "This is a beautiful morning; have you any objection to a walk with me before breakfast? I have some-

thing farther to say to you." Always in search of an adventure, I assured him I had none. "I'll be with you in a moment," said he, rising and leaving the room. As he did so I had a good opportunity to examine my new acquaintance, who was of a tall, commanding appearance, and, as I saw at a glance, was no stranger to salt water. Sitting in the shade of a large Venitian screen, I had had no opportunity of noticing his dress, which now attracted my attention. It was of blue broadcloth, the coat of the long naval frock cut, with heavy gilt buttons stamped with the eagle and stars of the United States Marine, and garnished with shoulder-straps of narrow gold lace; these, with a rich buff vest, boots, and naval officer's cap of blue cloth with gold band, completed the exterior of Capt. William Brown, of the Texan schooner-of-war "Liberty," then fitting out at Algiers, opposite the city. This fact was communicated to me in a whisper by my friend Mills, as the gentleman entered the room. "You are caught," said Mills in a whisper, as he sprang over the bar, in answer to the call of the officer, who very politely invited me to join him in drinking a julep. "Are we all ready now?" "Yes, sir." "Well, we will start by the way of the Place d'Armes; the artillery must be unlimbered by this time;" and as he spoke, the thunder of the first discharge reverberating through the streets, brought a copious shower of glass upon our heads from the windows of a large drug store we were passing. The streets and squares were filled with people, all in their holiday attire, and apparently overflowing with patriotic ardor at the remembrance of the valiant deeds the performance of which they were assembled to celebrate. All was bustle and gayety, and we passed the Place d'Armes, which was filled by the Légion, through dense clouds of smoke, while the deafening roar of the artillery and the loud bursts of music from the band, intermingled with the cheers of the populace, who thronged every avenue to the place, formed a scene of uproar which could scarcely have been exceeded on the day they were striving to commemorate.

"That is brave work, and all for a very good purpose," said my companion, as we cleared the crowd; "but it is a pity that so much good powder should be used up, when it could be turned to so much better account." "How so?" I inquired. "Do you not think it right to celebrate the anniversary of those days upon which our most memorable victories were achieved?" Most certainly," returned he, "and perhaps you will consider me a little selfish when I explain the reason of my remark, which was induced by the necessities of the cause in which I am engaged, rather than from anything like a want of patriotism or national pride, of which I lay claim to as large a share as any other man." Here the good captain was interrupted by the ringing chorus of two long rows of darkies, who were seated along the sides of a large tobacco and segar store, enlivening their toil with a song in honor of the day. Quite a large crowd had collected upon the sidewalk to watch the actions of the sable crew, who were engaged in the process of making segars, in the various motions of which they managed to keep time to their music. A little woolly-head, seated in one corner, sang the verse, after which all hands joined in the chorus:

"I spose you've read it in the prints,
How Packenham attempted
To make Old Hickory Jackson wince,
But soon his schemes repented;
For we with rifles ready cocked,
Thought such occasion lucky,
And soon around the General flocked
The hunters of Kentucky.
O Kentucky, the hunters of Kentucky,
O Kentucky—"

Here the little leader of the choir would show his ivories, and rolling up his eyes, shout, "Massa Jackson bery smart man;" all the rest in unison responding,—

"White folks say so, white folks say so.
Eyah! Eyah!"

It was a warm sunny morning, and the doors and windows were all thrown open, and through these, at the termination

of each verse, went a shower of picayunes (6¼-cent pieces, the smallest coin then current in New-Orleans) from the amused crowd on the sidewalk.

After a hearty laugh, we passed on to the ferry. Having got on board the boat, I asked my companion to let me know something of the cause he had mentioned as being engaged in, and in what way he was connected with it. "It is for that purpose I wished you to accompany me this morning," replied he; "and not only that, but I have hopes that I may be enabled to prevail upon you to join our side. I have an idea that you can be of great service to me, as well as to yourself; therefore if you will join at once, I will place your name upon the muster-roll as midshipman. The bounty for entering the service is, for three months, three hundred and twenty acres of land; for six months, six hundred and forty; to be located at pleasure upon any unoccupied lands in the republic of Texas. In addition to that, all who enter the service will receive the same pay per month as those of a corresponding grade in the United States navy. Such a chance as this very seldom occurs, and I would advise you, if you love adventure and wish to make your fortune, to take hold at once, for I need your assistance very much." Laying his hand familiarly upon my shoulder, he added, "Shakspeare says:

> "'There is a tide in the affairs of men,
> Which, taken at its turn, will lead to fortune.'

The chance is yours. We will take a walk down to the Liberty, and then return to breakfast, and by that time you can make up your mind."

We had now reached the opposite bank of the Mississippi, at the place called Algiers, and half an hour's walk brought us to the vessel, which lay at Slaughter-House Point, where she was being transformed from a peaceful merchantman into a man-of-war. A large force of carpenters, riggers, and sail-makers were busy making the necessary alterations in her

equipment; and the armament, consisting of one medium twelve-pounder for a pivot-gun, two long-sixes, and two twelve-pound carronades, were being got on board by a part of the crew, under the supervision of the first lieutenant, a bustling Yankee named Walker. After surveying the schooner, (which, by the way, was a very fine one of about eighty tons' burthen,) and satisfying my curiosity, I rejoined my companion, the captain, who by this time was disengaged, and we returned to the city.

"Well, my lad, what do you think of the Liberty, and of my proposal?" said Capt. Brown, as we rose from the breakfast-table. I answered that I was much pleased with the vessel, and in regard to his proposal, I inquired what particular duty he should assign me, giving him to understand that I had but little inclination to live on board the Liberty, so long as I could enjoy the hospitalities of mine host of the "Fountain." This objection was answered by his assurance that I was not required to go on board until the day of sailing: my employment, until then, would be to drum up recruits to complete the ship's company.

Perfectly satisfied with this arrangement, my name was duly inserted upon the ship's register, and receiving thirty-six dollars as advance wages, I went to work with a will; and having a pretty extensive acquaintance among the seafaring community, I managed, by the 12th of January, to induce some forty men to enter on board of the Liberty, many of whom were stout able-bodied seamen, while the rest were Tennessee and Kentucky flat-boatmen—long wiry fellows, who were on their first visit to the city, and having been enticed to the gambling dens, had, by the turn of a card or a roulette-wheel, lost the proceeds of months of toil and exposure. These men, thus rendered desperate, were ripe for any adventure which promised to retrieve their losses.

While I was thus busy, the fitting-out of the schooner was going on with great rapidity, and on the 12th we were all

ordered on board, and the Liberty was hauled at once into the river. At five P. M. we dropped down the river, off the Freeport stores, where we let go our anchors and cleared the deck, and at seven o'clock we fired our long-tom as a signal for our convoy to drop into the stream, ready to join the tow. In an hour more we were under way, and tearing down the river under a full head of steam. There were three tows in sight, plainly indicated by the glow of as many blazing furnaces brightly gleaming in the pitchy darkness.

CHAPTER XIV.

The convoy—Hoisting the flag of 1824—Sail from the Balize—Sight the coast—Discharge the convoy—The suspicious vessels—Chase—Galveston—The Shenandoah and her consort—Slave speculation of the notorious Munroe Edwards—We are baffled—Galveston in 1836—Lafitte's town—Discontent—Tory hunting—Sail upon a cruise—The Montezuma—Disappointment—The norther—Shipping our sea-legs—Coast of Yucatan—Capture of fishermen—Their ignorance—Original wit—Sisal, and what we found there—The Mexican schooner—The council and resolve—The Cape Cod man—His fright—The Nimble—The stranger reassured—News—Resolution confirmed.

The morning light revealed the nature of our convoy, which consisted of seven schooners, loaded with supplies for the Texan government. At nine A. M. we cast off from the steam-tug and came to anchor at the Balize. Here our colors were first hoisted, under a salute of thirteen guns. The flag was that of the Mexican republic—red, white, and green, with the addition of the figures 1824 in the centre, expressive of the determination of the Texans to sustain the constitution of the Federal Government, which the usurper Santa Anna had overthrown. At four P. M., everything being in readiness, the convoy, in obedience to our signal-gun, weighed their

anchors and stood out to sea. It was near sunset ere we made sail, and the convoy were almost hull down in the distance, the vessels fairly staggering under the press of canvas. But though they had so much the start of us, our brave little craft was in the centre of the squadron ere six bells (eleven P. M.) had struck, using in the meanwhile nothing but the mainsail and jib. We carried the breeze with us until the afternoon of the 14th, when we made the low sandy coast of Texas, midway between the harbor of Galveston and the mouth of the Brazos. We now discharged our convoy, the coast being clear; they keeping away for the mouth of the river, and we hauling up for Galveston.

Two light vessels, which were just entering the port, now attracted our attention by the strangeness of their movements; and suspecting they were either enemies or smugglers, we gave chase. Their apparent anxiety to escape us confirmed our suspicions, and every rag that was possible was soon distended to the breeze, and the Liberty flew over the combing rollers which skirted the bar, and ere an hour had elapsed we were at anchor, our sails furled, and our boats out, manned and armed, pulling lustily for the strangers, who had taken refuge behind Pelican Island, where we could discern their masts, while their hulls were completely hidden by the intervening island. In the meantime all sorts of speculations were rife in regard to the strangers, some pronouncing them pirates, others smugglers, and a few asserted they were some of the Mexican guarda-costas. We already began to have indistinct visions of prize-money and plunder, and anxiously waited for news from the boats. It was near eight o'clock when they returned, and Mr. Mayo, the officer in charge of the boats, had communicated the result. The vessels were engaged in the transportation of slaves from Cuba to Galveston; but such had been their expedition, that the negroes were all landed ere our boats had reached them. It is doubtful whether, in the state of the country at that time, they would have been

adjudged as prizes to us, if this had not been the case. This, it will be remembered, was one of the speculations of the notorious Munroe Edwards, then located somewhere near New-Washington, in San Jacinto Bay.

Galveston Island and Bay presented at that time (January, 1836,) a very different aspect to that which now greets the eye of the beholder. Where now stands an opulent city, one solitary wooden house presented itself to the eye. This, as if in mockery of the loneliness of the place, was dignified with the title of custom-house. A little to the right of it might have been seen the remains of the brick foundations of the houses which had comprised a settlement got up under the auspices of the celebrated Lafitte, a former follower of whom we had on board of our vessel. This man, whose name was Conti, at times told marvelous stories of money buried upon the island, and many were the rambling searches which I made, in hopes it might be my good fortune to recover the golden treasure.

In gazing at the shore, the eye in vain sought any inhabitant in human shape; and yet everything seemed to swarm with busy, noisy life. The red deer came bounding to the brink of the wave, and stopping upon the glistening sands, would stamp their tiny feet and toss their heads at our unwonted appearance. The bay was literally covered with wild-fowl, while the low sandy point of Pelican Island, now devoted to pic-nic parties, swarmed with countless thousands of the bird from which the island has been named. The water, likewise, as if to give its quota to make up the picture, abounded in immense shoals of mullet, (by the way, a most delicious fish,) with the beautiful red-fish, and a larger species called by the knowing ones, *granticoi*. These, with occasionally a breaching porpoise, or the shark with his sharp back-fins cutting the translucent wave, formed an ever-varying scene, most interesting to the spectator.

We were destined to remain here until our vessel was

commissioned and we had received orders to cruise; and as matters were not as speedily adjusted at the seat of government as they might have been, the most of us were fearful that our stay in this port might be longer than agreeable to us, or in keeping with the prospects which had been held out to us in New-Orleans. As I have said before, our men were, in fact, a mere party of desperadoes; and ere we had been in Galveston a week, the murmurs of discontent became both loud and general. Every possible effort was resorted to, to quiet this feeling. Parties were started off to procure wood, and others to fish. The guns of the vessel were scaled, and their range proved, to the great discomfort of every flock of pelicans, or any living animal which made its appearance upon the shore. Finally, tory-hunting became the order of the day, and a party were started off to arrest a man by the name of Parr, then living some eight miles east of Point Bolivar. In this they succeeded, and that individual, together with his wife and children, were transferred to the Liberty for safe keeping. But even this failed, in the end, to produce the desired result. Our commander was no disciplinarian, and the men in general were calculated to verify the old saying, "Put a beggar on horseback," etc.

Things began to wear a squally aspect, when on the morning of the 24th of January the order was given to weigh anchor. All was now bustle and life. The idea of a change was enough to restore the equanimity of all parties; and when the word was given that we were to cruise upon the Mexican coast, the vessel fairly rang with yells of delight, forming a queer contrast to the formal precision and silent dignity of most national vessels. Having got the schooner under way, the prisoners, Parr and his family, were landed and cautioned as to their future behavior; and the boats having been secured, we glided swiftly from the harbor, and once more danced merrily over the blue waters of the Gulf. Our course was laid south-east by south for the coast of Yucatan, which we

wished to make somewhere about Campeachy. Our vessel, as I have before said, was a crack sailer, and with a fair wind made rapid progress over the Gulf. The men were in high spirits, and all were on the alert to be the first to discover a sail.

On the 28th of January, the loud cry of "Sail ho!" from a dozen voices at once, greeted our ears. The vessel was barely visible upon the horizon. On the instant every available sail was set, and our course was altered, having the wind of the chase, to cut her off. In a short time the guns were cleared, loaded, and double-shotted; small arms were distributed among the men; the articles of war for the regulation of ships of war were produced, and that part which refers to vessels in time of battle was read with great solemnity, much to the edification of the uncouth band, who needed no spur to do battle to the death, where plunder was in the question. In one hour we were sufficiently near to see that all our excitement was useless, and our visions of bloodshed and booty melted into thin air.

The chase proved to be the bark Montezuma, then running as a packet between New-York, and Vera Cruz. Having spoken with this vessel, we again hauled our wind and resumed our old course, much to the satisfaction of those on board of the stranger, who had evidently been much alarmed at our proximity. The day after this occurrence we encountered another stranger—an unwelcome one to the most of us—in the shape of a tremendous norther, before which we scudded under bare poles until the morning of the 31st, when we found ourselves on the Sisal bank, (a large shoal lying off the coast;) and the gale having abated, we again made sail.

On the morning of the 1st of February we sighted the coast of Yucatan, and running well in with the land, succeeded in capturing a couple of fishing-boats, for the purpose of gaining information of what was going on in the country. The crews of these vessels were mostly of the native Indian race,

the descendants of the proprietors of the renowned Uxmal, the stupendous ruins of which have recently come to light. They were in a half-naked state, and seemed of a gentle, submissive race. Their boats were similar to those known by the French name *pirogue*, or dug-out, being hollowed from a section of the trunk of a single tree,—a frail bark for a European or Yankee, but balanced and propelled through and over the waves with great dexterity by those primitive people. At first they appeared to be somewhat alarmed; but finding themselves kindly treated, this feeling wore off and they became more communicative, and as far as they possessed any knowledge, it was rendered without much urging. Of the affairs of the nation they knew nothing, evidently thinking little and caring less about the political aspect of the times. They appeared to have an indistinct knowledge that their country was engaged in a war, but with whom, and for what purpose, they were totally ignorant. One of our officers inquired of them whether they knew who and what we were; and one of their number readily answered in the affirmative by casting his eyes around our hang-dog looking ship's company, and slowly ejaculating, "*Si, señor; caballeros del mar.*" Which might very easily be rendered seafaring gentlemen or pirates. Whichever he meant, the answer produced a loud burst of laughter from all quarters; while our commander, who loved a joke, even at his own expense, pronounced the fellow a prophet. Having got all the information these people could communicate, they were allowed to depart, receiving salt beef and pork in liberal quantities in exchange for their fish, a trade which appeared to be very satisfactory to them.

We were now twenty-five miles south of Sisal, and the wind being fair for that port, we made sail and coasted along, until at three P. M. we were in plain sight of the town and harbor, at the distance of about eight miles. In this position we supposed we were safe from a too rigid scrutiny, while we could make such observations as would be advantageous to us.

Our flag was that of the Mexican republic, and we had supposed the distance would prevent the figures in its centre from being made out from the town, and thus we might pass for one of their own national vessels. But in this we were mistaken, as events subsequently proved. Some thirty vessels were at anchor within the harbor, which was but a mere indentation of the land, totally unprotected from the severe northers which vent their fury upon the coast of the Mexican Gulf. These, were, with but one exception, vessels belonging to foreign nations, as their colors indicated. The vessel excepted was a large schooner anchored near the battery, from the main peak of which floated the flag of our enemy. As this craft very much resembled a Mexican man-of-war called the Montezuma, which, under the command of a Capt. Thompson, had committed some depredations upon the coast of Texas, she was at once adjudged a lawful prize by a council held in the cabin of the Liberty—that is, if we could get her.

This decided upon, we again made sail upon the schooner, and beat up under cover of the headland forming the northern point of the harbor, where we again hove to, for the purpose of making the necessary arrangements for our enterprize. While occupied with this business, a strange vessel made its appearance, from the harbor, to which we instantly gave chase, with a view to acquiring some further news respecting the state of affairs in the town, and especially in regard to the object of our intended attack. The chase, on perceiving our manœuvres, immediately put back and attempted to regain the port she had left, but it was too late: she was very heavily laden, and moved sluggishly through the water; and finding herself without hope in that direction, she put about, and crowding all sail, endeavored to escape seaward. This her captain soon found could not be done, and therefore making a merit of necessity, he hove his vessel to and awaited our approach.

When within hailing distance, the captain of the chase was

ordered to come on board with his papers. The command was instantly but very reluctantly obeyed by the captain, who had doubtless concluded that we were bucaneers, judging from his extreme agitation as he stepped across our gangway. He shivered like an aspen-leaf in the breeze, while the pallor of his countenance showed mortal fear, as his eyes rapidly took in the scene upon our decks. The bulwarks of our little vessel being low, a row of small iron stanchions had been attached to the top rail at intervals, and through an eye at the head of each was rove a ridge-rope, to which was affixed a narrow tarpaulin curtain, fastened at the bottom to the rail. This contrivance served to give the appearance of hammock nettings, and also concealed what was going on upon our deck. Whenever we had exposed ourselves to observation from the town and harbor, we had shown but just men enough on board our vessel to work the ship; the rest being either below, or lying upon the deck under cover of the waistcloths.

Our people, at the moment of the stranger's advent on board, were mostly lying or seated around the deck, many using their best endeavors, with files and scythe-stones, to impart a keen edge to sundry cutlasses, bayonets, pikes, etc. which were likely to be brought into use before long. All this the poor fellow eyed with such an air of terror and bewilderment that he excited the ridicule of most of the men, some of whom called out to lead him along to the chopping-block; another asked if he had said his prayers, advising him to do so without delay, as his time was come. Walker, the first lieutenant, who met him at the gangway, administered some comfort to the poor fellow by assuring him he had nothing to fear; adding that our vessel was the United States schooner Nimble, which had been sent to cruise for a pirate that had captured a vessel off the harbor of Pensacola. This little fabrication allayed the fears of our guest; and having been introduced to the quarter-deck where a goodly array of decanters were standing upon the trunk, he soon became quite composed, and proved

a more welcome customer than we had even hoped for. From him we learned that the vessel we were so very solicitous about was indeed a Mexican one, but not, as we had conjectured, a man-of-war. According to his account, which, by the way, proved to be correct, the schooner had arrived that morning from New-Orleans, and that about noon boat-loads of armed men from the shore had boarded the vessel, and, after some disturbance, had got her under way and anchored her in her present position, within pistol-shot of the battery which defended the town. This, though somewhat mysterious to us, was so far important as to assure every one that we should have to meet with resistance from those on board, let the case be as it might.

The battery mounted twelve long 18-pounders, and from their nearness to the vessel we so much coveted, and the almost certainty of finding the enemy on the alert, the whole affair began to look somewhat hazardous. The sun had already dipped in the horizon when we parted with our new acquaintance, who left us in a much more agreeable frame of mind than he possessed when he came on board, particularly as he was preceded by a fine ham and a case of choice liquors, presented to him by way of recompense for his detention. As he left, however, the captain enlightened him as to the real character of our craft, and informed him of his intention to have the vessel, about which so much inquiries had been made, under our colors before morning. Wishing us success, he pulled away, and passing to his own vessel, ran down and announced his determination to lay-to during the night and see the sport. But he probably thought better of it, as the next morning we saw nothing of him.

We had been lying all this time within plain sight of the town, at the distance of about six miles; but having parted with our guest, we made sail once more and stood off shore, a course which we kept until it was quite dark, when we put about, and made for the harbor under shortened sail.

CHAPTER XV.

Call for volunteers—Bad luck—Two boats stove—Resolve to proceed—The hazardous passage—The Sabine—I'm commissioned to effect a loan—The hostile skipper—The point gained—Plan of attack—Part company—Awaiting the signal—The Mexican watchword and response—The signal and response—Give way, lads—Quien viva—The fusilade—The deck of the enemy—Doubtful appearances—Diversion in our favor—The Mexicans divided—Our consort falls astern—We clear the decks—Precautions of the enemy to prevent a capture—The prize under way—The battery woke up—Too late—The killed, wounded, and prisoners—The prize a smuggler—Make sail for Matagorda.

The night breeze had set in strong from the north-west, and the sea began gradually to rise. It was a fine starlight night, although light fleecy clouds were continually flying overhead. The crew were now mustered upon the quarter-deck, and the captain, in a short address, gave them to understand the object he had in view; namely, the capture of the vessel in question; which was to be done by means of the boats, as the appearance of our vessel in the harbor would put the enemy upon their guard. The announcement was received with every expression of satisfaction by the ship's company, who volunteered to a man to undertake the enterprise.

The work of getting out the boat, which was upon the deck, now commenced. In this we were unfortunate, on account of the heavy sea, which forced the boat, as soon as launched, with such violence against the side of the schooner, as to stave it in so badly as to render it utterly useless. This misfortune did not dampen the ardor of the men in the least, and the quarter-boat next received their attention. Here too we were unfortunate, for in lowering this boat one of the ringbolts drew, letting the bow of the boat into the sea, where it was crushed under the counter of the vessel. We were thus obliged to cut her adrift, and trust solely to the little cockle-shell affair which we carried at our stern-davits.

Our expedition, in the first instance, was to have been composed of thirty men and officers; but our mishaps rendered it necessary to hold a council for the purpose of deciding whether we should attempt the capture or abandon the idea. The most sanguine were disheartened, and, almost without hope, it was decided, at the earnest solicitation of Walker, that the affair should be carried out. The party was reduced from thirty to fourteen men, including Mayo, the sailing-master, and myself, as an especial favor, being a great favorite with the first lieutenant. Had it not been for my light weight, the attacking party would have numbered one less.

By the time this arrangement was made it was six bells (eleven P. M.) The schooner had been all this time drifting in toward the roadstead, where the vessels were dimly seen at anchor, and the sky had become overcast with heavy clouds, which prevented our being observed from the shore; and under these favorable circumstances, after taking a stiff horn of grog, we tumbled into the boat and put off, on our search for adventure.

For the first few moments things looked rather dubious, as the boat, loaded beyond her capacity, shipped water as fast as two of our number could bale it out with buckets, so that we expected every moment to be swamped. Those of us in the stern seated ourselves upon the top of the stern and quarters of the boat, our backs presenting a barrier against which the waves broke, which would otherwise have inevitably swamped us. In this way passed some ten minutes in almost total darkness, when we reached the outermost of the vessels at anchor in the roadstead. We rounded-to under the stern of a large schooner, for the purpose of holding a consultation as to what course to pursue. A fine boat belonging to this vessel was floating beside us, into which a part of our men immediately jumped, thus relieving the rest of us from the fear of becoming shark-bait. Wet and shivering with cold, there was little time for deliberation, and it was at once resolved to take possession of the boat we had just so unceremoniously boarded—by fair

CAPTURE OF EL PELICANO DE CAMPECHE.

means, if possible; if not, by foul. With this understanding, I was directed by Walker to shin aboard the schooner, by means of the rope, or painter, which fastened the boat to her stern, and request the loan of her for a couple of hours. "And in what way must I present so reasonable a request?" I asked, as I sprang forward to execute my mission. "I'll leave that to you," said he, laughing. "Trust to your wits, my lad, and bear a hand."

In another second I was upon the schooner's deck, reading the words "Sabine, of New-Orleans," upon her stern, during the rapid transit. It argued ill for the shipper's sagacity, to be lying at a single anchor in an open roadstead, with half a gale of wind blowing dead on the shore, without even the precaution of an anchor-watch. Everything was still, save the sharp whistling of the wind among the rigging. The companion-doors were closed and the slide shut over; and for an instant I paused to decide upon the best course to pursue in the negotiation which was about to commence.

Pushing back the slide and inserting my head, I shouted at the top of my lungs, "Hallo, below there!" I had not long to wait for an answer. My head was hardly withdrawn from the opening, before a red nightcap popped into sight, followed by a pair of shoulders which would have done honor to a grenadier of the great Frederick's guard. Rather an ugly customer, thought I, as I confronted the apparition, which, after a few grunts and yawns, turned its head around and scanned the appearance of the weather; and then, facing me once more, remained silent. "I'm in something of a hurry," said I, "are you the captain of this vessel?" "I believe I am," returned he, "and pray who the devil are you? How came you aboard of my vessel? and lastly, what do you want?" "Did you observe the strange vessel in the offing yesterday?" I inquired. "I believe I did; but what has that to do with my question?" "Much, sir. That vessel is the Texan armed schooner Liberty, and her object is the possession of the Mexican vessel anchored near the battery."

I then related the situation we were in, in regard to the want of boats, and ended in making the request that he would assist us with the loan of his boat, to which he gave a flat refusal. I attempted to argue the matter with him, but all to no purpose; and he ended by ordering me to leave the vessel. I now told him that his boat was already in possession of our people, and that he would find it hard to regain possession, if he remained obstinate. Stepping aft, he was soon convinced of the truth of what I told him, and the sight of the armed men appeared to have a conciliatory effect upon him, as he immediately inquired when we would return the boat. I assured him it should be left at anchor near his vessel, where he could easily recover it in the morning; and in regard to any trouble with the Mexican authorities, I hinted that he could excuse himself by asserting that the boat was taken by force, which was, indeed, true to the letter.

Having thus secured this part of our object, I told him that as he had extended aid to the enemy, it was likewise his place to afford comfort, giving him a short account of our perilous passage into the harbor, and the wet and cold condition of our party. In this I succeeded in enlisting his sympathy to the tune of a half-gallon of most excellent old Monongahela, which disappeared over the stern into the boat.

Everything being now ready, Walker, with seven of the party, took charge of our new acquisition, while Mayo and the remaining five kept possession of our own boat. The nearest merchantman to our object of attack was a large Hamburg bark, which lay about a quarter of a mile from both the Mexican and ourselves. It was decided that Walker's boat should gain the cover of this vessel, and there await a signal from Mayo, whose boat was to take a circuit to the north-west to a point about equi-distant with us, when the former was to dash at once for the starboard quarter of the Mexican, while the latter should endeavor to board upon the larboard bow. The signal was to be the flashing of a pistol.

All being arranged, we parted company, and in a short time our boat gained the shelter of the aforementioned bark, where we impatiently awaited the signal from our comrades. Here for the first time the Spanish watchword greeted my ear. The loud "*Sentinella alerta*," mellowed by the distance, sounded musically upon the water, answered by the more sonorous "*Alerta esta*," the responding cry from post to post, delivered in various intonations of voice; and it awakened all our energies for the desperate struggle, which, from the appearance of things, we had a right to expect.

Our men sat in moody silence, their eyes strained in the direction whence we expected the signal, each moment, in our impatience, seeming an hour. The clouds now began to break away and scatter in drifts, revealing distant objects more distinctly. The monotony of this scene was abruptly broken by Walker: "The devil! there comes the moon!" As I turned, a small segment of the pale goddess of the night, partially obscured by light drift, appeared above the horizon. In a few minutes more it again disappeared, much to our relief, and shortly after, the long wished-for signal was made by Mayo. It was instantly answered; and everything being in readiness, we let go and pulled cautiously with muffled oars toward the schooner.

We had arrived within one hundred yards before we were discovered, but now the loud "*Quien viva!*" of the Mexican sentinel fell harshly upon the ear, followed, before we had time to answer, by a volley of musketry. "Give way, boys!" shouted Walker: "nobody's hurt; give way!" Amidst a shower of balls the boat dashed alongside of the vessel, and in an instant Walker, cutlass in hand, was upon her deck, slashing right and left, and cheering on the party, who had in less than a minute joined our leader. How I got upon the vessel's deck I know not, but the first salutation I received was a blow from a stick of wood from one of the Greasers, who had formed a line across the deck, and were attempting to charge upon us.

At this moment the other boat struck the larboard side of the vessel, just abaft the fore-chains; and Mayo, with loud shouts, called upon his men to follow him. This was very opportune. A large part of the enemy turned to repulse the new assailants; while a few, hard pressed by us, jumped overboard and swam for the battery. Mayo's boat had lost its hold of the schooner; and the Greasers, being freed from any farther alarm from that quarter, now turned in a body upon us, and for a few moments bravely contested the possession of the vessel; our men using nothing but their cutlasses, and the enemy their muskets, already unloaded in their first attack upon our boat.

But such opponents as these were not long destined to stand against the athletic sons of the Mississippi Valley, who wrested a number of muskets from the hands of the enemy and soon put the whole posse to flight. A large number of them jumped overboard and swam for the shore, leaving us in possession of the vessel, and some dozen and a half of their number, part of whom were disabled or killed. "She is ours!" shouted Walker: "bear a hand, lads, and loose the mainsail and jib." At this instant Mayo's boat, which had been swept far astern during the fray, before the men could get their oars out, came alongside, and though late for the more desperate part of the enterprise, their assistance came most opportune.

One moment's examination told us we had got to depend upon our own wits to get the prize to sea. The mainsail had been unbent and taken on shore, while the main-boom was immovably fixed by means of a large iron bolt, which had been driven through its jaws and the mainmast. The headsails had followed the mainsail on shore; but the foresail, a large lug, yet hung in its brails. This was immediately shaken out, and the men were sent aloft to clear away the topsail and topgallant, who soon succeeded in loosing them, notwithstanding every foot-rope was cut. While these operations were progressing, a few of us had managed to construct a temporary jib out of a large awning, which we found aft upon

the quarter-deck. In less than a quarter of an hour the cable was cut, and the vessel was forging ahead toward the northern headland of the harbor. The people on shore evidently expected an attack upon the town, as we inferred by the beating of drums, the sound of which we could hear distinctly; and the lights flashing upon the battery, led us momentarily to expect a salute from that quarter. We were almost out of range, when the expected messenger came rushing over the water, soaring high above our mast-heads, and dashing into the waves half a mile ahead of us. Ere another could be brought to bear, we were under cover of the merchant vessels anchored in the roadstead.

The satisfaction we felt now vented itself in three hearty cheers, and we began to think of looking after our prisoners. Three poor fellows were killed, and we consigned them to the waves. Five others, badly wounded, we relieved for the present to the best of our ability. Of the remaining nine, two belonged to the Mexican custom-house, and the others had formerly composed the crew of the vessel. The schooner proved to be the Pelicano de Campeche, and had been seized by the customs authorities, on the day of her arrival, for having contraband goods on board. The process of seizure had been effected but about one hour before we appeared off the harbor. From the two custom-house officers we learned that the character of our vessel was well known upon our first appearance, and thus everything had been done that was possible in so short a time, to foil any attempt on our part to capture the vessel. The schooner had been partially stripped of her sails, and thirty-six soldiers, under the command of a lieutenant, had been put on board to defend her in case of attack. These, for the most part, had jumped overboard and swam to the shore. They had tossed in the sea the corpses of three of their killed, to get them out of the way, while in the harbor; making the number of the enemy killed six and wounded five, as near as we could ascertain. On our side,

with the exception of a few slight bruises and scratches, no one was hurt.

We continued making short tacks across the harbor until about three P. M., when the wind shifted off the land and we ran out, and at daylight came-to under the lee of the Liberty. In the hurry and confusion of getting the prize under way, one of our own boats had broken adrift, and we had none left but the one belonging to the Sabine; and as it was impossible for us to do without one, we gave up all idea of restoring it. A spare suit of sails was instantly sent on board of the prize and bent, the well prisoners were transferred to the Liberty, and after the further transfer of sundry boat-loads of flour, apples, butter, etc., to that vessel, not forgetting to mention some two or three thousand dollars in gold and silver coin, nautical and musical instruments, etc., we filled away, with instructions to make our way to the port of Matagorda without delay.

CHAPTER XVI.

The ghost-seer—The drayman—Superstition—The ghost of the galley—The Hoosier put to flight—Mayo ditto—The opinion of Beans—The general alarm—Old Possible, the roasted cook—Passo Cavallo—Description of the Pelicano de Campeche—Arrive off Matagorda—Morehead's volunteers—Picarooning—Appearance of Uncle Sam's cruisers—We decline any more intimate acquaintance—Get under way—Wreck of the prize—Narrow escape from drowning—Proceed to Matagorda—Loss of the ghost-seer—The Independence and Brutus—Commodore Hawkins—Objects to our colors—Capt. Brown's answer.

Among a crew composed of such materials as ours, there were, as might be expected, some strange characters—one, especially, in the person of a young man belonging to Liverpool, England. This queer specimen of humanity was an incorri-

gible ghost-seer, a fact of which we had all become well aware. Unfortunately for him, a few days before he joined the Liberty, an unhappy drayman, who boarded at the same house with him in New-Orleans, took the responsibility of shaking off this mortal coil by choking himself with a couple of yards of hemp. Although far removed from the scene of the transaction, our shipmate, who was usually called John the drayman, was continually receiving visits from the spirit of his departed friend. Often in broad daylight he would start, his eyes fixed upon vacancy, his whole frame shivering with mortal fear, his features of a deadly hue, and so completely unnerved as to be deprived of the least power to help himself. At first, when these fits came upon him, the stoutest-hearted among the ship's company quailed beneath his unearthly appearance; but after his own explanation of the cause, attributing the effect to the appearance of the spirit, he became in an equal degree an object of ridicule to the Hoosiers among us, and of anger to the old salts, who being strongly tinctured with superstition themselves, were but little pleased at the idea of a ghost's being upon terms of intimacy with any one on board of the vessel. Therefore, upon the first symptoms of the approach of the unwelcome visitant to our mortal shipmate, a few buckets of water from the former, and a series of kicks vigorously bestowed by the latter, had a strong tendency in most cases to dispel the illusion. In one instance this system of discipline came near having a fatal termination, as the miserable creature suddenly sprang overboard from his persecutors, and was with great difficulty rescued from a watery grave.

After having got our prize under way, as I have before related, Mr. Mayo directed this individual, who had formed one of the party, (for what purpose I know not, unless to get rid of him,) to light a fire and prepare some coffee, of which there was plenty on board, for the refreshment of the men. In obedience to the order, the fire was soon made, and ere long the kettle of water sent forth its clouds of steam, to the satis-

faction of all hands, and particularly of ghostly John, who prided himself upon his culinary skill. Already the fragrant aroma of the crushed berry was regaling the noses of some half dozen shivering bipeds congregated at the galley door, impatient for the treat, when, quick as a flash, the figure of our newly installed *cocinero* bolted from the galley, his hair standing on end, and, with a loud shriek, measured his length upon the deck. "What's the matter?" burst from the lips of the startled group, completely aghast at this sudden antic of their shipmate. "Blast him!" said Mayo, "he has seen the ghost. Jump in there, one of you, and look after the coffee." A lank Hoosier named Letcher, who also rejoiced in the soubriquet of Beans, from his partiality to that vegetable, now entered the galley, but it was only to make a rapid transit through one door and out of the other, in a scarcely less frightened state than the first occupant. The men were now really alarmed. The dare-devils who had but an hour and a half before rushed at the points of the bayonets leveled at them by the enemy, now fell back from the galley with as much precipitation as if it had contained a mine of gunpowder about to be fired. "Well," cried Mayo, with an oath, "you are a bold set of fellows! what the —— is the matter with you? Stand back here, and let's see what's the row." Pushing the men aside right and left, he made his way to the galley, and putting his head inside the door, instantly jerked it out again. At the same moment a most unearthly groan saluted our astonished ears. We were completely nonplussed, and stared at each other in a manner that would have amused an uninterested beholder, while John the drayman whimpered out, "Why don't you go in now?" and our friend Beans gave it as his opinion that the devil was in the galley, swearing that he saw his eyes. We now drew towards the galley in a body, and when within a few paces, a succession of low moans fell upon our ears, which caused a few of the most superstitious to crowd back; while Mayo and the rest of us, convinced that

the sounds were of an earthly nature, commenced a thorough search of the place, which resulted in the discovery of a tall cadaverous specimen of the genus homo, whose body and limbs were compressed into a space of scarce sufficient capacity to have squeezed a small child. Firmly fixed between the back of the stove and the caboose, he was lying upon his side, his head and feet hidden from sight by a pile of wood upon each side of the range. His presence had not been discovered by any of the occupants of the place, until his groans, extorted by the roasting process he was undergoing from the hot stove, betrayed him. Firmly believing that making himself known would have been but the first step to his being dispatched, he had remained in this uncomfortable berth until he was fairly roasted out. The poor fellow was almost dead, between fear and burning, and so much exhausted as to be utterly incapable of extricating himself, and he could not be released without getting burnt still more, until the stove was moved; and we were finally obliged to unlash the galley and raise it, when he rolled out upon the deck, as pitiable a looking object as I ever saw. He was the cook of the prize, and at the commencement of the attack had stowed himself away in this place for safety, from which he had put the whole of our victorious band to flight. Being an Italian, we received him into the service; and although no fighting-man, in his line as a *cocinero* he afterwards rendered the state some service.

We parted with the Liberty on the night of the 5th, and saw no more of her until we joined her off *Passo Cavallo*, at the entrance of Matagorda Bay. The vessel was a frail Mexican-built craft of 200 tons' burthen, and evidently intended for the contraband trade, for there was hardly a spot about her which did not, upon strict search, disclose some secret receptacle for the concealment of the smaller kinds of merchandize. By the manifest, a copy of which we found on board, her cargo purported to be five hundred barrels of flour, potatoes, apples, and onions, together with some fifty half-barrels of

butter, besides an almost endless variety of other articles of provision and merchandize, all of which made the cost value of the cargo somewhere about sixty thousand dollars. The run of the vessel, and the forepeak beneath the forecastle floor, was filled with the finest quality of china ware, and the private lockers were stowed with jewelry, musical instruments, rich dry goods, etc., mostly intended to be smuggled ashore. Seldom was so rich a cargo shipped on board a vessel of her class; and as these various articles were revealed one after another, our visions of prize-money gradually expanded, until the fortune of each had assumed a magnitude very gratifying to contemplate.

On the morning of the 9th of February we made the coast at the entrance of the Bay of Matagorda. Here we found the Liberty, in company with the brig Matawamkeag, having on board a company of volunteers under the command of Capt. Morehead. These volunteers were from New-York, and I immediately recollected having spoken the same vessel, with the same party on board, in the month of December previous, while making a short trip to supply the lighthouse at Key-West with oil. They had been captured and detained at New-Providence, by the British authorities, for committing some depredations in the way of supplying themselves with live stock, without troubling themselves about the payment for the same, and were detained about six weeks.

On coming in sight of our consort, we answered the private signal made by the Liberty, and in the course of an hour were at anchor alongside of that vessel. The pilot was already on board of the brig, awaiting the subsiding of the heavy swell which set in from the Gulf, rendering the passage of the bar dangerous. We came to anchor about nine, A. M. and were anxiously awaiting the moment when we should receive the signal to weigh, when two more sail were reported in the offing, standing in. These new-comers we soon made out to be two large vessels—the sloops-of-war Boston and Natchez.

As soon as their character was ascertained, their presence occasioned considerable uneasiness on the quarter-deck, particularly when it was discovered that they still continued to stand in towards us. By the help of our glasses we could discover that they were feeling their way with the lead with great caution. This boded no good to us; and while Walker was easing his mind with a volley of imprecations at our commander's stupidity, the Liberty's boat made its appearance. A few orders were instantly given, and the boat returned. The next moment all three vessels were simultaneously heaving short, and ere our sails were loosened, the spars of Uncle Sam's cruisers were stripped of everything but their three topsails, and they were clewed up, and came down by the run upon the caps, as the ponderous anchors splashed from their bows, and they came-to, head to the wind.

We were under way by the time they had launched their boats, and the brig, with the pilot on board, took the lead, the Liberty following and the Pelican bringing up the rear. The two former passed the bar without difficulty. We alone, in the prize, were destined to be unfortunate. When about the top of the bar, we struck heavily, completely stopping our headway, at the same time pressing us to leeward. Our situation was now desperate, as no assistance could reach us in time to be of service. The vessel was every moment lifted upon huge rollers, which on passing would let her down upon the hard sand with fearful force. We now broached to with our broadside to the sea, and soon struck with such force that the masts went by the board; and as Walker shouted a precautionary "Look-out for yourselves!" to the men, the vessel rolled partially over, striking upon her beam ends, when the whole fabric broke up in an instant, and I found myself struggling in the waves.

My brain was in such a whirl of excitement, from the events which had passed so rapidly, (for five minutes had hardly elapsed from the moment we struck until the destruction of the vessel,)

that I had no opportunity to think what course to pursue. It seemed to me as if was in a dream. Once, and once only, I grasped at something, and got hold of and touched it; but it eluded my grasp, and after that I recollect nothing, until I struck the sand with such force as to awaken me to a sense of my situation. I opened my eyes just in time to find that the undertow was again taking me out to sea; and although I grasped at the sand, and made giant efforts to gain a foothold, I felt it was all in vain, and had almost resigned myself to my fate, when my course was arrested by the grasp of a friendly hand on my arm, and the voice of Jim O'Connor fell upon my ear with, "Ye are not going to lave us that way, are yez?"

What happened during the next hour I know not. When I recovered my consciousness I was lying upon a sandhill in the warm sun. Three or four others of the crew were lying beside me, and the rest, assisted by a strong party from the Liberty, were busy securing whatever came ashore from the wreck. In a short time I felt sufficiently recovered to lend a hand, and by nightfall we had succeeded in saving upwards of two hundred barrels of flour in a damaged state. Many of these were stove, and some which were knocked to pieces were found to contain in the centre a 25-pound keg of powder, which we afterwards found was the case with all of them. We likewise saved about two thousand dollars' worth of jewelry, concealed in false bottoms of thin trunks made of mahogany veneers, which were otherwise filled with dry goods, most of which had burst out.

Thus in a moment, as it were, vanished our day-dreams of wealth, and it was natural we should curse the unwelcome strangers who had so signally destroyed the success of our cruise at a moment when it appeared to be complete. The various articles saved were piled up out of the reach of the surf, and at night the majority of our party rejoined the Liberty, which lay at anchor near the pilot-house. The Boston and Natchez, after witnessing the mischief they had done, hove up

their anchors and took their departure, as if perfectly satisfied with the result of their operations, and we saw them no more.

After a short sojourn at this place, everything being secured from the wreck, we weighed our anchor and proceeded to Matagorda, which lies some forty miles north of Passo Cavallo, at the head of the bay. It was a bright morning, the breeze blowing fresh, and well aft. The mainboom was swung well forward by means of the boom-tackle and pennant. The peak down-haul having got loose, it swung out to the end of the spar, and Mr. Mayo ordered our friend, John the drayman, who had with the rest escaped the wreck, to lay out and bring it in. In obedience to the order, the unfortunate man proceeded to the end of the boom, laid hold of the rope, and had returned about half-way, when he was seen to spring to his feet upon the narrow spar, and throwing up his arms, his eyes starting from his head, he shouted, "He is coming!" and at the instant fell from the boom, the water receiving and closing over him for ever. The vessel was brought to the wind and the boat lowered, but nothing more was seen of John the drayman.

At half-past one we came in sight of the anchorage, nine miles below the town of Matagorda. Here we discovered three other vessels at anchor, which proved to be the Texan schooners-of-war Independence, of seven guns, bearing the broad pendant of Commodore Charles E. Hawkins; the Brutus, of eight guns, Capt. Hurd; and the brig Durango, merchantman. These vessels of war, although belonging to the Texan service, carried the flag of the United States. On coming in sight of them our vessel immediately showed her number, and made the private signal prescribed by the rules of the service; but these gallant seamen appeared to take no notice of them. Worse than this, our glasses disclosed to us that they were clearing their decks for action. This was no sooner discovered, than our drum beat to quarters, and in a few moments our decks were cleared, the guns cast loose, matches lit, and every preparation made to meet the strangers either as friends or foes.

We were now fast approaching the anchorage. The men, ranged around the guns, armed to the teeth, apparently looked upon the prospect of a brush with our friends with as much pleasure as they would with the Mexicans. When within hailing distance, an officer from the deck of the Commodore demanded the name and character of our vessel. To these questions Capt. Brown replied interrogatively: "Don't you see the number at my mast-head?" This answer did not suit his excellency the Commodore, and the questions were again repeated, accompanied by the threat of firing into us in case of not receiving an explicit answer. The threat failed of producing the desired effect, as the matches were instantly snatched from the tubs, where they were burning; while our commander roared in a loud tone of defiance, "Fire, if you dare!" This answer, and the display of our warlike attitude, in connection with the ugly-looking set of customers upon our deck, cooled the courage of his excellency amazingly. The drums of both vessels beat the retreat from quarters, and passing between them unmolested, we came to anchor ahead and to windward of both of them.

In the course of a couple of hours we received a visit from the Commodore, a medium-sized gentleman with a very severe expression of countenance, dressed in the full uniform of a post-captain of the United States service. He was accompanied by his flag-lieutenant, likewise in full uniform. Their appearance, taken in connection with the fact that the flag of the United States was unlawfully waving over the vessels they commanded, which vessels belonged to no recognised power, presented all the points of a piratical masquerade, which our own appearance helped to make up. The Commodore, well skilled in naval etiquette, bowed gracefully, as he reached the gangway, and proceeding to the quarter-deck, immediately gave directions—or, I should rather say, orders—to haul down the Mexican flag, which was flying at our peak, and to substitute the American flag in its place, alleging that

the Mexican flag not being recognized by foreign vessels of war, on account of the figures before-mentioned, we would be subject to capture. He gave our commander to understand that no umbrage would be taken by the American government at our using its flag until the independence of the country was declared, which measure was already in progress, and when accomplished, a flag would be at once adopted and presented to the world for recognition. To all this our commander replied, that it would do very well for those who designed to lie at anchor in the harbors of the country and eat the government provisions, without rendering any service in return. This answer seemed to exasperate his excellency somewhat, as a very exciting discussion immediately commenced, which was carried on for some time with considerable warmth. The controversy appeared to have arisen from the refusal of our commander to recognise the authority of the Commodore over the Liberty. At length that officer took his leave, turning and delivering himself with "The Lord be with you!" as he mounted the gangway. This was the only time he honored the vessel with his presence during his stay in the port.

CHAPTER XVII.

Capt. Wheelwright—His reception—The Middy taken by surprise—Advance of the Mexicans upon Matagorda—Departure of the Commodore—We visit the deserted town—Proceed to save the property—The drunken fraternity—All infected—A stormy night and an uncomfortable bed-fellow—Col. Wharton—Capt. Brown's lodgings—Prepare for a start—The scout—My birds flown—Start for the vessel—I'm sold—Walker's sympathy—Return to the town—The planter and his daughter—My new occupation—Short notice to quit—Arrive safe on board.

The next day the boat of the Independence came alongside with an armed crew, under the command of the flag-lieuten-

ant, bringing with him a new commander for our vessel, in the person of a Capt. Wheelwright. Measures had been taken by Capt. Brown for his reception, and he was met at the gangway and escorted to the cabin, where the dangerous documents in his possession were taken from him before being opened. While this business was in progress aft, the men were piped to grog, and the boat's crew of the Independence were invited on board, to partake with them. The unsuspecting midshipman in charge gave the necessary permission, and as they came on board, their places were instantly filled, to the astonishment of the middy, by a number of our marines, who, without even saying, by your leave, immediately passed the arms of the boat's crew on board, where they were safely transferred to our armchests. The lieutenant and his party were then politely dismissed, with the caution to make no such attempts in future.

Capt. Wheelwright remained with us, a prisoner on board of the vessel which he had received orders, from the only legal authorities in the country, to assume the command of. No farther communication was held with us by the Commodore and his coadjutors, and we busied ourselves about our own affairs, taking no more notice of them. It could have been nothing but arrant cowardice that prevented them from attacking us, as either of their vessels was heavy enough to have blown us out of the water ; and although they both brought forward the plea that they were short-handed, yet the two vessels could have mustered some eighty men, which doubled the number on board our vessel. It was a significant fact, that neither of these officers, Hawkins and Hurd, ever made any demonstration against the enemy during the war. Their vessels were ever found safely at anchor in some one of the different harbors of Texas, while the others, under Captains Jerry Brown, Hoyt, and Thompson, of Mexican celebrity, were always found harrassing the coast of Mexico, and paying them in their own coin for the devastations they had committed in our country.

For several days after these events transpired, nothing of note occurred. The men lounged about in listless idleness, and the time began to wear heavily upon us, when we received the startling news that our army had fallen back from the Colorado river, and that the Mexicans were advancing upon Matagorda. Upon the receipt of this information, the Independence and Brutus got under way and sailed for Galveston, leaving us and the Durango the sole occupants of the bay. Nothing could have pleased us more. From the commander down, all expressed their gratification at this unlooked-for movement, and it was at once resolved to visit Matagorda and render the flying inhabitants all the assistance that lay in our power. To ascertain the state of affairs in the town, which we had not as yet visited, the captain's boat was at once manned and proceeded to the place. My duty as midshipman gave me the opportunity to participate in every boat expedition, and I accompanied the captain in all cases while on board of our vessel. We were likewise accompanied by Col. John A. Wharton, an officer in the army, invalided in consequence of a wound received at the siege of the Alamo. After a long pull against the strong current setting out from the Colorado, we reached the landing of the town, which is situated upon the right bank of the Colorado, where it empties into the bay. The landing, a large space cleared of the heavy canebrake which everywhere else lined the bank and extended into the river some forty feet, was literally covered with piles of merchandise of every description, which had been removed from the town, in readiness for shipment on board of whatever vessels might chance to enter the port. But the premature intelligence that the enemy were near the place, had put the people to flight, leaving their property to take care of itself.

Giving the boat in charge of the men, the captain and Col. Wharton proceeded to the settlement, some three hundred yards from the top of the bank, and I was ordered to accompany them. A small white flag was flying from the gable of

a large wooden store-house which stood nearest to the river. This I was commanded to take down, which being accomplished, we continued on. The town, consisting of some twenty or thirty houses and stores, was completely deserted: not a soul was to be seen in any direction. We entered a store, and found the counters piled with dry goods, clothing, etc. A characteristic feature of the habits of the country struck me forcibly, as my eye fell upon the immense quantities of playing-cards which lay in every direction.

From this store we proceeded to the place which had formerly been the hotel of the town. Here we found a superannuated negress, who, gave the massa's to understand that she had been left in charge of the hostel, while massa and missus had sought safety beyond the Brazos. We immediately installed ourselves in this house, and after ordering dinner, the materials of which the hostess promised to provide, the subject of a plan of operations was brought forward. It was outrageous to let so much property as was in this place fall into the hands of the Mexicans, while there was even a chance of saving it. But the uncertainty of the whereabouts of these gentry puzzled us in the extreme. At length the wise course was adopted, of acting for the present as the absolute necessities of the moment required. By the time this conclusion was arrived at, our hostess gave notice that dinner was ready. This disposed of, I was ordered to return to the Liberty, with orders for Mr. Walker to send immediately on shore as many men as could be spared from the vessel, together with all the boats that could be procured. Orders were also given to have the brig Durango, which was of light draught, sent as near the place as possible.

With the injunction to use all possible dispatch, I started upon my mission, and in a few moments reached the boat. Here a scene disclosed itself which rendered abortive every effort on my part to execute the orders of my superior. The men were stretched upon boxes and bales, and otherwise vari-

ously bestowed—some dozing, others wrangling and fighting, and all of them so drunk that any attempt to proceed for the present would have been worse than useless. I now for the first time noticed some twenty or thirty barrels and quarter-pipes of liquors, which were intermingled among the rest of the merchandize. A number of large tin pans were scattered around, partly filled with villainous brandy, which I immediately poured upon the ground; and proceeding to the house, I reported the state of things at the landing to my commander, who was by this time beginning to feel the effects of the copious libations he had indulged in, probably to promote digestion. After receiving the communication with drunken gravity, he ordered me to bring them up to the house and keep them by me until they became sober. Returning to the landing, I succeeded in coaxing a couple of the rascals to the house, where, as the only means of securing them, I gave them as much liquor as they could drink.

The day, the early part of which had been fine and warm, was now just the reverse, the rain falling in frequent and heavy showers, and by four P. M. it rained in torrents without intermission. In a short time the remainder of the boat's crew, partially sobered by the cold bath which aroused them from their drunken slumbers, came staggering along one by one, and by the time night closed in we were all snugly housed.

An immense fire in an out-house used as a kitchen, served to dry the clothing of the men, who, after they had partaken of a warm supper, began to hanker after the syren of the still, and ere I was aware of the manœuvre, one of their number was dispatched to the bank of the river, armed with an old tea-kettle, who presently returned fully charged with the extract of rye. I could have taken possession of the liquor, and I had already received orders to prevent them from procuring any more, but this order was more easily given than executed; and knowing that my commander's situation enabled me to do so with impunity, I chose to disobey it. By ten o'clock the men

were all drunk and snoring; and after destroying the liquor, except just enough to give each of them a glass in the morning, I fastened the doors (windows there were none) and took possession of a fine feather-bed, which the old negress, into whose good graces I had already got, had assigned me. After listening a short time to the loud brawling of my respected chief and his companion, who were making a night of it in an adjoining room, I fell asleep—the only sober person in the house, with the exception of our colored landlady.

During the night I was aroused from my slumbers by something which felt like a coarse rasp grating down the entire length of one of my legs, almost stripping off the skin. Quickly raising and turning myself, I discovered that some person, with his clothes completely saturated with water, had introduced himself between the sheets, and was already sound asleep. In endeavoring to make out who it was, my fingers encountered the gold lace shoulder-straps of the coat of Col. Walker, and a little farther examination revealed the fact that he had come to bed, like a trooper's horse, all standing, without omitting his boots. The colonel evidently had an eye to a hasty retreat, in case of a surprise by the enemy. My compatriot was an uneasy bed-fellow, and it was with a great deal of satisfaction that I beheld the advent of another day.

As soon as it was light enough I parted company with my illustrious bed-fellow, and dressing myself, proceeded to reconnoitre. My commander was snoring in the ashes of a large fireplace in another of the out-houses, his clothes drenched with rain, a large puddle of which had drained from his clothes and lay beside him. The old negress, stooping above him with a lighted match, was trying either to set his nose or the pile of wet wood in a blaze; and from appearances, the captain's nose would have burnt much more freely than the material of which she was trying to make a fire. The two officers, it appeared, had been upon some nocturnal excursion, for what purpose I could not ascertain. The out-house where the boat's

crew were held in durance, gave forth no sounds except the loud snores of the men. Everything being safe in that direction, I proceeded to the landing, and found the boat half full of water. I baled it out, and having got everything in readiness for a start, returned to the house. Here I encountered a tall sun-burnt man, dressed in buckskin rifle-shirt and breeches, fringed at the seams and edges; a long rifle was slung under his arm, with powder-horn and bullet-pouch to match. A coonskin cap, Indian moccasons, heavy bowie-knife and pistols, completed his equipments, and indicated the character of his business in language plainer than words. He was mounted upon one of the sturdy native horses, much above the usual size of the Mustang breed, which had the appearance of having been hardly ridden; but the vicious nature of the race still gleamed from the wild eye of the animal, whose mouth unwillingly held one of the heavy Spanish bits, furnished with rollers to prevent his taking the reins of government, as well as of the bridle, into his own control.

Half a glance told me that this person was one of the scouts belonging to the army. Disengaging his feet from the stirrups, and springing to the ground, he extended his broad palm, and giving my hand a hearty shake, saluted me with, "Wall, stranger, how fare ye in old Mata? and where's the garrison?" After assuring him that the garrison and all in the house were well, I inquired if there were any of the enemy near the place. "Wall, yes, stranger, there's a right smart chance of the sarpents not far off; but I guess they'll not be here right away. Old Fillisola don't move very fast, though Santa's pushing on after old Sam like h—ll." All this was perfectly intelligible, and the appearance of Captains Brown and Wharton put an end to any further questions on my part. After hobbling his horse, an operation performed by fastening the fore-legs of the animal with a short strap to prevent his straying, the trio disappeared into the house, while I was directed to proceed to the Liberty with the orders of the previous day.

Upon going to the out-house where the men were lodged, what was my dismay to find the whole front of it in ruins, and the birds flown. In an instant I went to the landing, where I found the crew already at work upon the casks of liquor. Almost at the risk of my life, I instantly upset the various vessels of liquor which had already been drawn, and succeeded, after considerable expostulation, in getting the men into the boat and shoving off. Everything now seemed to promise well, and for the first half hour we made rapid progress toward the vessels. The men, upon leaving the river, had filled a couple of tin pans with water to drink, when we should get into the bay, and now having reached a point where the water was rather brackish, the thirst became general, and every few minutes some one of them would cockbill his oar and take a drink out of one of the pans. Not suspecting any trick, I paid no attention to these movements until we had gone about two-thirds of the distance, when the strange actions of some of the men attracted my attention, and in a few moments I was conscious of being sold—duped. Jim O'Connor was just in the act of taking a swig, when I seized the vessel and my suspicions were confirmed. The water taken from the river before my eyes was a mere ruse. The men had been drinking whisky the whole time! I now commenced a search, in which I found the water untouched, while the men had succeeded in disposing of nearly a gallon of whisky.

Anxious to get the boat as near the vessel as possible, before the natural consequences of this proceeding should render me helpless, I urged the men to give way with a will, and inclined the course of the boat toward the north shore or head of the bay; knowing that if the crew gave out, the current, which set down toward the schooner, would carry me within hail. In a few minutes the last act of the play was commenced by two of the crew striking their oars foul, and pitching backward into the bottom of the boat, where they

remained without even an effort to rise. With great difficulty I succeeded in saving the oars, and once more directed the boat towards the vessel, and by the time I arrived within hail, there were but two men who could keep their seats, and they were nearly helpless. Walker observed the predicament I was in, and sent a boat with sober men from the vessel to my relief; and I at length reached my destination, where the officer in command, after I explained the trick which had been played upon me, not being in a very good humor, cursed me for a stupid greenhorn, for allowing myself to be outwitted, at the same time treating the boat's crew to an unmerciful ropes-ending.

I was allowed to remain on board just long enough to get my breakfast, when I was ordered to return to the town with the captain's gig, while Mr. Mayo, with some twenty of the crew, followed with the heavier boats. Upon landing again, I found the party there augmented by the addition of a Mr. C ——, a gentleman who was the proprietor of a large plantation upon the Colorado. This person was accompanied by his daughter; and a beautiful girl was Miss Caroline, and mischievious withal, though not designedly so, as the hearts of the gallant doctor and purser of the Liberty will acknowledge. While she remained with us she was the cynosure of all eyes—the toasted reigning belle of the day.

The men were instantly set to work at loading three large clinker-built lighters, which had been hidden somewhere in the canebrake, and I was introduced to the young lady as her escort, with orders to do her behests in all things lawful, by our commander, who I had hardly supposed possessed so much gallantry as he exhibited on this occasion.

The place now presented quite a contrast to its appearance on the morning of our first landing; and as the fear of the immediate occupation of the town by the Mexicans wore off, we passed our time very pleasantly. The gentlemen busied themselves in facilitating the shipment of the merchan-

dise, and the scout had again taken himself off to the prairies; while my charge and her humble servant, the only persons of leisure, went and came as we chose, seeking our own amusement. My fair friend, although somewhat older than myself, (four years, I believe,) was an excellent companion. She had been reared in the lap of luxury, and had received an elegant education, and after accompanying her father through the United States in various speculations, they had purchased a large tract of land upon the banks of the Colorado, and settled themselves down for life, as they thought; but scarcely four years had elapsed when the approach of the Mexicans drove them from their happy home; which, I am sorry to say, they found utterly ruined on their return.

Day after day passed, and the most valuable portion of the goods in the place were safely transferred to the vessels, and I became conscious that my very agreeable duty was fast drawing to a close. But there was no help for it, and I endeavored to put a good face upon the matter. It was just at sun-down, and the heavily laden lighters had but a few moments before left the landing, when our friend, the scout, galloped up to the house, and calling out Capt. Brown and the colonel, spoke a few words, the purport of which the distance prevented my understanding, and then hurried off. This, from the agitated manner of the messenger, I conjectured to be a warning that the Mexicans were near at hand. The surmise was correct. The captain almost immediately entered the room, and directed me to have the gig manned at once. As I left the house upon this duty, I observed Col. Wharton mount C——'s horse, and taking the same course as the scout had previously done, was soon lost to view. In five minutes I reported the boat ready. "That will do: away with you, (addressing the young lady at the same time,) away with you to the Liberty."

Hurrying my charge along, I soon seated her in the boat, and in a few minutes we had cleared the river and entered upon the broad waters of the bay. Many were the questions put to

me by Miss C——, ere we reached the vessel, in regard to the place that was assigned her on board the vessel—a matter in which I was as much mystified as she was: however, I managed to satisfy her as well as I could, though I feared that her residence on board would not be as pleasant as it had been in Matagorda, poor as it was there. In this I was mistaken, however, for in three days she had accommodated herself so well to the situation in which she was placed, as to be perfectly contented. She had never been upon the water before in a small boat, and the motion of the gig alarmed her. We got safe on board, however, and my fair friend was safely installed in the cabin. I found the Liberty, as well as the brig, had been loaded as heavily as possible: in fact, had we been attacked, our guns would have been useless until we had thrown overboard a large amount of property.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Boat service—The fog—Get lost—In a tight place—Running the gauntlet—The successful ruse—Adieu to Matagorda—My new situation—News of the declaration of independence—The new flag—Presentation ceremony—Sail for Galveston—Part company with the vessels—The gale—The Invincible—Resolve to beach the boat—The landing effected—Jim O'Connor and the whisky-jug—The enemy in sight—Land-tacks aboard—West pass of Galveston—The raft—The passage effected—The ferry-house—Our wants more than supplied.

The captain came on board an hour after I had reached the vessel. My duties being over for the day, and feeling somewhat weary, I turned in, and had already in my dreams got back to the town with my late companion, when I was roughly shaken by the shoulders and I awoke. It was Walker. "What is it?" I inquired, half asleep. "Boat service—want

to go?" I answered by springing out of the berth. "Turn in again, boy," said Walker, laughing. "Not yet; I'll call you when we are ready." Before I turned in again I went upon deck, and the first thing I saw by the light of the moon, was some half dozen of the watch passing a quantity of small arms into the heaviest of the lighters. The boat pulled sixteen oars. I went below again, and passing to my resting-place, a hand from behind the curtain of a berth beckoned to me. I stepped up to the place, and a voice whispered, hardly audible, "Don't you accompany Mr. Walker; they are going to fight the Mexicans." I made no promise, as I could not think of Walker going anywhere without my being with him. True to his word, Walker roused me at about two in the morning, and bidding me hurry up, went upon deck, where I joined him in a moment afterwards.

Everything was ready; and after receiving orders to fire the place, and, if possible, bring away a couple of ship's guns, six-pounders, which stood at the side of the road leading from the landing to the town, we put off on our enterprise. We had the advantage of a fair tide, which, the boat being large and heavy, enabled us to get along very expeditiously. Very soon after starting, Walker cautioned me to mind the bearings in case of fog, and then rolled himself up in his watch-cloak and went to sleep.

When within a mile of the mouth of the bayou the anticipated fog made its appearance, and in a few moments became so dense as to prevent me from seeing the bow of the lighter. I aroused my superior, and we kept on an hour longer, and began to fear that we had miscalculated our distance, when the boat forced her way through the crushing cane into a large brake. Not knowing the precise locality, the oars were trailed alongside, and making fast to the cane, we awaited the approach of dawn. It was not long before the increasing light put all hands on the alert to discover our whereabouts, but the dense fog prevented any satisfactory result. Suddenly

the rattling of some dozen or more drums, far below where we were, fell with startling distinctness upon our ears. "What in fury is that?" muttered Walker. "Here's a pretty kettle of fish! We've got ourselves into a hornet's nest! Boys, have your arms ready. We shall be lucky if we get out of this scrape without hard knocks. One thing, at all events, I want you to understand: there is no mercy to be expected by any one who falls into their hands, and I, for one, shall never be guilty of the folly of trusting them." In these views we all heartily concurred, and extricated the boat from the brake with all possible dispatch.

The fog now became gilded by the rays of the rising sun, and presently rolled itself up like some vast curtain, revealing the unwelcome assurance, that if we escaped our present peril, it was only to be done by running the gauntlet within pistol-shot of some six or seven hundred Mexicans posted on the top of the bank at the landing. This was in itself enough; and fearing their numbers might be increased, as the sound of drums and trumpets came from every direction, the men gave way at the oars, and the boat dashed down towards the landing. As a ruse, by Walker's direction I had affixed a small white flag in the bow of the boat, and stood, boat-hook in hand, as if ready to prevent the too forcible contact of the boat with the shore. We now approached the landing, which was occupied by a squadron of lancers, whom we had not discovered before. "Now, my lads, mind what I say; and when I give the word, pull for your lives," said Walker. The shore was lined with Mexican officers, a number of whom had affixed their white handkerchiefs to their swords, which they waved in answer to our flag of truce, with the invitation, "*Salta para tierra, muchachos nosotros somos amigos.*" "No doubt, you bloody cut-throats!" muttered Walker, rising and returning their compliments. The boat's bow was now turned obliquely towards the shore, and while we were seemingly striving to land her, the strong current of the river, acting upon her broad-

side, swept her rapidly down toward the brake at the lower point of the cleared space. The men, although appearing to work hard, were only playing 'possum, in accordance with Walker's whispered directions, to which our friends on shore now began to open their eyes. They at once assumed a threatening attitude, but it was too late, for we were almost under cover of the brake. As we were swept past, the bow was kept pointed for the landing, and was now fairly up stream, her headway being completely stopped. "Hurra, my lads; stern all!" shouted Walker, instantly jerking the rudder from the gudgeons.

With a couple of back-strokes vigorously given, our boat glided under cover of the friendly canebrake, and we were safe. A shower of balls, altogether too high for their intended object, whistled over our heads and found a resting-place in the waves fifty feet beyond us. In derision, we pulled out where we could command a view of the long line of troops on the bank, and seizing our arms, we returned the enemy's salute, and with three hearty cheers for our success, we once more turned our boat's head for the vessel, on board of which we arrived without any farther adventure.

As it was no more than reasonable to suppose that the enemy would have some naval force to co-operate with them, our commander concluded that the sooner we were out of the bay the better; accordingly the dawn of the next day found us under way, in company with the brig, for the Passo Cavallo, where we came to anchor towards night. From here, while preparations were being made for sea, I accompanied an expedition to burn some government store-houses at Cox's Point.

When I returned on board, I was proffered and accepted the command of one of the lighters, which, loaded with flour, was to be taken round to Galveston. Having received permission to select my own crew, I chose my friendly Irishman, Jim O'Connor, and three others—the number being limited to four—and at once took command of my charge; not, however,

without taking leave for the present of my fair friend, Miss C——, who expressed her regret at our being obliged to separate, and gave me to understand that she felt much annoyed by the fulsome flatteries of certain of the quarter-deck gentry on board, to whom I was aware I was indebted for my present command.

Everything being in readiness for sailing, the news was revealed that the independence of the country had been declared, and a flag was placed in my hands, with directions to fasten it to the halliards and hoist it. This was done, a salute of three times three from all hands greeting the first unfolding of the flag to the breeze. This was the first Texan flag that had been hoisted on board any of our national vessels, and differed somewhat from the one afterwards adopted. It was said to have been the one used at the siege of San Antonio de Bexar, the December previous—a blue field, and in the upper corner a single star of five points, over which was stretched a blood-red arm and hand, holding a naked sword: the rest, red and white stripes alternately. The centre white stripe contained the word "Independence," in large letters reaching its whole length. At the close of this ceremony, another, in which I was more intimately concerned, came off. Through the hands of my sweet friend I received from Capt. Brown the present of a beautiful dirk, with belt, etc., accompanied with many gracious words from the young lady, by permission of the discretionary power delegated by the commander on the occasion.

I was now ordered to proceed on my voyage, and in a short time, in company with the Liberty and Durango, we had passed the bar, and gaining a good offing, shaped our course for Galveston. My little bark made much slower progress than the larger vessels, and by sunset they were nearly hull-down ahead. But I had been given to understand that I would have to depend upon my own wits, and therefore had made preparations for every emergency. The nights, especially in

the winter and spring, were very chilly. I had prepared everything for a liberal supply of hot coffee, and had not forgotten to provide a large jug of whisky, which latter article, however, I kept a good look-out for, serving it out to my company according to the rules of the service—a measure of precaution which did not fail to produce a little grumbling. Everything went on smoothly for the time being. The men munched their salt junk, and biscuits, washing it down with copious libations of coffee, and amused themselves with singing songs and spinning yarns, until the lights of the vessels, which we had occasionally seen, disappeared altogether. The wind blew rather too fresh for our comfort, and our little craft occasionally shipped more water than suited us; but we managed to keep her free by means of a couple of buckets, which were at length kept constantly going.

But the worst luck was yet to come. A little after midnight the wind shifted to the north, and obliged us to stand off shore. This was unpleasant; however, we made ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would allow, and the wind soon after moderating, we were relieved from any further necessity of baleing. Towards morning the wind again breezed up, and we made rapid progress during the whole day, nothing being in sight but the low range of sand hills which fringed the coast. Long ere sunset the boat's crew had sang their songs and spun their yarns for the twentieth time, and at length had relapsed into a drowsy silence, unbroken save by some exclamation of impatience at the decline of the wind, which now threatened to leave us.

After a calm comes a storm, and the appearance of the weather foretold there was to be no exception to the rule in our favor. Heavy banks of cloud began to gather in the north and east; but, as if to re-assure us, the breeze again set in from the south-east, and we bowled along merrily through the smooth water. The night was fine, and the azure vault above us was studded with myriads of stars; but the clouds before-

mentioned still held their place, as if awaiting their turn at the bellows. About ten o'clock I was obliged, by the great increase of wind, to reef the mainsail; and taking in the foresail, I kept on my course for an hour longer. By this time the sea had become quite heavy, and the wind blowing still harder, we several times narrowly escaped capsizing.

We were thus so much occupied with our own affairs, that we had not noticed the approach of a large schooner, now within hail, and on board of which we were already discovered. I recognized the vessel at once as the Invincible, under the command of a brother of my own commander, Capt. Jerry Brown, who immediately hailed us to know how we got along, and advised me to beach the boat as soon as possible, as there was every appearance of a norther. By the time he had imparted this information, his vessel had forged ahead out of farther hearing, and presently filled away, and left us to chew the cud of bitter fancies which he had prescribed.

To make any farther attempt to keep on my course I knew would be next to madness, but the dangerous alternative was equally as bad; and as the latter offered the only chance of escape, I resolved to make the attempt. In this manœuvre the boat education I had received at Cape Cod, was of great service to me. While living at W——, I had frequently accompanied the hardy fishermen of the place to the outside coast of the cape, in their quest of the sea-bass, large-quantities of which were formerly caught there. The surf breaks heavily upon this coast, and the people are very expert in the operation of beaching their boats. I would much rather have trusted to a good set of oars, but I had not the choice: so I commenced operations by throwing overboard the top tier of barrels of flour. This measure relieved the boat so much that she ceased to ship water to any great extent, and rode the huge swells handsomely.

We were now rapidly approaching the coast; but the immense fields of white caps that intervened, and which we

could perceive as we arose upon the crest of the waves, combing, bursting, and towering high in the air, almost appalled me. But I kept my own counsel, although I felt my heart already many degrees below zero. Determined to give the boat all the assistance in my power, I shook out the reef in the mainsail and hoisted the foresail. As she passed through the trough of the seas, where for a moment we were becalmed, I was fearful the returning waves would render the rudder useless; I had therefore substituted an oar in its place. The men pulled with a will, as each swell passed, keeping as much of the headway as possible; but the most fearful part was when the little craft, lifted stern first by the seas, hurried along with such amazing velocity as to almost take our breath from us.

As we drew near the outer bar all was a wild chaos of bursting waters. How we got through, I know not; but we appeared to be passing through the air, instead of over the surface of the water, and in an instant we found ourselves in much smoother water. Our sails now again became of service to us, and under their impulse we dashed on toward the coast, upon which the surf broke with a deafening roar. In compliance with the wishes of the men, who were wet and cold, the jug of whisky was passed forward, and after a hearty pull at the exciting beverage, they again stationed themselves at the oars for the final struggle, which was now fast approaching.

We were already within the influence of the outer breakers, and were being at one moment hurried along at a tremendous rate, and then, as if by some counteracting power, as speedily checked in our mad career. Each succeeding wave increased the velocity with which we approached the shore, which soon brought our hazardous enterprise to a termination; for at length, rising upon the crest of an enormous roller, we were borne high upon the beach, where the boat was dashed upon the shore a complete wreck, pitching me and my companions headlong upon the sand, and happily terminating our

voyage without any farther injury to any of us than bestowing upon all a sound ducking, which, in view of all the circumstances, we were content to put up with. Upon examination, we found the barrels of flour stove so badly as to render their contents entirely useless.

Not knowing exactly where we were, I determined to keep the beach, as its smooth, hard, sandy road afforded greater facilities for traveling. The jug of whisky was the only thing we recovered from the wreck uninjured, and Jim O'Connor took it under his patronage, carrying the article while it contained a drop, with as much care as a mother would her infant. The first thing to be done, was to make our way to the sand-hills and see what discoveries could be made inland. This meeting with the assent of all hands, we started, and in a few moments reached the top of one of the hills, which commanded a view of the prairie. From this spot, the sight of a long range of fires attracted our attention, to the great joy of my companions, who at once pronounced in favor of proceeding to them. Scarcely believing the enemy had made such progress, I was about to comply, when my ear detected a voice in the distance. I obtained silence for a second, and made out the Mexican "*Alerta esta*," with a certainty which there was no gainsaying. This convinced us it would not do to proceed in that direction; so again returning to the hard sand, we used our utmost endeavors to put as much distance as possible between us and the dangerous locality before daybreak.

The morning light revealed no signs of either friends or foes, and we kept on our way, wet, cold, and hungry, and ignorant of the distance, or direction in which most readily to seek relief, although I concluded that the place where we had seen the camp-fires, must be the mouth of the Brazos. In this surmise I was not mistaken, but the fires proved to have been on the opposite side of the river. About half-past two we came to an inlet, which separated us from an island; and a broad sheet of water spreading out between it and the main-

land, convinced me that this was the west pass of Galveston Bay, which I had been told was for the most part fordable. Jim O'Connor volunteered to try the passage first, and for the greater security of the attempt, we constructed a small raft, fastening it together with our handkerchiefs, belts, and the halliards of the boat's sails, which we had fortunately brought along with us. We found no difficulty in procuring wood, the beach being heaped with immense quantities of every size, from the stick of firewood to the trunks of enormous trees.

Having completed our raft and launched it, we found that it would easily bear the whole of our party; so having provided ourselves with good setting-poles, and stripped off all the clothing we could dispense with without freezing, we put off. The wind had already shifted to the north-west, but contrary to all our expectations, it hardly amounted to a stiff whole-sail breeze, but still enough to make the atmosphere very chilly. Our raft with its heavy load frequently grounding, those who could swim stripped altogether and waded, pushing the catamaran before them. We now got along finely and found ourselves approaching the channel, which we crossed without difficulty, and shortly after landed upon the island.

Resuming our clothes and pulling the raft to pieces, we proceeded to examine a hut which stood at the top of the beach. Everything in and around the place showed that it had been very recently inhabited, and that the owner had not as yet relinquished his proprietorship. A number of sides of bacon hung against the wall, a welcome sight to our famishing party. A few moments' farther search disclosed a half-barrel of flour, some coffee, sugar, and what was more grateful to my companions, a small keg in which still remained a couple of gallons of whisky. But all were too hungry, for the time being, to think of anything but the eatables, and in a short time a bountiful repast was spread upon the rough table of the shanty, to which we all did ample justice.

CHAPTER XIX.

The drunken revel—Search for the whisky—Baffled—Accidental discovery—Start for the east end of the island—The halt—Arrive at Galveston—Mrs. White—Rejoin the liberty—Boat duty—Miss C. and her admirers—Plot and counter-plot—Scandalizing the commander-in-chief—The serenade—The denouement—The rivals cured—Trouble aboard—The delinquent cook—The refractory crew—The author in irons—Release—Take French leave.

The day was now spent, and the men having found an old slush lamp and a greasy pack of cards, took possession of the aforementioned whisky, and proposed to make a night of it. Looking upon the matter as a sort of thanksgiving frolic for our recent escape, I joined the party, for the purpose of making away with the liquor as soon as possible. They had followed my counsels in everything since we had landed, but I was aware that the moment they became drunk I should have an ugly set to deal with.

The greater part of the night was consumed in card-playing, drinking, singing, and uproar, but towards morning the noisy tempest was stilled. I would have destroyed the element of mischief at once, but to my surprise, on examination I found the keg empty, and all my endeavors to discover the whereabouts of the liquor were fruitless. Vexed at being thus baffled, I lay down upon the table, and following the example of the rest, was soon asleep.

I awoke shivering with cold, and after a run upon the beach to warm myself, I returned to the shanty and built a fire, for the purpose of making some coffee. The coffee pot or kettle had disappeared, and I at once knew what to search for, to find the liquor, and examined the sand which formed the floor, and scraped it with my fingers in every direction, but in vain; I at length noticed that O'Connor, in his sleep, had rolled from the spot where he had first laid. Here I sought,

and in a few seconds the object of my anxiety was safe in my possession. Pouring three quarters of its contents upon the sand, I returned the vessel to its hiding-place, and smoothing over the sand again, I left the hut, and mounted one of the sand hills, to see what discoveries I could make seaward. A couple of vessels far out upon the gulf was all that broke the monotony of the waves; while upon the prairie, at the distance of some six hundred yards, a flock of deer, which had been grazing, disturbed by my appearance, tossed their graceful heads, and snuffing the air, bounded off with the fleetness of the wind, from what they no doubt considered a dangerous proximity.

In my ramble I discovered a camp among the sand-hills, where a low rack had been built, on which was laid a large quantity of venison cut in long strips, ribs, etc. A smouldering fire of old stumps still sent forth its smoke upon the meat above it; and, now convinced that the owner of the place we had so unceremoniously taken possession of could not be far off, I returned to the hut, where I found my *compagnons de voyage* busily engaged in preparing breakfast. I communicated to them the discovery I had made, and all agreed that we had better put out immediately. Our breakfast was dispatched as speedily as possible, and once more we took up our line of march on the beach, carrying with us the remains of our late meal.

The weather was beautiful, and it was long past noon ere we halted to refresh ourselves, which we did on the bank of a small bayou that empties into the gulf, about midway of the island. Here, among other things, the men produced a small calabash of whisky which had escaped my search, and with many sly winks and jokes it was passed around, Jim O'Connor pronouncing it the only indestructible thing he ever fell in with since he joined the service.

One of the men, in rambling up the bank of the little stream, discovered some fine oysters, and on further search finding them in abundance, we kindled a fire of drift-wood by

means of a small pistol, which we found in the hut, together with a small quantity of powder, and made quite a feast. While engaged in this occupation, we were surprised by a couple of hunters from the east end of the island. They informed us that we had some fifteen miles farther to travel before reaching the place of our destination, where the Liberty had already arrived. According to their account, a large number of the settlers had fled to the eastern end of the island for the protection of the vessels of war, and were then encamped there.

After giving us all the information they could, we parted company and proceeded on our journey. About ten P. M. we reached the encampment. I had forgotten to mention that when we entered Matagorda Bay we found a number of women and children, the families of men absent with the army, who had been sent on board of the brig Durango for safety. Among these was the wife of a sergeant of the name of White, with whom I had become partially acquainted. Entering one of the tents, I found this lady, who invited me to make myself at home; and as it was not the time for ceremony, I directed the men to shift for themselves the best way they could, and turned into my new quarters, where for the first time in a week I succeeded in getting a night's rest.

The next day I rejoined the Liberty with my companions, where we had been given up for lost. After hearing my report, Capt. Brown commended the course I had taken in beaching the boat, which was undoubtedly the means of saving our lives. My boat duty at once recommenced, and I was kept continually going on some errand or other. Miss C—— had been removed to the Durango, there being superior accommodations for her on board of that vessel. Here she was alternately visited by the doctor and purser, much to her annoyance. Dr. Kemp, of the Liberty, was a dapper little fellow of about five feet, including his boots. Where he got his title, was a subject as problematical as his knowledge of the profession. It was doubtful whether he ever pretended to

either before he entered the service of the Texan government in that capacity. However, as he never ventured beyond a dose of salts, which he held to be a sort of universal panacea, in the case of our own men; and lint and hog's lard in that of the wounded prisoners, whose sufferings were brought to a speedy termination, being pronounced incurable from the first by our worthy esculapian; he was regarded as a remarkable specimen of the faculty by the crew; although, forgetting the deference and respect due to an occupant of the quarter-deck, they did not fail to make him the subject of many practical jokes, which, owing to the total absence of all discipline on board, were sure to go unpunished. This individual was more commonly called among the crew "*Multum in Parvo*," the term by which he usually described the qualities of his favorite specific.

Unfortunately for the doctor's peace, he had fallen desperately in love with our fair passenger, whose smiles filled him with extasies, but whose frowns were—something else. Mr. Fischer, the purser, was the very antipodes of the fabricator of boluses—tall, lank, and cadaverous, with long soap-locks hanging over his cheeks of a nut-brown hue, fine blue eyes, and teeth which rivaled the snow in their whiteness; and being of a generous nature, and the very essence of good humor, he was a favorite with all hands. This person was the rival, the hated rival of the former individual in the good graces of the fair lady; but although by far the most companionable of the two, he found less favor in his suit than the other. Whether she was fearful that he might make an impression or not, I could not find out. At all events, the lady treated him with incivility almost, as he expressed it, amounting to rudeness. The rebuffs which the purser met with did not mollify the wrath of the gallant doctor in the least, who had already threatened the execution of speedy vengeance upon his rival in case his visits were not discontinued.

Thus far matters had progressed when I rejoined the vessel,

the lady having removed to the brig the day before, an injunction being laid upon the belligerents, forbidding either to follow her. Each reproached the other as the cause of their common misfortune; and upon my reappearance, knowing that my duty would often carry me on board of the brig, my favor was courted by both parties, with the object of making me the bearer of their *billets doux*. The doctor took the precaution to sound me as to my own feelings towards his lady-love; and finding everything right, as he supposed, he made me his confidant, assuring me he was already an accepted lover. This was news to Walker and myself. By the way, the first lieutenant had seen fun ahead, and had directed me to report to him in all things pertaining to the matter.

During the day I visited the brig some half-dozen times, in the course of which I was the bearer of four notes of the tenderest description. I informed Miss C—— of what was going on, and received permission to make whatever disposition I pleased of the missives. After she had read them, I immediately transferred them to W——, who in his turn imparted their contents to all the other officers, with the exception of the two heroes of the sport. The next day my agency was demanded to deliver a couple of notes. Of course I complied, and they followed the course of the others.

In the latter part of the forenoon the doctor went on shore to visit some sick person. As he stepped from the boat I took him by the button. "Do you know what's going on to-night, doctor?" He answered in the negative, requesting me to enlighten him. "Fischer is going to serenade Miss C—— from the brig's boat astern, by the captain's permission," replied I. "The devil! that wont do." "But that's not the best of the joke." "How so?" "The lady will not be on board." The idea of this joke almost threw him into hysterics of laughter, and he ran off upon his m ssion in high glee.

I returned on board to dinner, during which occurred the following brief conversation between Walker and the purser:

"Fischer, you are pretty good upon the flute?" "Tolerable, but a little out of practice," replied F—— modestly. "Pshaw, man," continued W——, "you are a perfect Orpheus: you fairly make the instrument speak, if I am any judge of music. I wonder neither you or the doctor have never thought of serenading Miss C——. Why don't you get up something of that kind?" "Capital idea! excellent!" said F——, rubbing his hands and skipping about; "I can sit in the boat under the cabin windows—there's no order against that, is there?" "None at all," replied W——, winking at the rest of us. It was arranged that Mr. F—— should be put into the boat at eight in the evening, and that the doctor should not be let into the secret. F—— went below, and practiced upon his flute all the afternoon. Such strains of "Wake dearest, wake," as were wafted up from the cabin, would have moved the bowels of compassion in a satyr.

Just after dark, Miss C——, without any knowledge of what was going on, entered the boat which I had been sent with to convey her on shore. Upon landing, the commander took charge of her, and in a whisper, ordered me to take the doctor on board of the brig and leave him there. This was a new feature of the joke, which had not been in Walker's programme. The doctor had been drawing a bill upon the captain, so having put him on board I returned to the Liberty, where this new move was received with the importance due to it. While the purser was a skillful player upon the flute, his rival was no less excellent in singing. Possessing a fine voice and a nice ear for music, he had often, in company with Fischer, treated us to an entertainment of high order. Possessed of this knowledge, we hoped to have a joke upon each, which should break up the folly of both the swains.

Precisely at eight o'clock I conveyed Fischer to the boat of the brig, and left him, wishing him a happy time of it. The brig was anchored but a short distance ahead of the Liberty, so that every movement of the parties could easily be conjec-

tured by those in the secret. The night was chilly, but the strains of the flute sounded magnificently upon the still air, and I felt already half sorry for poor F——, whose fingers must have suffered some. After playing some half-dozen tunes, we noticed the appearance of a light at the stern windows of the Durango. Again the flute sent forth its melodious strains, which, had the young lady been on board, would have moved her to pity the poor fellow, who was punishing himself so much for her sake.

After an hour and a half's siege, some person from the taffrail of the vessel invited the minstrel to come on board, an invitation which it appeared needed no repetition. Fischer was introduced to the cabin of the Durango, where he found, instead of his fair flame, his hated rival and the mate of the brig, indulging in a glass of hot stingo over a game of all-fours. Although bursting with rage, concluding that the lady was a party to the whole affair, a belief in which he was confirmed by the doctor, he agreed to give up the chase; upon which terms they shook hands for the present, and resumed their old friendly habits of intercourse, much to the satisfaction of the doctor, who little knew that there was a rod in pickle for him. All farther proceedings might, however, have been stopped, had it not been for the continued unmerciful quizzing of that personage, whose tongue never failed to commence wagging the moment an opportunity occurred. This annoyance towards his chopfallen rival finally determined Walker to carry out the plan originally concerted for the benefit of the now triumphant disciple of Galen. The parties exhibited a tall specimen of polite good nature, when I re-conveyed them on board of the Liberty towards midnight, which continued upon the doctor's part just as long as the time occupied in transferring him from one vessel to the other.

The next day the subject of retaliation was broached by Walker to the purser, who being necessary to the furtherance of the scheme, entered into the affair with a becoming spirit.

The order forbidding the doctor to visit Miss C—— was rescinded, and he was permitted to go on board—the sanction of Mr. C—— having been obtained to the part assigned to his daughter in the farce. The young lady had already been reinstated in her old quarters, where I had given her an account of what had been going on, dwelling considerably upon the chilly situation of poor Fisher on the previous night, which, instead of amusing, appeared to distress her much; but when I told her of the doctor's exultation, and of his annoyance to the purser, and made her acquainted with our plan to turn the tables upon him, she readily consented to become a party to the joke.

The doctor had obtained permission to give a serenade in earnest, and as the accompaniment of some musical instrument was indispensable, we all united with him in his request to Fischer to lend his assistance with his flute. For effect's sake, he at first demurred, but at length suffered his objections to be overruled, and consented to play second-fiddle to the enterprise. The affair was to come off that night, and everything was immediately prepared for the occasion. F—— gloried in the possession of a pair of immense boots, such as are commonly worn by fishermen while pursuing their occupations. These reached to his hips, in which position the tops were held by small straps, depending from a belt around his waist. These he invariably kept so well sheathed with a preparation of beeswax, tallow, and rosin, that, except when exposed to the hot sun, they would stand alone. The idea of water penetrating through them was preposterous. The possession and use of these appurtenances to the outer man earned for their proprietor the soubriquet of "Boots," which was, however, on account of the general esteem in which he was held, seldom applied.

The time had arrived, and the parties were assembled in the gangway of the Liberty, while the boat's crew were hauling the boat alongside to convey them to their destination. "What the deuce have you got those boots on for?" inquired the doctor,

staring at F——, and bursting into a loud laugh. "Chilly work, this serenading till ten or eleven o'clock," replied he, "and then the termination," he continued in a voice which convulsed with laughter all within hearing: "O hang it, though, I'm no man to bear a grudge; here's my hand upon that." The doctor accepted the proffered grip, and we all descended into the boat; and in a few moments I saw them safely floating astern of the Durango, which had been stripped of oars, sails, and everything else moveable.

The night was cloudy and dark, but very still, so that we could hear plainly, but not see, what was going on. In the course of an hour, during which time floods of music seemed to pour over the waters of the bay, the tide turned, which brought our vessel ahead of the brig. Within half an hour after this occurrence, we all dropped silently under her bow, and gained the deck just as the fun commenced. The cabin windows, darkened, were open, the boat some forty feet astern. Suddenly the music stopped in the middle of a strain of the Scotch air, "My love is like the red, red rose," and the alarmed voice of the little doctor was heard: "Where the devil is all this water coming from, Fischer?" "From the bay, most probably," replied F——, coolly. "This is some of your work, blast you!" muttered the doctor; "you've pulled the plug out." "That's a mistake of yours, my friend," returned F——; "however, pull up and we will go aboard: if we stay here we shall surely get a ducking." Seizing the boat's painter, which, by the way, was carefully made fast on board of the vessel, the principal of the serenaders essayed to haul her under the stern of the brig; but to his consternation, the rope yielded, and the boat commenced drifting away towards the head of the bay. "What shall we do? Can't you find the plug, Fischer? Brig, ahoy!" yelled the doctor in one breath. "My God! I can't swim—I shall be drowned! Blast the girl, and myself too, for making such an ass of myself!"

With such ejaculations falling from his lips, he beheld with dismay the rise of the water in the boat; taking,no notice of Fischer, who pretended all the time to be searching for the hole which let the water into the boat, the plug of which lay at the bottom of his coat-pocket. Occasionally he would raise himself and join the doctor in hailing the vessel, from which they were now distant the length of two lead-lines of one hundred fathoms each, which were fastened to the stem of the boat beneath the water-line.

The water being now up to the seats, and still rising, rendered the doctor nearly frantic with fear and rage; for the coolness with which Fischer took matters, convinced him that he was the victim of a conspiracy to which F—— was a party. The doctor had taken possession of the middle seat of the boat, consequently the lowest, and the water was washing over it. He ventured to spring to the forward one, which, owing to the shortness of his legs and the sudden motion of the boat, (the result of a manœuvre of F——'s, who watched him,) caused him to miss his object, and soused him back into the water, with which the boat was now as full as F—— thought consistent with safety. Quickly inserting the plug in the hole in the stern, which had been bored for the purpose, he managed to seize his now vanquished enemy, who having lost all presence of mind, was in imminent danger of drowning. He raised him up in the boat, where the water reached above his waist, and he stood shivering with cold, and sick from the effects of the salt-water which he had swallowed.

Considering the game nearly played out, Walker now sent me to their assistance with the boat. Just as we started, I observed another boat pulling toward them, which being nearer, reached the object of my destination first, and by the time we arrived had taken the doctor on board (Mr. Fischer declining their assistance) and pushed off. This boat was from the Commodore's vessel, on board of which the shouts of the doctor had been heard. We conveyed Fischer, now perfectly

elated, on board of the Durango, where he received the congratulations of all hands. The commander-in-chief of the navy took the doctor under his protection, and he did not condescend to honor us with any further notice. Through his means the whole story reached the ears of the Commodore, who was shocked at such scandalous proceedings on board of a national vessel; and entertaining no good will towards our refractory commander, he now set himself to work in earnest to rid the service of an officer who openly set his authority at defiance.

The time for which we had entered the service having long since expired, many of the men had demanded their discharge, which not being granted, the little authority of the officers over the men had grown less and less. In addition to this, the crew indulged in a continual course of wrangling and fighting among themselves. About this time, the ship's cook, for some dereliction of duty, fell under their displeasure, and taking the law into their own hands, they proceeded to inflict summary chastisement upon the delinquent, notwithstanding the presence of the commander, who was on board. The uproar attendant upon this demonstration brought him upon deck, when, after inquiring into the matter, and finding the men could not be appeased, he ordered the cook to be seized up to the rigging in true man-of-war style, and commissioned the boatswain, a burly old salt by the name of Baker, to give the culprit an earnest of the good wishes of the crew in the shape of two dozen lashes with a rope's end about half an inch in diameter.

But now came the most difficult part of the business. Neither warrant-officers nor men were willing to see flogging introduced on board our vessel at this late hour. The yells of the poor fellows undergoing the punishment of the cat-o'-nine-tails on board of the Independence and Brutus, which were heard daily, came fresh to the recollection of the ship's company, and determined them to stand out against any innovation upon their already established rights. Therefore, while

the seizing of the culprit was in progress, a few words sufficed to determine them that if there was any flogging to be done under the auspices of Capt. Brown, he must do it himself. According, when the boatswain was called upon to perform the duty which is assigned to him in such cases on board of armed vessels, that functionary stepped forward, and disengaging the silk cord by which the badge of office was suspended from his neck, and laying it upon the breech of a gun, peremptorily refused to acknowledge the right of the commander to exact the performance of any such duty from him, alleging that he had accepted his office with the express understanding that there was to be no flogging on board of the vessel. The boatswain was a favorite with the commander, and as the latter apparently had a presentiment of the approaching termination of his naval career, he seemed to be disinclined to insist upon obedience; so directing Baker to resume his badge, he selected one of the crew, an old man-of-war's man, to perform the unpleasant duty. This man refused, on the ground that it was no part of his duty, in the first place; and in the second place, that his time having expired, he was detained on board against his will, which example was followed by all the others.

The commander was by this time in a fury, and swearing that the man should be flogged, he called me, as a last resource. Whether or not the men were fearful I would obey the order, there was no mistaking the threatening looks they bestowed on me, or their exultation at my following their example, which capped the climax of the captain's fury. I was the only one who had to suffer for the disobedience of the whole crew. The gunner was ordered to bring a pair of handcuffs, which being done, he again repeated his order to me. I refused, and the next moment I was ironed and transferred to the sail-room in the forecastle; while the commander proceeded to the undignified execution of his own order, by bestowing two dozen upon the offending cook. Shortly after, I received a call from the captain, who, seeing me comfortably situated, informed me

he would keep me there a week, and then left me to my own reflections.

Contrary to my expectations, I was released early in the afternoon, and ordered to proceed to Point Bolivar with a boat, and procure wood for the vessel. I determined to return no more on board, and accordingly made arrangements for a cruise on shore, which being accomplished without exciting suspicion, I bid good-bye to the Liberty for the last time.

When I returned to Galveston she had been discharged from the service, and her commander was no longer recognized as an officer of the navy. There were many charges preferred against Capt. Brown, the most prominent of which (I know not with how much truth) was, that we had sailed upon our previous cruise on the Mexican coast without orders, or even a commission—certainly a very grave offense; which, taken in connection with our proceedings at Sisal in regard to the schooner Sabine, rendered the character of our vessel equivocal, to say the least; and had we been captured by the American ships of war, our situation would have been anything but pleasant.

An hour's pull against the strong tide setting into the bay landed us at the point, where I at once made known my determination to the boat's crew, and left it to their own choice whether they would follow me, or pursue the errand on which they had come and return to the schooner. Only one joined me, and bidding the rest good-bye, my companion and I took up our line of march along the beach, without much caring which way we wended our steps.

CHAPTER XX.

Parr's ranch—The rheumatic sailor—Set out for the Fire Islands—Texan prairies and islands of timber—Arrive at the ranch—Ready for a start—Offer to accompany the proprietor—Offer accepted—Part company with my companion—A midnight expedition—Prairie wolves—The camp on the beach—Embarked—Dr. Richardson's—A Texan planter's breakfast—New-Washington—Lynchburg—Harrisburg—Batterson's—Arrive in camp—General Houston—The army—Rusk—Lamar—The Napoleon of the South—Destitution of the troops—Burning of Harrisburg—The march to San Jacinto.

Pushing along in high spirits until the sun began to get well down in the west, we mounted the sand-hills, and found ourselves opposite a ranch which stood about half a mile from the beach upon the prairie, towards which we shifted our course. On reaching it, we found its only tenant to be a rheumatic old sailor, a pensioner on the bounty of its former inhabitants, who had volunteered to remain in charge of the property while the proprietor sought safety during the troubled state of the country beyond the Sabine river—the line which separates Texas from the United States. This proprietor was no other than the Mr. Parr I have before noticed, who, immediately upon being released from his imprisonment on board of our vessel, had moved out of the reach of either friend or foe, leaving our new entertainer in charge.

The house was merely a shanty upon a large scale, built of rough boards, though the frame had evidently been got out by some one skilled in carpentry; and appeared dingy enough upon reaching it, though at a distance it had presented quite a respectable appearance. The interior of the house was in strict accordance with its exterior; and the posts, studding, and rafters, blackened by smoke, were exposed to view. A bedstead formed of posts set in the earthen floor, upon which were fastened poles parallel to each other, across which were slats covered with a quantity of dry corn-husks, spread with a large

dry hide and a couple of warm blankets, presented a bed which was not to be despised by a tired man.

Our host, who welcomed us heartily and offered us the best accommodations in his power, was at this time suffering acutely from his malady, and we were therefore obliged to commence the duties of housekeeping on our own account. Therefore, while my companion prepared to display his skill in converting sundry ears of flint corn into a loaf of bread, I selected a musket from a number which stood in one corner of the house; and being furnished with the necessary ammunition by our host, I bent my steps toward a small herd of cattle which were grazing at no great distance from the house. To get within gun-shot of these animals I was obliged to exercise all my ingenuity, on account of their extreme wildness; but at length succeeding, I had the good fortune to bring down a fine fat yearling heifer, from which I loaded myself with as much meat as would answer our present purposes, and returned to the house without troubling myself about the remainder, which served to regale a herd of wolves, who made the night hideous with their yelping and barking.

In the morning we bid farewell to our kind entertainer, and started for the Fire Islands, some twelve miles distant, where we were told there was another ranch. As Jack Scott, our late worthy entertainer, had informed us that the muskets before-mentioned were government property, we improved the opportunity by selecting each a musket and bayonet for our defense, in case we were obliged to camp out at night. Having taken care to provide some refreshments for our journey, we did not over-exert ourselves in walking, consequently it was long after park before we reached the place of our destination. The Fire Islands, so called, we found were a couple of spots in the surrounding prairie elevated some forty or fifty feet above the level of the plain, heavily wooded, and at a distance bearing a close resemblance to green islands in a lake. The most of the beautiful prairies of Texas are dotted with similar lovely

spots, serving to make the landscapes agreeable, that would otherwise be monotonous in the extreme.

On reaching the ranch we were received by the proprietor in the most friendly manner, who proffered the hospitalities of his home during such time as we wished to remain; adding that we would be obliged to depend upon his family for our entertainment, as he was about starting for Lynchburg, at the mouth of Buffalo bayou. The goods and chattels of his household were for the most part packed up, to be transferred to a number of wagons which were kept in readiness for use at a moment's warning. The removal of these, together with his family, consisting of two women and four or five little ones, he had confided to a couple of trusty slaves, themselves the fathers of a small host of woolly-heads, who were peeping from every corner to see the new comers. Finding the settler's destination was the army, I proposed to accompany him, which he at once agreed to, offering to provide me with a horse, etc. I now endeavored to get my companion Williams to join us, but to no purpose; he was determined to go nowhere but to the United States. There was now nothing farther to do but to provide some refreshments before starting on our journey; which having done, we took leave of the family, and mounting our horses, my new acquaintance taking the lead, we galloped off, taking a south-west direction, so as to strike the part of Galveston Bay at its intersection by Red-fish bar, some eighteen or twenty miles from the island of Galveston.

Nothing disturbed our midnight march save the howling of the wolves, who, startled from their propriety, made the welkin ring as they hurried away at our approach. These animals are small, not exceeding a large dog in size, though somewhat longer in the body, and are of a dirty brownish color. In all cases where I encountered them, they proved themselves cowardly; but my conductor told me that when hungry they were formidable antagonists. At the time of which I write they roamed the prairies in herds of thousands, judging

from the uproar they made. They are very troublesome to the settlements, especially in winter, when they steal whatever is within their reach in the shape of provisions.

About three o'clock in the morning we reached the shore of the bay, where we found a large camp-fire brightly burning on the sand, by the side of which were stretched the forms of three men, two of them negroes, and all buried in profound slumber. Floating on the water at a short distance was a fine large whale-boat, with its masts and sails disposed for instant use. As we approached, the voice of my companion aroused them from their sleep. "Hallo, Sykes! Hallo, boys! come, rouse up, rouse up: it's time to be off—we've no time to lose." The darkies, springing to their feet, soon stripped our horses of their furniture, which, after being hobbled, were suffered to run at large.

We were soon under sail for the head of the bay, where we landed at the plantation of a Dr. Richardson, where we breakfasted. We were received with the uniform kindness and hospitality which generally prevailed among the settlers, and in a short time a bountiful supply of edibles smoked upon the board, of which we were invited to partake. To me this meal was a curiosity, in which light it certainly would be regarded by northerners. Of meats there were at least a dozen dishes, including bear's-meat and venison, besides chicken, turkies, and ducks, with cat-fish from the river, and red-fish from the bay, and sundry dishes of hominy and rice, flanked by immense piles of corn-cakes and wheaten biscuits, honey, etc. The only thing I missed from the table was butter, the want of which was not felt in the present instance. Of drinks there was coffee and tea. Liquors were not produced at the table, but we had all indulged in a "smile" before being introduced to the breakfast-room. The house, which was one story, was surrounded by a verandah, the front commanding a splendid view of the bay for twenty or thirty miles. Surrounding the house was a noble orchard of peach and fig trees, the

staple fruits of the country. Judging from appearances, the doctor was possessed of a numerous force of field-hands, some new sable-visaged personage continually passing in review before us.

About nine o'clock, bidding farewell to our hospitable entertainer, we once more started on our journey, or rather voyage, and with a fair wind we made rapid progress toward the mouth of San Jacinto river, whose strong current we soon found ourselves breasting. The boatman Sykes pointed out to me New-Washington, the settlement of Col. Morgan, which, as far as I could see, comprised the house of that personage. About noon we came in sight of Lynchburg, of which place, from its frequent mention, I had formed a high opinion. In this I was greatly disappointed, finding nothing but one house and a saw-mill on the eastern side, and the wrecks of one or two old steamboats on the other. At this place we landed, and the boat left us.

We now shouldered our horse-furniture, and striking what my companion called a bee-line, we arrived at a farm-house on the left bank of Buffalo bayou, about five in the afternoon. Here we found no one to receive us, the proprietor and his family having taken the "Sabine shoot," as the running away of the settlers was facetiously called. There remained enough in the house, however, to enable us to make ourselves comfortable, so we concluded to remain for the night. In the meantime my companion advised that we should provide something for our march the next day, which we did by filling a small bag with jerked beef, after roasting it.

The morning found us early on our way, and we reached the town of Harrisburg about eleven A. M. This, the most populous place I had seen the country, was almost deserted, a few persons still remaining at the house of a Mrs. Harris, where we were hospitably received. Everything foretold that the enemy were at no great distance; and as the few people remaining in the place were about to leave, we took possession

of an old pirogue, and continued on toward the place where we were directed to look for the army. We made good headway in this sort of navigation, and toward the middle of the afternoon reached a clearing made by a Mr. Batterson. Here we remained for the night, camping in the woods as a measure of precaution.

Before quitting this place the next day, we hauled the pirogue into the bush, where she was hidden from any observation, and continued our quest on foot. Keeping along the edge of the timber, we reached the camp of Gen. Houston about twelve o'clock, where we were warmly welcomed by all with whom we came in contact. My companion, who was very well acquainted with the General, gave me an introduction, and I had the honor of shaking hands with that illustrious personage, who requested us to attach ourselves to some corps, so as to enable him to know where we were. My fellow-traveler joined Capt. Graham's company for the time, and my inclination leading that way, I attached myself to the artillery as a volunteer. This part of the army was composed, including details from other companies, of about sixty men. These had under their charge two light iron field-pieces, (four-pounders,) the gift, it was said, of the citizens of Cincinnati. Judging from the nature of the shot,—old scrap-iron, pieces of spikes, with a large admixture of musket and rifle balls, etc.,—they were calculated at a short range to do great execution. This part of the force was under the command of Colonels Neal and Hockley. The riflemen, judging from their appearance, were men who could perform against any enemy to the satisfaction of all parties interested. Their arms, among which might be found every variety of that deadly weapon, were in perfect order. They numbered near two hundred. The cavalry were very limited in number—some sixty-five or seventy rough-looking fellows, who sat their horses with a sort of jaunty nonchalance which defied all discipline. The infantry were a heterogenous mass of all nations upon earth, and I had

almost said of all colors. Among them was a company of about thirty Mexicans. At the head of this part of the army, the skeleton of a regiment called the First Regulars, under Col. Burleson, presented a very soldier-like appearance; and the whole, although their equipments looked rather musty, and their clothing worse, bore the aspect of a body of men whose introduction to any field of combat would frighten, even if they could not whip, an equal number of any troops in the world.

But few of the members of the Provisional Government honored the army with their presence. Of these, however, the countenance and activity of the Secretary of War (Rusk) and the dashing Lamar, who assumed the command of the cavalry corps, served to reassure the men, whose hopes of success were almost annihilated. All who were there had determined, like desperate gamblers, upon staking their last and all upon a single cast of the die, for the recovery of their waning honors.

This was the darkest hour Texas ever saw. Her army of twelve hundred men upon the Colorado had been forced to fall back, first to the Brazos, and thence to the Buffalo bayou, before the approach of upward of seven thousand men, who were advancing from three different points; and now the narrow strip between the latter stream and the Sabine was all that remained for the victorious Mexicans to wrest from the northern barbarians, when the republic of Texas would be at an end, and the Napoleon of the south could pursue his boasted intention of planting the Mexican eagle upon the American capitol. Anxious to secure to himself the honor of quashing the revolution, the arrogant Mexican pressed forward to the fatal field of San Jacinto, surrounded by his choicest battalions, and scouting all idea of danger—the day being already appointed when he should receive the congratulations of his sycophants at the capital.

But I will not anticipate. It was lucky for us that we had provided for our present sustenance, as we found the army

totally destitute of the means of subsistence. My late traveling companion divided our stock of jerked meat with me when we separated, and by his advice I husbanded it with great care. We were encamped on one of the forks of the bayou; and the weather being damp and foggy, we were in a very wet and uncomfortable condition, especially during the morning. At night the want of blankets made my situation very disagreeable. But I was not alone: the shelter of each tree had its tenants, upon whose heads every sough of the wind would deluge us with a shower of water from the canopy above, where it had gathered from the heavy fogs.

The notice of the approach of the Mexicans was received on the 18th, and every preparation was made to give him a suitable reception in case he should attempt to cross the stream. Presently, however, the information was given that they had altered their course down the bayou. As soon as this was ascertained, the order was given to fall in, and in a short time the whole force was in motion toward Lynchburg. In this march we experienced much difficulty in getting along with our artillery and baggage, on account of the softness of the soil, which was saturated with the spring rains. At those times when the wheels of the wagons mired, which they did continually, none were more willing to clap their shoulders to the spokes than old Sam himself; and his, "Come, boys, let's help the poor creatures," passed into a by-word among the men.

With such marching it may readily be supposed that our progress was slow; but such was not the case: no farther delay was permitted than would suffice to extricate the vehicles. Towards noon we encountered the smoke occasioned by the burning of the town of Harrisburg, fired by order of Santa Anna, and continued our march some fourteen or fifteen miles below, where we crossed the bayou by means of a large flat, and found ourselves upon the same side with the enemy. Our course was now through the edge of the timber; and after

struggling on a short distance farther, we encamped. The next day we moved to the point formed by a small bayou which debouches into the mouth of Buffalo bayou, called, I think, Simm's bayou. This stream was bridged about a mile and a half from the post we now occupied. Moving to the front of the timber, we encamped within plain sight of the Mexican camp on one side, and the Lynchburg ferry and ship-yard on the other.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Mexicans wake up—The skirmish—Col. Sherman—Col. Neal—Forming the line of battle—Sensations—Our artillery—Its effect—The battle-cry—The slaughter and victory—A dilemma—A gymnastic feat—I'm laid out—The marquee—Sykes, the boatman—Return to Galveston—The Liberty—Volunteers—The duel—Death of Stanley—The cemetery—The fugitives return to their homes—Interview with Com. Hawkins—Adjutant Hunter—Diversions—Narrow escape from a disagreeable cruise—Materials for a larder.

Simm's creek, or bayou, was one of those gullies formed by the drainage of the land, and at the time of the spring rains it is deep and rapid. The water in it was at this time quite high. By the road through the edge of the prairie, and the bridge across the bayou, the Mexicans had gained their present position. Our camp faced obliquely that of the enemy, who as yet had no idea of our presence. This day we had been without any provisions; but after having got quietly settled in our camp, the sight of a number of beeves grazing at a short distance was too strong a temptation for our men to resist. Application was made by the men, and permission given by Gen. Houston, to endeavor to make rations of the animals, and in a short time the prairie was dotted with the

exciting chase, and the sharp ring of the muskets was heard in every direction, added to which, was the firing in the camp. Our march the two previous days had been wet and uncomfortable, and the charges in the muskets of the men were wet and useless. To remedy this, orders were issued to discharge their firearms, and clean them previous to reloading. In obedience to these orders the muskets were discharged; but for the gratification of some whim, many of the men loaded and fired their pieces a half dozen times, and the din of small arms was kept up for half an hour, and probably led the Mexicans to come much nearer the truth as to how many men there were in our camp than they would have done, and thereby prevented an earlier attack with the force he had with him before Cos joined.

This was the first intimation the enemy had of our proximity; and supposing, as it appeared, that we were some party of Texan militia, Santa Anna ordered his cavalry to charge the wood and drive us from our hiding-place, at the same time opening a furious cannonade upon that part of the prairie where our men were engaged in pursuit of the beeves. The Mexican cavalry were handsomely met and driven back by our horsemen, under Col. M. B. Lamar, who hurried them up until they took refuge in the rear of a body of infantry, which had advanced to cover their retreat. These, on the appearance of a part of our infantry force, withdrew within their lines, and the Mexican General contented himself with keeping up a continual cannonade upon the woods in which we were encamped, which resulted in nothing more serious than the infliction of a terrible scourging upon the trees under which we safely reposed. In this situation all were kept in constant readiness to repel any attack which might be made, but the night passed without any farther alarm.

The 20th was a day of expectation, without any important results. A movement made by Col. Sherman, evidently to precipitate a battle, was defeated by the commander-in-chief.

Col. Neal was wounded by a grape-shot. Had we attacked the enemy during the forenoon of this day, we should have gained an easy victory, as the enemy's infantry had taken their arms to pieces for the purpose of cleaning them. The enemy kept up his cannonade at intervals during the day, and every preparation was made to guard against surprise during the ensuing night, the whole force reposing on their arms.

Everything remained quiet during the night, and the morning of the 21st dawned upon us—the day that was to consummate the independence of Texas. During the night the bridge across the bayou had been cut away by a few of the scouts belonging to the army, by order of Gen. Houston. Not, however, until Santa Anna had received a reinforcement which increased his force to almost thrice our number; and thus matters remained until between three and four o'clock, when the order was given to parade without delay. In a moment every man was in motion. The various companies fell into line, and presently, emerging from the wood, directed our march to the camp of the enemy, from whom we were partially concealed by an intervening grove of timber. Making our way through the woods, our column deployed in line of battle in front of the hostile camp. The enemy, who seemed to have been lulled to security by our previous inaction, now appeared as if determined to make up for their apathy. Upon the instant of our advance the clang of their trumpets and rattling of their drums fell with startling effect on my ears; for this being my first battle-field, I am free to confess I did not display the coolness of a veteran. I experienced a depression of spirits, almost amounting to dread, from which I did not recover until the first discharge of our pieces restored me to a sense of the duty I was called upon to perform. This excitement soon left me, and I saw the line was complete, and the next instant the order was given for the whole to advance.

The details of this battle have become matter of history, and therefore I shall confine myself to what fell under my own

observation. Our artillery occupied a a gentle rise of ground, which enabled us to pour a murderous fire upon the enemy, who had already opened on us with both their artillery and musketry. Our line, however, continued to advance without firing a musket. It was almost wonderful to see the admirable precision with which the ragamuffins maintained their ranks during their advance upon the enemy. Old Sam had declared that he could never get his men into a straight line, before he formed them that afternoon. Meanwhile, our little four-pounders vomited forth showers of destructive missiles, carrying havoc and death through the ranks of the enemy. Previous to leaving our encampment, at the end of a short address in which General Houston declared his intention of fighting the enemy, the battle-cry of "Remember the Alamo!" had been given to the troops. But to return. When within seventy yards of the enemy the line was ordered to halt and fire, and immediately after, to fire at discretion. The effect of this fusilade was terrible. The Mexicans fell like grass before the scythe of the mower, while their answering fire was comparatively harmless, their balls whistling over our heads in showers.

While this fusilade was in progress, our guns were brought into line, and the infantry with leveled bayonets rushed forward upon the enemy. The charge resembled the onset of a host of demons, rather than that of men. They precipitated themselves upon the appalled Mexicans with yells and shouts, like so many tigers, and above all might be heard the hoarse battle-cries, "Remember the Alamo! Labadie! Goliad! Crocket! Travis! Fannin!" while in many cases the Indian war-whoop was attempted with brilliant success. Before this unearthly uproar, the panic-stricken Mexicans melted away like icicles in a hot sun. The flank of the Mexican line broke and fled at the commencement of the charge, while their centre made a brief stand, their position being supported in the centre by a small breastwork formed of bags of sand. Behind this was

planted their artillery, a fine brass nine-pounder, which, at the instant of its capture, was loaded to the muzzle, and was by our men turned upon the Guerreras, who still made a show of resistance.

This decided the day in our favor. The enemy were now scattered and flying in every direction. But still the work of retribution went on, and amid the groans of the wounded and dying, which were enough to appal the stoutest heart; the fierce battle-cry still rang forth, and the unerring rifle and bayonet continued to swell the number of the slain. Every effort was made by Houston to stay the horrid work, but in vain; until the men, satiated with carnage, and meeting no farther resistance, ceased the work of death and returned to their ranks. The whole affair had been brief, occupying but half an hour; but in this short space of time nearly seven hundred of the enemy bit the dust, and a larger number of prisoners, with their whole camp baggage, and military chest containing a large amount of money, fell into our possession.

Armed with my old musket and bayonet, and acting as one of the covering party to the artillery, I had fired seven rounds from my musket and had driven home the eighth charge, when I found, to my great perplexity, that I could not withdraw the ramrod from the barrel of the piece. I essayed a score of times to extricate it, but in vain; and bringing my firelock to the shoulder, I moved on with the others, and got along very well, considering the circumstances, until the enemy's line was broken, an event which was quickly followed by the greater part of our own in pursuit. I started with the rest, and so closely did we hurry them along, that a party of about a dozen of the enemy, despairing of escape, turned upon us, and bringing their bayonets to the charge, advanced a couple of paces; but their courage again forsook them, and as we were about to slacken our pace to fire, they, with three exceptions, threw down their arms and fled. The three still continuing to advance, those of my companions whose guns

were loaded raised their pieces to their shoulders. Without thinking of my unlucky ramrod, I did the same and fired. I did not stop to witness the effect of my discharge. It was enough for me that I saw my trusty old musket describing through the air the course of a shell just projected from a mortar, while I indulged in an involuntary exhibition of ground and lofty tumbling, ending with a descent in the midst of a heap of dead Mexicans.

Being rather more frightened than hurt, I once more got upon my feet; and finding that the extent of my wounds was merely a lame shoulder, I determined to make a demonstration upon the enemy's camp. A large marquee close by me appeared to invite my attention, and upon entering it, the first object that met my gaze was an officer in the uniform of a colonel, stretched upon an iron camp bedstead. He was dead, but not yet cold. The appearance of things gave evidence that he had anticipated a more pleasant occupation than he had met with. It was apparent that the Mexicans when attacked were just preparing their evening meals, the tables for supper being left ready spread for the accommodation of the victors. Considering myself an irregular, and wounded at that, I did not take the trouble to return to camp until nightfall, by which time the prisoners were all gathered in, a portion of whom had to be driven from the grass by setting it on fire.

I had now no farther wish to remain with the army, and anxiously awaited some means of leaving the camp. I had armed myself from the spoils of the enemy, and therefore did not return to the quarters of the artillery, but bunked in with a number of Turner's infantry. The day after the battle I lay quiet in my new quarters, and my shoulder being very lame and much inflamed, I bathed it frequently with cold water. On the morning of the 23d, taking a stroll to the old steamboat-yard opposite Lynchburg, I encountered the boatman Sykes. This was the very thing I wished, and I bargained with him to be taken to Galveston, for which place we started

that night. We went a considerable distance out of our way, for the purpose of landing a man and two women at Anahuac, at the mouth of the Trinity, which, together with light winds, prevented our getting to Galveston until the morning of the 26th. The steamboat Yellowstone, with a portion of the Mexican prisoners, together with Capt. Turner's company of regulars and Graham's volunteers, had already arrived. I now found that during my absence my old commander had been deprived of his rank in the service, and the Liberty was virtually put out of commission, never having been regarded as a national vessel after the expulsion of the captain. The majority of the crew, whose time of service had expired, remained on board until she sailed for New-Orleans, where she was sold out of the service.

The eastern end of Galveston island at this time presented a strong contrast to its appearance on my first visit to its shores. All was bustle and life, where formerly nothing but a dreary solitude had met the eye. The point was now whitened with the tents of the troops, whose numbers were daily augmented. Among the new accessions to the military force of the country at this time, were a company of riflemen called the Buckeye Rangers, from Ohio, and Bohmline's artillery, from Philadelphia. A cavalry company was also being formed under the command of Capt. Stanly, who, unfortunately for the project, was killed in a duel a short time after. The particulars of this unhappy affair, of which I was partly a witness, were these: The beef for the supply of the post was procured from the north-eastern side of the bay, or Point Bolivar, and on delivery, was conveyed to a shamble erected near the Commissary's quarters, where it was cut up and distributed to the various companies. The fatal quarrel originated upon a question of precedence. Capt. Stanly, as an officer of cavalry, (usually accounted a superior arm of the military,) claimed the right of receiving the first award from the Commissary, a right likewise claimed by Capt. G——, on the grounds of having

been longer in the service, and of participating in the late actual struggle in support of the independence of the country. Neither of the party being willing to concede the point, high words followed, and the lie was given by Stanly, when, to prevent their coming to blows, they were temporarily separated, and so far pacified as to restore quiet, and the quarrel was supposed to be ended. Unfortunately this was not the case; and it was not known that a challenge had been given and accepted, until it was too late to stay farther proceedings in the matter. They met the next morning on the outer beach of the island, about four miles from the post, where they exchanged shots at twelve paces without effect; this failing to bring about an accommodation, Graham fired, his ball striking his antagonist just over the right eyebrow, whose pistol was discharged in the air as he fell. Thus ended this tragical affair, which deprived the service of an excellent officer, and the whole of us of an esteemed comrade. He was immediately brought to the camp, and every effort made to save his life, but in vain; and at half-past four in the afternoon he breathed his last. The next day we buried him with military honors, on the ridge of the point upon which the encampment was situated, which place became the cemetery of the post. There, too, were deposited the remains of the gallant Lieut. Lamb, who was wounded in the battle of San Jacinto, and lost his life through the agency of one of the infernal copper shot used by the enemy. Side by side with their conquerors lie a number of the Mexican prisoners, who died of their wounds, and here repose upon equal terms in the embrace of the inevitable and final conqueror, death. The great gale of the fall of 1837 drove the waters of the gulf with such force over this point of the island, as to completely change its features and obliterate every trace of the camp burying-ground; together with the immense heaps of mud and clay, which the Mexican prisoners were employed in throwing up, and which were dignified by the title of the Fort.

The post was at this time under the command of Col. Morgan, who likewise officiated as a civil magistrate. Besides the garrison, there was a large number of families, who, as soon as the news of the retreat of the remainder of the Mexican army to the Rio Grande reached the island, began to return to their homes. Among these were many of my acquaintances, with whom I was very loth to part, and above all, I was obliged to decline the kind invitation I received from my friends the C——'s, who wished me to accompany them to their home upon the Colorado and become a member of their family. We parted with mutual expressions of regret, but not until they had exacted a promise that I should visit them as soon as possible, which I was unfortunately never able to fulfill.

The place was soon deserted by all but the garrison, which in its turn was reduced to two companies—one of regulars and one of volunteer artillery, and the routine of military life began to grow insipid. The great question with me now was, whether I should still remain in the service. I had but little inclination to serve under Com. Hawkins or Capt. Hurd, and therefore I returned to Lynch's and was accepted for service, and received permission to attach myself to the Invincible. As that vessel was not in port, I returned to Galveston by the steamer, and reported myself for duty to Com. Hawkins on board of the Independence. The Commodore questioned me pretty sharply as to the course I had pursued since leaving the Liberty, and advised me to remain on board until he could receive instructions from Mr. Fisher, the Secretary of the Navy, in what capacity to employ me. Not liking this arrangement, and knowing that he entertained no good will towards the refractory crew of the Liberty, from whom he had failed to procure a single volunteer, I left the vessel without any opposition, and took up my quarters with the adjutant of the port, Mr. Hunter, who kindly gave me an invitation to that effect. My means of living had happily kept pace with the opportunities I

enjoyed of adding to them; and any one able to supply the necessary funds for the procurement of the "ardent" was a welcome visitor at Galveston.

I passed some two months very pleasantly in hunting and fishing, and always found a large supply of old Monongahela at the ferry-house, situated at the west end of the island. At home, the usual amusement was cards, which most commonly ended in a drunken revel. This occurring at night, of course the knowledge never came to the ears of the commandant. The fishing around the shores of the island was glorious. Mullet swarmed upon the shoals in countless millions; and with the assistance of a cast-net we frequently caught half a bushel at a throw. Angling for red-fish was likewise a favorite amusement, and nearly cost me my life at one time, the circumstances of which I will here relate, first giving the reader an idea of the *modus operandi* usually observed: First, a line is procured varying, at the pleasure of the sportsman, from thirty to forty fathoms in length, to which is attached a single hook, somewhat stouter than the larger size of cod-hooks. A noose at the end of this line is then slipped over the hand, and a fresh mullet of suitable size being impaled on the barbed instrument, the operator usually wades into the water, if the shores are flat, until, as at our best fishing-ground, the water reached to the middle of the thigh, when the line was cast as far in advance as the skill of the sportsman could throw it; and it was seldom the case that more than five minutes elapsed before a victim was hooked, when all the fisherman had to do was to turn and make his way to the shore, dragging his prize after him. The best season for this sport is from the middle of spring to that of the fall. But to my story. Arming myself with line, bait, etc., I proceeded to the outer and most eastern point of the island—a place, by the way, I had never visited before, and which, from its sandy appearance, I concluded might afford good sport. Having reached the spot, I found, to my great disappointment,

that the place was unfit for fishing, as at the distance of forty feet from the shore there was very deep water. However, determined to try my luck, I waded in to the depth of my knees, and threw out my line. I had not long to wait. Something of a dead, heavy weight seemed to have taken hold of the hook, and thinking all right, from its partial yielding to my pull, which enabled me to reach the water-mark of the shore, I began to anticipate a prize; but at this point the object stopped suddenly and commenced to draw slowly off again. Wondering what it could be, I continued to give it line, of which I had considerable slack in my hand, occasionally gently trying to check its farther escape from me, which I found could not be done. I had but one coil left upon my wrist, when I recollected that I was already nearly to my waist in the water, and that I could not swim, and the line was fast to my wrist by a slipnoose which was drawn tight already. I got my knife in my hand in an instant, and it was none too soon. The strain drew the line tighter and tighter. I was up to my armpits, and it would not do to go farther. I cut the line, and the next instant an enormous porpoise rose to the surface at about the length of my line from me, and turning flukes, he disappeared, carrying my fishing apparatus with him. I was so astonished that I could not make out, as his ugly length passed in review before me, whether he had my hook in his mouth, or whether, as was probably the case, it had caught in some part of his shining black carcass. These fish, the shape of whose nose is like that of a hog, are known to resemble that animal in their great propensity for rooting, in which way they principally gather their subsistence from the worms which abound in the sand and mud at the bottom of the sea. The individual who had so recently endeavored to introduce me to the mysteries of the Gulf, was probably engaged in the agreeable occupation of procuring his breakfast, when he either swallowed my bait, or got it hooked into his covering of fat or blubber, (another peculiarity in which they resemble the porker,) and thus effec-

tually turned the tables upon me. I need hardly say I did not venture upon this dangerous fishing-ground again.

While the season lasted, our table was bountifully supplied. Oysters, with which the bay and the bayous of the island abounded, were a common luxury; shrimp of a large size and excellent flavor were drawn from the waters of the Gulf by the large seine belonging to the garrison, accompanied by great numbers of speckled trout and large crabs. Beef, bacon, and venison, with snipe and curlew, afforded a bill of fare which might appease the appetite of an epicure. As the season wore on, and the cooler weather—the season of northers—set in, the various lagoons, bayous, and parts of the bay, literally swarmed with geese, ducks, and the beautiful swan, which winter upon these shores, insuring rare sport and a loaded table to those who were not too indolent to avail themselves of the opportunity to replenish their larders. Nothing suited me better, and the most of my time, for some three months, were devoted to these occupations.

CHAPTER XXII.

A change—Ordered to the Brutus—The cat-o'-nine tails—Capture of the Independence—A queer search for the enemy—Results of the cruise—Furlough—Fail in joining the Invincible—Disbanding the forces—The new commandant—The revolt in the garrison—All hands drunk—The court-martial and verdict—Compromise—Houston—Its aspect—President Houston's reply to the mutineers—Fever and ague—The Goose and Gridiron—Government scrip—Proceed to New-Orleans—Dispose of my scrip—Travels in England—Jack Booz and the country justice—Price of turnips—Turnpike gentry—London—Return to New-York—Again turn southward.

At length the order came which was to break up this round of amusement, and give me a chance to earn the rations of the Government, upon which I had to a small extent been drawing.

This order directed me to resort for duty on board of the Brutus, then lying in port. Although not well pleased with the arrangement, I obeyed, and soon found the rigid discipline of a man-of-war a different affair than I had anticipated. The free use of the cat at first disgusted and shocked me; but this wore off at last, and as our time was mostly occupied in running from one harbor to another, the summer and fall passed away almost without notice. About this time we sustained the loss of the schooner Independence, formerly the flag-ship of Com. Hawkins, who, I had forgotten to mention, died in July of this year. This vessel, which was a very dull sailer, had left New-Orleans for the Brazos, having on board Wm. A. Wharton, Commissioner of the Texan Government to the Government of the United States. Capt. Wheelwright, whom I have formerly mentioned in connection with the Liberty, had assumed the command of the vessel upon the decease of the commander in chief, and, under instructions from the Commissioner, had proceeded on the voyage. Unfortunately for them, they encountered two Mexican men-of-war brigs when almost within sight of their destined port. The dull sailing of the vessel, together with the fact of being short of hands, and the immense superiority of the enemy's force, all conduced to render escape hopeless, and after a running cannonade of short duration, she was obliged to strike her flag. In the affair the commander was severely wounded.

The firing was distinctly heard at Galveston, and shortly after we received orders to put to sea and bring the enemy to action. Taking on board a number of troops, who volunteered to act as marines on the occasion, we made sail, accompanied by the Tom Toby privateer, under the command of Capt. Hoyt. But it was beating the bush after the bird had flown. After cruising about for a day and night in the latitude of the Brazos, south of which we did not venture for reasons best known to the commander, the morning of the second day found us becalmed and surrounded by a dense fog, which con-

tinued till near night. Towards sundown a brief cannonade was heard to the southward, in which direction, as soon as the wind spring up, we made sail. Being but a short distance off shore, we made the land in an hour's time, at the mouth of the Brazos, and running down, ascertained that the firing had been the salute of an English war vessel, which had arrived shortly before. The next day we returned to the harbor of Galveston, and thus ended this heroic search for the enemy, the counterpart of which may be found in the fact recorded by the poet that—

> "The King of France, with ten thousand men,
> Marched up the hill, and then marched down again."

There was neither honor or profit in remaining on board of this vessel, and I petitioned for leave of absence for a short time; which being granted, I received permission from the Secretary of the Navy to attach myself to either of the vessels belonging to the service. While hesitating which to choose, the Brutus sailed on a cruise and I again visited Galveston, and from thence proceeded to Velasco, at the mouth of the Brazos, where I endeavored to obtain a situation on board of the Invincible. In this I failed, that vessel having, as was always the case, a full complement of men. I therefore returned to Galveston, and remained with the garrison the most part of the winter, performing military duty.

Spring came, and as the news of the general furlough granted to the army had reached the island, the men were clamorous that the same indulgence should be extended to them, and addressed a petition to the Government to be allowed their rights. Their prayer was disregarded, and a new commandant ordered to take charge of the post. This officer was Capt. Turner, now promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, a man who had won the respect of every one under his command. Under the new officer the men submitted for a while.

This calm was at length broken by the introduction into the camp of a barrel of whisky. How it came there very few could tell; but in the morning, when the drums beat the reveille and the men turned out to answer the roll-call, they discovered the barrel of whisky in the centre of the cantonment of the company of regulars, and instead of putting it under guard, as good soldiers should have done, they commenced putting it under their jackets. This was a direct infringement of camp regulations, and was followed by the cessation of all military duty for a couple of days, during which time the whole camp, in many cases including officers, was one scene of drunken revelry. The liquor being used up, order was again restored, and the men returned to their duty.

A court of inquiry was immediately organized, to account for the sudden appearance of so unusual a phenomenon, and, if possible, to detect the author of the mischief. None but good men and true were in the secret, and the court, after a session of three days, rose, and gave it as their opinion that a barrel of whisky had been introduced within the lines of the camp; but how it came there, and where the devil it had gone, was a subject equally mysterious to them; but that the probability was that the source of mischief was by this time used up, and any farther investigation therefore useless. With this verdict the whole matter was dropped.

This glaring outrage upon military discipline had the effect to open the eyes of the commandant to the danger he incurred by resorting to coercive measures to restrain the men, who were, as he discovered, determined to resist any infringement of their rights by the Government. Two-thirds of the men in the army who had received an unlimited furlough were volunteers, six-months men, or who had not been much longer in the service; while the company of regulars in garrison on the island had been in service nearly two years, in some instances suffering great privations from lack of subsistence and exposure to the weather, yet bearing all with the utmost

cheerfulness. It was the duty of the Government to relieve this company by sending a corps of the short-term men to the island. The artillery company at the post being volunteers, and not having been so long in service, could have no reasonable objection to remaining longer in the garrison. During the riot the men had expressed their determination to the colonel to proceed to Houston, and there make a demand for their furlough from the President in person. Fearing they would put their threat into execution, the commandant compromised the matter with them, by promising that if they would wait three days longer and perform their duty, at the expiration of that time, if no relief should arrive, he would assume the responsibility of granting three days' furlough, to enable them to proceed to Houston to make their demand. This was satisfactory to the men, and for three days the duties of the garrison were performed in a manner worthy of its palmiest days.

No relief arrived, and the time having expired, the company, after turning their arms over to the commissary, left the post in a body, and proceeded to the city of Houston, in boats provided for the purpose. The city of Houston was at this time just springing into existence. Some twenty houses were nearly finished, including the capitol and President's house, which latter, by the way, was rather a small affair. Where, but a couple of months before, nothing but the long grass and the primeval forest met the eye, large stores and dwellings seemed to have arisen as if by a wave of the magic wand of an enchanter; while the sound of the hammer and saw echoed strangely through the still depths of the wooded banks of the bayou, where formerly nought had broken the solitude save the bark of the wolf or the wild yell of the panther. The gambling-houses and drinking-saloons were already in full blast, from which the sounds of uproar and revelry nightly extended into the "wee sma' hours ayont the twal;" presenting a queer contrast to the yelping devils, the wolves, who ven-

tured to the outskirts of the town, and made the air resound with their odious din.

The morning after their arrival, the company marched in a body to the presidential mansion ; and forming before his door, were there met by the chief magistrate of the republic, who demanded who they were and what they wanted. On receiving an explanation of the wishes or rather demands of the men, the President very coolly told them they were sent to Galveston to support and defend that post, and advised them to return and resume their duty; swearing that in case of non-compliance, he would have every mother's son of them hung. This was sufficiently plain for all to understand, and they withdrew and returned to the island, where they remained some four months longer before being relieved.

After remaining in Houston two or three days, I took a trip to Anahuac, and from thence to Liberty, upon the Trinity. During this excursion, having exposed myself much to the hot sun and chilly night air, I contracted the fever and ague, which is very prevalent on the low levels near the gulf. From this disease I suffered greatly for the space of three months, experiencing its attacks in all their various features, until I was nearly reduced to a skeleton. With me it appeared to defy the usual remedies. I took calomel, and quinine, and castor oil in large quantities, without obtaining any relief; while my nervous system was reduced so low, that I experienced continually all the horrors of delirium tremens. When hope had nearly left me, a friend brought me a bottle of Rowand's tonic mixture, the first dose of which broke the disease, and in a short time I recovered my health and strength again. By the time I was sufficiently strong to leave the house, the Board of Land Commissioners were in session for the adjudication of claims, and I immediately presented my land scrip, proved the date of my entering the service, and received my warrant to locate.

Having but little inclination to turn farmer, I associated

with a person by the name of Hoffman, and commenced keeping a sort of camp restaurant in the woods, on the bank of the bayou. This proved a very lucrative business, having frequently from seventy-five to one hundred boarders at a time; the only drawback being, that we were obliged to take the Government paper, which was worth but five cents per dollar, in payment. I had been collecting this paper ever since its first emission, as it bore twelve per cent. interest per annum until redeemed. At the expiration of five months I was possessed of a large amount. It was with but little satisfaction, therefore, that I learned that Congress had passed a law which prevented any scrip from being audited unless the persons presenting it had received it direct from the Government. All I had of this description did not amount to one hundred dollars, while I had thousands that I had received from others, for goods which I had paid for in hard coin. But there was no help for it, and I lost no time in selling out my interest in the "Goose and Gridiron Retreat," the name of our establishment; and after disposing of my land scrip at the usual rates given for those documents, I packed up all my effects, and proceeding to Galveston, took passage in the schooner Virgil, for New-Orleans.

Upon arriving, I at once endeavored to get rid of the scrip, and finally parted with it at the rate of two and a half cents per dollar. I was possessed at this time of nearly three thousand dollars, and I determined to have no more to do with Texas; and after spending a few months in New-Orleans, I proceeded by sea to New-York, and took passage for Liverpool, where I arrived after a passage of twenty-six days, without anything worthy of note transpiring. Arrived at this place, I put up at the Three Crowns inn, near the Exchange. Here I found a young man of about my own age, a fellow-countryman, of the name of Booz. I soon found that his object in coming to England was the same as mine, and an agreement was at once made to bear each other company while we remained in

the fast-anchored isle. A few days sufficed to see all the sights worthy of note in Liverpool, and having got everything in readiness, we took the stage for Prescott and Warrington, on our tour through the country. Almost every one who has visited England has written more or less of his experience there, and the manners and customs of the people have been so often described by others that it would be useless for me to dwell upon the subject. However, as we journeyed leisurely along, leaving and taking the stage whenever it suited us, and putting up at such places as promised the greatest fund of amusement, it will be readily supposed there were some incidents worth relating.

Stopping at a place called Congleton, which we entered through a gate bearing a very ancient appearance, over the arch of which was an inscription, warning all beggars not to enter under the penalty of prosecution to the utmost extent of the law, we took up our quarters at the inn, and after procuring dinner we sallied into the street in search of novelties. The houses in the ancient borough of Congleton bore testimony to the antiquity of the place, but the greatest curiosity to us was the thatched roofs of a large proportion of the houses, many of which bore a soil of six and eight inches in depth, formed by the annual decay of the crops of grass and moss which grew upon them. After walking about the place for an hour or two, we strolled into the road which leads to Newcastle under Tyne.

When about half a mile from Congleton, my companion unfortunately discovered a turnip-patch, upon which he made a descent for the purpose of procuring one to eat. The manœuvre was detected by a number of laborers at work in an adjoining field, who immediately started in pursuit of him. Booz beat a retreat from the patch in no time, pitching over the hedge head first, and bidding me run, scampered off towards the town as fast as his legs could carry him. But he was not to get away so easily. Ere he had reached half way, he was

overtaken by the enemy and compelled to surrender. While this pursuit was going on, a couple of these gentry came leaping over the hedge, and stopping, accosted me with, "Eh, meister, stealing turnips, art thee?" Of course I denied the soft impeachment; and having seen but one person in the turnip-field, they started after their companions, who by this time had surrounded my poor comrade, and were leading him along towards the town. I soon overtook them, and followed on to the office of the justice of the peace. Here the countrymen made their complaint, each one appearing anxious to be considered the prosecutor.

Meanwhile the owner of the estate had been sent for, and presently appeared a stout, red-faced person, whom the magistrate addressed as Mr. Cummings. The gentleman, after learning from his working people the cause of his being sent for, turned to Booz, and asked him what induced him to trespass upon his land. Booz immediately answered, that being a stranger in the country, he had not supposed so small a matter as pulling a turnip would have been considered so grave an offense. "Where do you belong, then," asked the gentleman, "since you do not consider stealing as an offense?" Booz denied the construction put upon his remark, by telling him that in the United States, where he belonged, it was not considered a crime for a person to enter a field, and pull a turnip or pick an apple, adding that he was perfectly willing to pay for all the damage he had done. "I had thought you were an Englishman," said Mr. Cummings; "but as you are not, and appear ignorant of our customs, I will let the matter drop, if your honor (turning to the magistrate) is willing." His honor thought that a little penalty in the shape of five British shillings would not be amiss; as the offender had been arrested in the act by a number of laborers, who might not be able to understand the reason of so much leniency being shown to a foreigner. To this Booz assented, and forking over a crown, he was set at liberty. "I wonder how much that would be a

bushel," said Booz, as we left the magisterial presence: "at that rate, a bushel would break me."

We returned to supper, after which we again started, accompanied by a man with whom we had made acquaintance in the tap-room of the inn. This man was a tailor, and a knowing man about the place. By him we were introduced into a house where we found some thirty young men and women, mostly the latter, a fine rosy-cheeked set, who were principally engaged in preparing for tea. These girls were generally well dressed and quite pretty, but all of them had that bold manner of addressing a stranger which stamped the loose character. In answer to my inquiries as to the business of these persons, he told me they were mostly girls who had been turned out of employment at the factories in Manchester and other places; and having nothing to do, they traveled upon the roads, until they found some male companion who could support them by begging or otherwise, with whom they lived in the relation of man and wife as long as they could agree.

The smartest and best dressed of these men were what he called turnpike sailors. There were three of these persons in the crowd, who could spin a yarn or sing a sea-song in a way that would charm a jack-tar. These were dressed in complete sailor's rig, and had it not been for their language, I should have really believed I was in company with a set of jolly old salts. But the moment they began to tell of an awful shipwreck they had recently experienced, I knew they were impostors. However, for the sake of good company, as my companion assured me we might have some fine singing, I listened to their yarns, and made a bargain wherein it was agreed that in consideration of our furnishing the beer for the company, they were to give us a specimen of their vocal abilities. This they did, and after amusing us for a couple of hours, we left them in the middle of a plug-muss. Wherever I went, while in England, the roads swarmed with these poor stragglers from ten to sixty years of age.

In the course of two months we visited a great many of the inland towns and cities of England, and finally reached London. Here, after visiting the most noted places, my companion left me, and sailed in an American ship under contract with the British East India Company; the vessel, the name of which I have forgotten, being commanded by a relative of his. I was now alone; and disliking to choose a stranger for a companion in such a place, I visited the office of the American Consul in St. Paul's Churchyard, and registered my name, in case of accidents, and likewise left a duplicate of my protection.

Becoming tired of London, of which I had seen quite as much as I desired, I returned to New-York in the St. James packet ship, and soon after sailed for Pensacola, where I went into the oyster trade. This I found did not pay; so having prepared everything for a voyage, I sailed for Mobile in my own boat, having taken on board two men who wished to accompany me. In this foolhardy freak I suffered shipwreck, and came near losing my life. On the passage, when about half way between the two ports, my little craft was driven ashore, nearly drowning myself and companions. However, after the storm passed we succeeded in launching the boat, and proceeded on our voyage, which happily terminated without any farther disaster. I proceeded to New-Orleans at once, and rejecting all the overtures of the captain of the Texan steamer of war Zavalla to return to that service, I joined the brig Vernon, of Kennebunk, bound to Havre.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Arrive at Havre—Rouen—Passage up the Seine—Paris—Monsieur Cuisard—My chaperone—Visit the lions—The Dufilhos—The proffered exchange—Adieu—Return to Havre—Monsieur Louis—The Florian—Capt. Myers—The Bay of Biscay—Enter the Garronne—Bordeaux—The Irish Frenchman—Voyage to St. Ubes—Sail for Portsmouth, N. H.—Visit my native city—Welcome—Rio de Janeiro—Rio de la Plata—Retrospect of Rio de Janeiro—My adventure there.

According to my contract, on arriving at that port the captain relieved me from any farther obligation to remain by the vessel; and having procured passports through the means of the American Consul, I took passage in the steamer to Rouen, forty-five miles distant from Havre. This place I found to be quite the reverse of what I had anticipated. Its narrow, crooked streets, and antiquated wooden buildings, dingy and smoke-dried, appeared to impart their sombre color to the very atmosphere. But these disagreeable impressions soon wore off in the company of the French women, who meet a person at every turn with the polite request to be informed what monsieur would have. I remained in Rouen long enough to visit the cathedral, and the statue of Joan of Arc in the market-place, and after tasting of their eau-de-vie, I recommenced my voyage upon the Seine.

The next morning I was in a world of itself—Paris. I had not forgotten the stories which had been related by the Dufilhos and Mons. Rose, and determined to have the pleasure of seeing the sights myself. Upon arriving, there were passports to be examined and luggage to be overhauled, all done in the most delicate way by great broad-shouldered gendarmes, with their *chapeaux* tucked under their arms, and after an hour I could go where I pleased—that is, if I had money enough. I was taken possession of by an American

Frenchman, named Mons. Cuisard, who hurried me to the *Hôtel d'Amérique*, where, rejoicing in his good luck at having secured one of the strangers, he placed his all at my disposal—for a consideration, of course. Mine host was a native of the parish of Iberville, in Louisiana, as were likewise all of his family. He also knew the Dufilhos, who were in Paris, and to whom he proposed to take me as soon as I was rested. When I asked him if he knew of any one whom I could get to pilot me around the city, his whole family being present, he turned round laughing, and rubbing his hands in great glee, told me to take my choice. I did so by choosing one of his daughters, who readily accepted the office.

With this lady for a guide during a stay of three weeks, I rambled and rode all over the city, visiting the theatres, gardens, palaces, churches, bridges, and every place of note. With his family, according to promise, I visited Mons. Dufilho, by whom, as well as his son and daughters, I was welcomed with great joy. I could have set myself down with these kind people, and rested for the remainder of my life, but my evil destiny prevailed, and I refused all offers of the kind.

With Mons. Dufilho I visited the Tuilleries, *Jardin des Plantes*, the Column Napoleon, and a thousand places, the names of which have passed from my memory. While at the residence of Mons. D——, his lady asked if I ever thought of the Rose family, and inquired if I did not have some memorial of them. I knew what she had reference to; and taking the crucifix from my bosom, where it had hung through all my mischances, I showed the initials upon it. The old lady smiled, saying, "You will never get married, if you continue to wear that rosary. Let me have it, and I will give you another and richer one." I told her I had sworn never to part with it while life remained; after which I heard nothing more on the subject. We continued on good terms, but I thought they were not quite so cordial in their greetings, and as the time drew near for my departure I ceased to visit them any

more. On the morning I sailed, however, they all visited me and bade me farewell.

I returned to Havre by the same way I came, viz. the Seine packet boat. I found my old ship still in port, and had an offer of a berth on board; but not liking the idea of returning to the United States by the same route I had come, the offer was declined. Havre being a place having great commercial relations with our country, its docks were full of American ships, and the city was crowded with Yankees: there was consequently no lack either of society or amusement. I therefore took up my residence with Mons. Louis, who kept a boarding-house for the crews of those vessels that lay in the docks, on board of which no fire is allowed. This place seemed to offer the best chance for me to hear of any opportunity that might turn up for making a kind of straggling voyage, the landlord offering to be on the look-out in case of my absence.

I remained a fortnight in Havre before the wished-for chance occurred, through Capt. Myers, of the ship Florian, of Charleston, S. C. This gentleman, whose crew had left him, wished to take his vessel to Bordeaux, and I immediately offered my services, which were accepted. Owing to some difficulty with the crew who worked his ship from the United States, the captain could not procure men in Havre for a regular voyage, and he therefore resorted to the method of picking up those whom he could get to assist in taking the ship round to Bordeaux, with the understanding that they were to be discharged upon arriving at that port. The former chief officer of the ship was in irons in the steerage, where he was to remain until the vessel returned to Charleston.

After getting the ship to the pier-head, I was almost frightened at the appearance of the crew thus hurriedly brought together. These were a Scotchman, an Irishman, and two French lads who had just left a whaler in Havre. The first two were almost useless in working ship, having

never stepped on the decks of a sailing vessel, as they were both coal-heavers on board of a British steam-packet, from which they had deserted. These men, with an American negro as cook, and myself, composed the crew, who were to take a ship of four hundred tons down the British Channel and through the Bay of Biscay to Bordeaux.

On casting off from the pier, I asked Capt. Myers if this was all the crew he had shipped, adding that it would be impossible for us to work the vessel if the weather should prove stormy. He replied that he had shipped three more men, whose chests were in the cabin, but the men had left the vessel in the night and it was now too late to provide others; adding: "These are not the best of men, but by instructing them a little, I guess we can get along. I have no officers on board, and shall expect you to take charge of the larboard watch, and I will make it all satisfactory to you when we reach Bordeaux."

It was too late to repent, as the ship was already on her voyage, and making good progress under her top and top-gallant sails, which had been sheeted home and mast-headed before we cast off from the pier. With the well-known song of "The Bay of Biscay" ringing in my ears, all the features of which I expected to experience, I directed the crossing of the royal yards, the rigging of which I was obliged to go aloft and do myself; and setting the studding-sails, we flew down the channel before a fresh breeze, which made the light spars bend like withes. Everything prospered with us, and we reached the mouth of the Garronne after a passage of three days. Remaining at anchor over night, the morning found us under way up the river, and by three P. M. we moored ship in front of the most beautifully situated city I had as yet seen in Europe. The curve of its front upon the river, though not so long, is as regular as that of the far-famed Crescent City. The uniform height of the houses—the broad and perfectly clean quay, paved to low-water mark, and crowded with people

and vehicles—the magnificent bridge above the anchorage, spanning the broad and rapid stream with its massive arches, and the fleets of merchantmen, formed a panorama upon which the eye dwelt with rapture. Nor did I find the people on shore in any way behind what the appearance of the city warranted me in supposing. Wherever I went, I experienced the greatest kindness and urbanity.

My voyage being ended, and being anxious to make myself acquainted with the city and its inhabitants, I applied to the captain for my discharge, which having procured, I took lodgings upon the quay at the house of an Irishman, a Mr. Murphy, who politely informed me that he was a Frenchman, in spite of a brogue that would have graced the hills of "Tipperary." I spent a fortnight in Bordeaux, the last three days of which were the 29th, 30th, and 31st of July, commonly called the days of the Constitution. On this occasion the display of troops was very imposing, and the fête ended on the 31st with a splendid exhibition of fireworks. On that day I engaged with Capt. Marshall, of the ship Olive and Eliza, of Portsmouth, to accompany him on a voyage to St. Ubes, in Portugal, and thence to Portsmouth, N. H. I joined his vessel and we sailed the next day. On arriving at St. Ubes we discharged our ballast, and taking on board a cargo of salt, sailed for the United States, where we arrived in November.

Coming upon the northern and eastern coast of the United States, after nearly six years' sojourn within the 30th degree of north latitude, operated somewhat as a cooler upon my feelings, and I had almost accepted of a chance which offered to transport me to the warmer latitudes of the South, when my nearness to home recurred to my mind, and I determined to visit once more my native city. I was not long in putting this project in execution, and once more received the affectionate embraces of my dear mother, brothers, and sisters, whom I found all alive and well, and quite overjoyed at my return. Any one would naturally suppose I had seen enough

of the world by this time, but such was not the case, and ere I had been in Boston a week, I began to look around for a berth. I had never been south of the Equator, and my inclination led in that direction. Accordingly, I made a voyage to Rio de Janeiro, and after a stay of about three weeks in that port, sailed for the Rio de la Plata, in an old hide-drogher called the Herald.

We were a month in making the mouth of the river; but it was midsummer in this part of the world, and the weather was beautiful, so that the time passed pleasantly enough, as we were continually falling in with vessels. But at length we entered the muddy waters of the La Plata. Rio de Janeiro, which I had just left, possessed the finest harbor I had ever been in, although difficult of entrance and still more of egress. At its entrance on the left rises the Sugar Loaf, an immense mountain, so called from its shape, and on the right, a strong castle, called Santa Cruz. The entrance between these two is so narrow that at the distance of three miles I could not see them, and as we passed in, I thought I might easily throw a stone upon either; but a short distance farther, a broad and beautiful bay, studded with green islands, burst upon the sight, sufficiently large for all the navies of the world to ride at anchor in. Upon the left, sheltered by high mountains, lay the imperial city, the white houses glistening in the rays of a tropical sun, and on the opposite side of the bay is the town of Prior Grande, with its low houses surrounded with orange and lemon orchards. The islands, with their summits crowned with either a fortress or monastery, and the bay with its large fleet of ships-of-war of all nations, from the deck of some one of which martial music was continually pouring, all combined to make up a little world of its own, enclosed to all appearance by high mountains, alike isolated and independent of the affairs that agitated the world without.

I saw but little of the city, but that little was sufficient; for the first time I was on shore, after looking at the palace of

San Christavao, and through the principal streets, I adjourned to a café, or coffee-house, and after sitting a couple of hours, started for the boat, which was to land at the palace-stairs; but ere I had reached half-way, I was attacked by a gang of ruffians, who would inevitably have killed me, had it not been for a party of officers who belonged to the Constellation frigate, then lying in the harbor. These happened, luckily for me, to be on their way to the frigate's boat, and seeing the gang pounding me with clubs, they dispersed the scoundrels and carried me on board of their ship, and, after dressing my bruises had me sent on board of my own vessel. There were recently a great many sailors on shore from the various men-of-war in the port, some of whom had committed all manner of outrages upon the inhabitants; and as is usually the case, the Brazilians visited the iniquity indiscriminately upon all who fell in their way who were not able to take their own part. Therefore, considering it dangerous ground, I did not venture on shore for any farther explorations for the time being.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Banda Oriental—Maldonado—The mate of the Herald—Capt. Burroughs—The yarn—Flores—Montevideo—The hostile squadrons—Don Poncho Munoz—The stranded vessel—Saladieros—Method of slaughtering cattle—Guachos—Their habits—Description of Montevideo—The war—Rival Presidents—Cause of present quarrel—Oribe driven from Uruguay by Rivera—The Argentines fail in reinstating him—Additional cause of umbrage—The war spirit.

It was a bright and beautiful morning in January, when I first cast my eyes upon the green hills of the Banda Oriental. We were close in with the island of Maldonado, over and

beyond which we could see the high watchtower of the citadel, through the light vapor which hung over the campos, or prairie. With the first appearance of the sun's broad disc, a jet of flame and smoke issued from the ramparts of the fortress, and ere the deep boom of the gun had reached us, the flag of the republic of Uruguay floated upon the breeze. "There goes a defiance to old Rosas," said the mate of the ship, who had just stuck his nose out of the companion-way; "*Grita muchachos, viva la Republica Oriental.*" Some half dozen sallow complexioned members of the crew responded, "*Viva,*" while the rest turned laughingly away to the galley for their coffee. "Mr. Chambers," said the captain, "you will oblige me by keeping quiet; we do not require any political demonstrations on board of this ship. You take such an interest in these affairs, that I almost wonder you left the fleet." "Well, Capt. Burroughs," said the mate, "perhaps I should not have left them if I could have kept my head upon my shoulders by staying." "Dew tell!" exclaimed the captain, advancing towards his officer. "Fact, sir: you recollect the revolt on board of the *Veinticinco de Mayo?*" Capt. Burroughs nodded. "I was on board of her that night." "Pshaw! I want to know!" By this time the eyes of Capt. Burroughs, whom the reader will detect at once as a Connecticut Yankee, were half out of his head, and seizing the mate by the button of his coat and drawing him towards the wheel, which I had just relieved, begged Chambers to tell him all about it.

"Well," said the mate, "I was a lieutenant on board, and Major Chambers had command of the ship, but none of us officers knew anything of the affair until it commenced. 'Twas near midnight, and I had just come off from the shore. After seeing the boat hoisted up, I went below and was about to turn in, when I heard a running and scuffling overhead. I dressed myself as quick as I could and went on deck, where I had hardly set my foot before I was knocked down, and the next moment I felt the point of a bayonet at my throat. Of

course I could do nothing in such a situation, so I lay still, while all our boys, (meaning the foreigners,) having no arms, had taken to the rigging. The mutineers now had the complete command of the deck, and endeavored to cut the cable. At this they could not make much progress, so they gave it up, and commenced getting out the launch; but before they could succeed in this, the boats from the Sarandhi and Constitution poured a whole flood of men on board and drove a part of the mutineers overboard, where they shot them, and put those remaining on board in irons. I was the only one on deck who had not succeeded in getting into the rigging, and they accused me of taking part in the mutiny. Commodore Coe came off in the morning, and after releasing the men in irons, had them set up on the night-heads as targets for the marines, after which he ordered me to be put in the darbies, (irons,) and ordered a court-martial to be held. I was tried, but they could not make out anything against me, so I was acquitted; but they appeared to be suspicious of me, which not liking exactly, I left them the first opportunity that offered, and claimed the protection of our flag; and that is the reason why I left the fleet, captain." "Why, la me! but you're a smart one!" said Burroughs, as he shuffled to the companion and dived below. "If I'd been you, I'd have seen it out. If they catch you now, they'll shoot you, as sure as I'd give a dollar for a hide."

By the time my turn at the helm was out, we were above Flores, a small island on which the light-house of Montevideo is situated, while before us the mount rose in solitary grandeur, its crest surmounted by the frowning ramparts of a fortress. To the right stood the city, built on a knoll, presenting a very picturesque appearance from the river.

We were soon at anchor; and the sails having been furled, I had a chance to look about me. A squadron of American ships of war lay in the outer roads, together with some eight or ten others of different nations. Above these latter, and in

plain sight of the city, were the hostile fleet of the Argentines or Buenos Ayreans, numbering, large and small, ten vessels. The Oriental squadron were at anchor close in under the mount; and although there were but three vessels, their appearance was decidedly more warlike than those of their enemy. A fine brig belonging to the navy of the country was anchored off the mole; and judging from appearances, the Montevideans were as likely to be successful in a naval combat as the Argentines, who made such a taunting display of their force before the city.

The inner harbor was full of merchant vessels of all countries, though the largest number of any one nation were the universal Yankee. Interspersed with those were a number of small sloops of war belonging to the Brazilians, and the American war schooner Enterprise. The harbor was alive with lighters and boats of every description, and the mole was crowded to its utmost capacity with the people of every nation, age, sex, and color; all jabbering, talking, and yelling in as many different languages, making it another Babel.

We were not long in discharging the cargo of the ship, after which I bid good-bye to the Herald, and started to try my luck among the Uruguayans. At first I was very fortunate in procuring employment in the service of Don Poncho Munoz, a son of the opulent Minister of Finance of the republic. An American brig, which had been stranded on the beach a few miles west of the city, had been bought by this gentleman, who was about to take measures to get her afloat again. Upon offering my services, the Hidalgo promised me a large bonus the moment the vessel was brought to the city, besides a monthly stipend of thirty dollars per month. With these inducements I went to work; and being supplied with the necessary materials, and a force of some three hundred peons or laborers from the *saladiercs* of Don Poncho and the Messrs. Lafond, in twenty-eight days from the time we commenced operations, we had the satisfaction of getting her afloat and tow-

ing her to the city, to the unbounded satisfaction of my employer, who followed up his promise by paying me down one hundred and twenty-eight dollars, and offering to employ me on board of the brig in any capacity I chose. But as he designed the vessel for a sealer, a business of which I understood nothing, and wished to know less, I concluded to look out for something else.

I have mentioned the term *saladieros*, which may require a little explanation. It is the name of those places where cattle and horses are slaughtered, and their hides cured for exportation. I visited the one known as Lafond's, in the vicinity of the city, and was surprised at the extent of the operations. They slaughtered at the rate of from five to seven per minute, through the whole forenoon; and even this they seemed to consider slow work, as they made great complaints of the small number of cattle being driven in.

The manner of killing is peculiar to them. A little pen or stall just large enough to admit one animal at a time, is attached to the corner of the *corral*, or enclosure containing the cattle, the floor of which is a small platform car, precisely similar to the dumping-cars in use on our railroads for the purpose of removing earth or stone. A small portcullis is at either end, for the admission of the animal and the egress of his carcass. The executioner occupies a seat directly over the animal's neck, and for the greater dispatch of business, has one of these stalls upon either side of him. The barrier between the stall and *corral* is raised, and one of the cattle enters, when it is closed, and the "*Pilher*," with a long and keen two-edged knife, about three-quarters of an inch in width, disjoints the neck by inserting the point in the centre of what is usually called the cow-lick, which most always marks the position of the proper spot. The animal gives but one sigh, and falls completely paralyzed. The opposite barrier is raised, and the car rolls out to any place unoccupied, and depositing the carcass, is pushed back for another load. The animal's carcass now claims the attention of another party of operators, who divest it of its skin

with astonishing dexterity, and in a very few minutes every trace of it has disappeared, even the flesh of the animal being in many cases thrown into the try-kettles, especially those parts which contain tallow, the scraps of which are used as fuel. It will readily be inferred that beef can be procured at a cheap rate in such a place. It is often delivered on board the vessels in the harbor at from fifty cents to one dollar per quarter. The immense herds of cattle, horses, and mules which roam at will over the *pampas*, constitute the sole wealth of the inhabitants, and no attention is paid to any other branch of industry.

The natives are indolent, and care little about accumulating more than is necessary for their present wants, which, owing to their temperate habits, requires no great exertion to obtain. They are passionately fond of dancing and gambling, cards being the medium of the latter. The *gaucho*, with his pack of cards, cigarette, and a few *patacones* (dollars,) has attained the heighth of his wishes, which can only be added to by *un chiquita vaso de cana*, which, if anything was yet wanting, serves to complete his happiness.

Montevideo, the capital of the Banda Oriental, or more properly, of the state of Uruguay, is situated on the north side of the River Plata, about forty miles from its mouth, in latitude 34° 35′ S., longitude 53° 25′ W., and was, at the date of my visit, a prosperous and thriving place. Its site, upon a knoll jutting into the river, is commanding and beautiful. The city is laid out with much regularity. The streets, though rather narrow, intersect each other at right angles, and are well paved and clean. The houses, mostly of one story with flat roofs, indicate by their neatness the opulence of their occupants. On the summit of the knoll lies the *Plaza Granda*, or great square, the eastern side occupied by the cathedral, surmounted in front by two towers, the main building crowned by a massive dome. Opposite the cathedral the *cabilda* meets the eye. This place contains the courts of justice and prison,

and the various offices of the Government along its north front, while the south side is devoted to stores of the better class. All of the principal streets diverge from the Square.

The city, while under the Spanish government, had been surrounded by a strong wall, which was now nearly in ruins, only a small portion remaining entire upon the south-eastern point; and the Bouveries, on the south-west, yet showed the care the Spaniards had taken to guard their possessions. A massive gateway still reared its head in the market-place, an emblem of the decay of the power of those who raised it.

The people I found much more sociable and friendly than I had anticipated. The fair señoras and señoritas, especially, are careless of betraying their partiality to foreigners, more particularly those of the Anglo-Saxon race. A large proportion of the inhabitants of the city, at that time, were French, from the Biscayan departments of France. In the hands of these people, with a few American and English merchants, were held most of the mercantile interests of the place. The all-absorbing object with the native population seemed to be the prosecution of the war, now being waged with various success against the Government of the Confederation, at the head of which stood Don Juan Manuel Rosas, the Governor of the province of Buenos Ayres. There were at this time two claimants to the Presidency of the Uruguayan Republic—Don Fructuoso Rivera, a military chieftain, who was supported by the great mass of the Orientals, and Don Manuel Oribe, a former confederate of Rivera, who was supported in his claims by the army of Buenos Ayres. Rivera and Oribe had been formerly associated in the command of the army of the confederacy, which had expelled the Brazilian troops, who had overrun the Banda Oriental, claiming it as the patrimony of one of the imperial princesses by virtue of a gift from Don Pedro the First, who, it appears, was famous for giving away what did not belong to him. The invaders being expelled, the Orientals, as an earnest of their gratitude, elected Rivera to

the Presidency. After serving his term, not liking the duties of government, he declined a re-election, intimating his wish to serve the country as commander of the national forces, and nominating his former colleague as a person worthy of their suffrages. The people acquiescing in the wish of Rivera, conferred the command of the troops upon him, and elected Oribe President. The new chief magistrate found himself, immediately after his induction into office, completely nonplussed by the state of affairs in which his predecessor had left the executive department, who, among other things of less moment, had forgotten to account for the money accruing from the revenues of the country, which had disappeared from the national treasury. Anxious to be enlightened upon this subject, the President summoned Rivera, who was already, with the army, some thirty leagues from the capital, to return in company with the escort sent to re-conduct him to the seat of government, there to answer to the charge of embezzling the public funds. Rivera refused to appear, and reproached Oribe with ingratitude, averring that Oribe owed his present dignity solely to himself; and that as he was merely an official of his own creation, he (Rivera) did not consider himself accountable to him for any acts of his government.

Upon receiving this answer, Oribe immediately procured an act of the legislative body decreeing the disbanding of the army; which act, to render it more forcible, received the sanction of the chief dignitaries of the church, who threatened all with excommunication who should refuse to obey the mandate of the executive. This operated like magic upon the army, which gradually fell away from their old General, who, at the end of a week, had scarcely men enough left with him to form a body-guard. Meanwhile Oribe raised a strong body of troops and marched from the capital to arrest his insubordinate General, who on receiving intelligence of his proximity, commanded the few who still remained faithful to him to disperse, at the same time requiring them to hold themselves

in readiness to rejoin him the moment he should take the field again. Oribe, upon arriving, found the bird had flown. Rivera had taken refuge among the inhabitants of the neighboring province of Rio Grande, which forms a part of the Brazilian empire.

At this time a strong party existed in this province adverse to the imperial government. This party were styled *Feraps* or *Frappes*, and acknowledged the leadership of two chieftains, named respectively Bento Gonzales and Bento Manoel. These turbulent spirits, it appears, were in league with the defaulting President, and not only received him with open arms, but promised to espouse his quarrel, and furnish him with the necessary means to enable him to drive Oribe from the Banda Oriental. On the strength of these promises, it is said that Rivera, when he left his camp, indited a letter to the President, in which he promised to meet him, Oribe, one year from that day, and fully satisfy him upon all points connected with his government. In this promise he did not fail to keep his word, and on the first anniversary of his flight he encountered Oribe, who had marched from the capital at the head of an equal force, and beat him in a pitched battle, in which the most of his troops were slaughtered; and pressing on in pursuit, laid siege to Montevideo, where the vanquished President had taken refuge with the shattered remnant of his forces.

Having caged his enemy, Rivera pressed the siege with such vigor that in less than two months Oribe and his adherents fled to the Buenos Ayrean squadron and sailed for Buenos Ayres. Here he was received by Rosas, who undertook the task of reinstating him in his former dignity. In all the attempts of the Argentine Government to effect this purpose they signally failed. Meanwhile, Rivera gave fresh umbrage to Rosas and his government, by not only refusing to furnish the contingent of men, arms, and money to repel the blockade of the French, which they were bound to do by the articles of

confederation, but aided and assisted the latter by furnishing them with provisions, allowing their vessels the refuge of their harbors, loaning vessels, etc., all of which went to swell the measure of the iniquity of the Orientals, who were now denounced as traitors, pirates, and cut-throats, and against whom a war of extermination was declared. The war had been carried on in this spirit nearly four years when I arrived in that country, and the various war-cries and responses of their troops on parade, and on board of their national vessels, sounded harshly upon the ear, and I resolved to have nothing to do with them. How well I succeeded in this determination we shall see presently.

CHAPTER XXV.

A new engagement—Start for Canalones—Peons—Appearance of the country—Pulperias—Ostriches—The chase—An unexpected result—I'm a prisoner—Destination—My offense—Return to the Pulperia—I find friends—Chiné's—Manuela—Brutality of the guard—Liberated—A race in the dark—The unknown guide—A surprise—Bantering—The journey ended—The brothers—Matte—Mode of preparation—Doubts of safety—Relieved—Agreeable pastimes—Costume of the Guachos—The lasso—Venture into the city—Repeat the visit and am arrested.

I had made an engagement with an *estanciero*, or cattle-owner, residing at Canalones, distant about five leagues, as I was told, from the city. Having been provided with a horse, I started, in company with a number of peons or laborers belonging to his establishment, to inspect the locality of my intended residence. It was early in the forenoon when we set out, and being well mounted, and withal a merry company, we were soon out of sight of the city. The short tufted grass,

free from weeds, was as soft as a velvet carpet, and we were continually diverging from the beaten track in racing with each other, so that it was noon before we reached the *Pulperia*, or grocery, which I was informed was half-way to our place of destination. Here we halted, and after refreshing ourselves with bread and cheese, and a liberal supply of *caña*, of which some of us partook rather too much, we resumed our journey.

About a mile from our stopping-place a large field of Scotch thistles attracted my attention, and not being able from the distance to determine what they were, I requested one of my companions to enlighten me. This drew the attention of the whole party to the object of my inquiry, and before I could catch a word of reply from either of them, they were in full career in that direction. Wondering what had possessed them, I stopped my horse to see the result of this freak. I had not long to wait. Ere the first of them had reached the covert, a score of emues, or ostriches, sprang from it, and extending their short wings, skirred across the campo with the rapidity of lightning. This was too good sport to be lost, so settling myself in my saddle I joined the chase; but although the birds passed at no great distance from me, I was soon left far behind both by the birds and their pursuers. However, I still continued on, keeping my horse at the top of his speed, until my breath was spent, and then held up to recover for a fresh start.

My comrades were now ascending a slight elevation, about three miles distant, as near as I could judge, and I was about to make a fresh effort to join them, when a loud and stern voice behind commanded me to halt. I turned, and my eyes encountered a body of at least fifty men, armed with lance and sabre, who were within one hundred yards of me. Of course I halted at once. The troops swept by me at full gallop, a couple of files of troopers with a corporal, from the rear section, alone remaining behind, and I began to have an uncomfortable impression that I had got myself into a scrape. The troop still kept on their course, but at length I observed

another leave their ranks, and turning his horse, galloped back to the spot where we still sat upon our horses. On reaching us, he delivered the order of his commander to the first corporal, who had halted to rejoin the troop, and then approaching me, he demanded whether I had any arms. I answered I had not; but this did not appear satisfactory, and he ordered me to dismount. I was about to parley with him, but a look convinced me that it was of no use, and I obeyed. My submission in this instance procured me an emphatic "*Bueno muchacho!*" from the corporal, equivalent to good boy, in English. I was now searched, and everything taken from my pockets, the scoundrel putting their contents, with the exception of about three-quarters of a dollar, into his own pocket, telling me that where I was going it might be a source of trouble to me. I asked him where that was, and was not a little surprised when he answered that my destination was the *quartel de la policia;* in other words, the *Cabilda.* Upon farther inquiry, I found there was a statute in the country forbidding the chasing or hunting of the ostrich within nine leagues of the city, under the penalties of fine and imprisonment. This gave me an insight into the nature of the scrape I had unfortunately got myself into; but as they were to take me back to Montevidio, I had not the least doubt I should be able to get clear from their clutches, and therefore determined to make myself perfectly easy, even to the robbery I had been subjected to, having already made up my mind to have the rascally corporal arrested and obliged to disgorge the property he had taken from me.

Having finished their search, which, luckily for me, went no farther than my pockets, and their examination to find out whether I had a belt around my waist,—a common receptacle for valuables in that country,—I was ordered to re-mount, when my arms were pinioned at the elbows behind my back, and with one of these licensed thieves on each side of me we began our march for the city. In our chase after the ostriches

we had not only traveled out of our way, but had likewise gone a great distance; and it was near sunset when our party reached the *Pulperia*, where I had halted at noon. My re-appearance under such circumstances, and in such company, aroused the sympathy of the proprietor of the place, who remembered I had given him a benefit by paying for everything that had been called for; and he at once inquired into the cause of my detention, and furnished me with refreshments.

It had been decided that we were to remain here until the moon rose, when we were to ride forward to the city; and in the meanwhile I was to remain tied and seated upon my horse, guarded by one of my escort, until the moment of starting. The *Pulperia* man remonstrated against this arrangement as unchristian, and the controversy drew the whole of the guests of the *Pulperia* around me. Among these was a very pretty *chiné*, or half-breed, a cross between the Spaniard and Indian. This race, or I should rather say caste, are the handsomest people in the country. The females especially are most of them beautiful; their forms rather below the middle size, with a clear brunette complexion, finely turned limbs, and flashing black eyes, into which the cool-blooded Anglo Saxon can hardly look without danger of captivation. Such an one was the fascinating being who stood before me with an arch smile upon her lips, from which I heard the words "*Pobre Americano*" fall in the most silvery voice I had ever heard. She was an old acquaintance, it appeared, of my harsh guardian, who addressed her as Manuela. She at once took sides with my friend, the *Pulperia* man, and finally it was decided that I might dismount and enter the house. A secure corner of the room into which I was introduced was assigned to me, while the rest of the company, with their cards and caña, amused themselves at monté, the favorite game of the country.

My new friend Manuela, for I already recognized her as such, was very attentive to the corporal, and that distinguished

individual refused to take the *maté* cup from any other person. I also noticed there was some collusion between her and the proprietor of the house, and I saw they were playing a deep game with the corporal, and that the stake was no other than myself. Among the money paid me by Don Poncho Munoz, were five Popayan doubloons, four of which I had quilted into the collar of my coat, and the other was concealed between the outside and lining of the shoe on my right foot. My guard were already half drunk, and had given up the idea of going, for the present, as it threatened to rain ; and Manuela having taken the liberty to pass the *maté* cup to me, it was observed by the brute, who rushed towards me, drawing his sabre and making a cut at my head, which was only prevented from being effectual by the proximity of the wall, which arrested the blow. The scoundrel, having miscalculated his distance, fell his full length on the floor, where, by the joint consent of the sober portion of the party, he was disarmed to prevent any farther exhibition of his brutality. But this measure was useless, for the ruffian did not attempt to rise, and I never saw him again until I had an opportunity to pay him off in full. In the morning, when he found his prisoner flown, he was frantic with rage, and fearful of rejoining the troop to which he belonged, he deserted to the Buenos Ayreans, taking his two companions with him.

After the narrow escape I had just made, when it was found we were free from farther surveillance from the drunken guard, the Pulperia man commenced sounding the company on the propriety of letting me go, a measure to which they all agreed. To make sure of his men, the proprietor drew up a paper which he required them all to sign, which being done, my horse was brought out, and having been untied I was told to mount, as there was no time to lose. "*Adios, passer bien ; vamos muchachas,*" said my friendly Pulperia man as I seated myself in the saddle. I reached forward and deposited the doubloon I had taken from my shoe in his hand, but in the darkness of

the night he could not have seen what I had given him, and the next moment I found myself in full gallop, with an unknown companion a few paces in advance of my steed.

We continued on in this way for an hour, when being out of breath, I reined up, calling to my guide to have a little mercy on me. My leader, who had, in spite of all my efforts to come alongside, kept the same distance ahead, now turned, and facing me, burst into a loud laugh. To my amazement, I now discovered that it was the Chiné Manuela who had led me such a steeple-chase, and for a moment I felt rather flat at the idea of being outridden by a mere girl, whose taunting laugh made me sensible of her being aware of her superior horsemanship. Another feature struck me as a novelty in female equestrianism; for, unlike all I had ever seen in Europe or America, where they make use of side-saddles, my conductress bestrode her steed with the air of a cavalier, while the way in which she managed the half-wild animal under her, would have been a lesson for a circus-rider. "Are you tired?" inquired Manuela. "Almost ready to drop off my horse," I replied. "*Que pobre muchachita,*" (What a poor little fellow,) said the witch, laughing outrageously. "*Pero nosotras, no se podia descansa ahora.*" (But we cannot rest at present: I'll be an excellent mother to you.) "*Adelante.*" (Forward.) "I will keep by your side." But for the sake of brevity, I will endeavor to give the account of my adventures in English, as far as that language will convey the meaning.

We now continued on our course at a more moderate pace, and I gave my conductress an account of all which had befallen me since I landed in Montevideo, and sounded her as to the propriety of my claiming the protection of the Munoz family. "Not now," said Manuela, "it will not do at present: you must wait until this affair blows over. It will soon be forgotten, and then you can do as you like. You will go with me to my house, and I shall take care of you, and none of the police will ever look there for you." The dark clouds by this time had

rolled off, and the moon's light showed me that we were already past the city, which we had left on our right, and were now proceeding in the direction of Maldonado. "We shall be there presently," said Manuela, in answer to an inquiry from me as to the farther length of our ride.

Day was breaking when we came in sight of a weather-blackened wooden building situated on the bank of the river, about seven miles below the city. "That is my house," said my conductress. We now urged our horses to a gallop, and had nearly reached the house, when I was startled by the appearance of three horsemen dressed in the uniform of the police troop. Yielding to the rein, my horse had already half wheeled round, for I had determined to have one more race for my liberty, when I heard the words, "*Mi hermanos*," and before I could re-turn my tired steed they were alongside of us, and in conversation with the guide, who introduced them to me as her brothers.

If I had wished to escape, my chance would have been poor indeed, with three such well-mounted cavaliers in pursuit. They shook hands heartily with me, and we were in a few moments on as good terms as if we had been intimately acquainted for years. On entering the house, which I found to be a Pulperia, one of the men produced a bottle of the Catalonian wine in common use in the country, and after mutually pledging each other, the brothers remounted their horses and rode off to the city. Manuela had told them of our adventure and my escape, and they, at her instance, agreed to keep me secreted and bring word from the city whether any search was made for me.

Another surprise awaited me. As soon as her brothers had left, she held out my purse, knife, comb, and a small spy-glass, asking if I knew whose they were, and restoring them to me. I took the knife and comb, and begged her to keep the rest. But she would not submit to any such arrangement, and I was obliged to put them in my pocket. Being much fatigued,

I laid down and slept the greater part of the day. I will not recount my dreams, but they were of a very pleasant nature.

I was aroused by my new and very agreeable protectress, who brought *caldera*, *matte*, *yerba*, and sugar, for my refreshment; and as this beverage is the common drink of the country, I will describe its preparation. The *yerba*, is a product of the province of Paraguay, and is a small shrub, from which the smaller twigs, leaves, and bark are taken, when they are ground and beaten to a powder. This when fresh is of a bright green color, and emits a strong and very agreeable aroma, not unlike that of the finest tea. This article, from its common use in almost all parts of South America, has become an object of great commercial importance. It is packed in bales, formed by two pieces of raw hide sewed together with thongs of the same material, which hold about one hundred pounds of the *yerba*. Of these, thousands are annually conveyed across the continent on the backs of mules to the neighboring republics of Bolivia, Chili, and Peru. In the Brazilian empire it is also in immense demand, while in the lower provinces of the confederacy it is the sole drink of the masses. Its price varies from four to eight dollars per aroba of twenty-five pounds, according to quality.

The method of preparing the beverage is peculiar. For the full enjoyment of the treat, two things are indispensable—i. e. the *matte*, and *bombilia*. Among the poorer classes, the *matte* is simply a gourd-shell of about the size of an orange, having a small orifice to admit the ingredients. This is partly filled, according to the taste of the individual, with *yerba*, and sugar to suit the taste, and boiling water is poured in. The *bombilia* is then inserted. This instrument is a small tube of about the size of a pipe-stem, and from six to eight inches in length. At the end of the tube intended for insertion, is a small hollow ball perforated with holes, through which the liquid is strained. The apparatus being ready, the partaker inserts the small end of the tube in his mouth, and the liquid is imbibed

by suction. When exhausted, the process of refilling is gone through with, and the next person in turn receives the *matte* from the hands of the *sénora*, and it is handed round until all the company are served.

Taken in small quantities, I found it healthy and invigorating; but steeped and drank in the manner in which we drink tea, it operated as a powerful laxative, frequently causing dysentery. In the houses of the rich the articles used in preparing the beverage are of gold or silver, but the same amount of enjoyment is open to all. Upon entering a house, whether of friend or stranger, the *matte* is prepared at once and proffered to the guest, after which it is usual for some one of the females to procure cigarettos, lighting them herself and presenting them to those present. All smoke, both male and female. The *caldera*, is simply an iron mug or pitcher for heating water for the infusion of the *yerba*.

But to return to my story. In obedience to the commands of Manuela, who informed me there were a great many people in the *Pulperia*, which was kept in the front part of the house, I remained where I was, and partook of the refreshments she brought. Her brothers had returned from the city, and brought the news that my companions of the ostrich-hunt had all been captured, and were now in the Cabilda, and that parties had been sent out in every direction to find me and my escort. She told me farther, that her brothers were very willing to keep me concealed, if they could only be assured that her agency in my escape would not be discovered. This would be at once surmised, in case my old escort was found, and would subject the house to a search. The place I was now in was not only a *Pulperia*, but likewise a country police station, of which they had charge; and the consequences to them would be disastrous in the extreme, should their connivance at my escape be discovered.

Manuela did not give me this information in a very calm manner, and I saw she had already been taken to task for

having anything to do with the Americano. So I told her that so far from wishing any harm to them through my agency, they might deliver me up if they wished to do so. Rising and putting her hands into mine, she gazed into my face, and inquired, "Would the people in your country do so?" I answered that in my country every person had justice done them; but that here almost every one was condemned simply because they wanted men for their army. She acknowledged the truth of what I said, but assured me that if I was given up it should never be done with her knowledge. "I shall watch for you, do not fear."

We spent the evening on the south verandah of the house which faced the river, the party consisting of Manuela, her three brothers, their mother, and myself. At the distance of about four miles from the shore lay the leviathan outline of the United Sates line-of-battle-ship Delaware, and we were intently listening to the strains of her band, which were wafted on the gentle breeze from her deck. In reply to the inquiry of Manuela, I informed her that the ship belonged to my country, giving her an account of the size of the vessel, number of guns, men, etc. "Would you like to go on board of that vessel?" asked Don Francisco. I was about to reply, but my little guardian, laying her hand upon my arm, put quite another question: "Do you sing?" Forgetting the inquiry of her brother for the instant, I answered that I did sometimes. Running into the house and returning with a guitar, she handed it to Francisco, and desired him to play for us and we would sing. At my request, Manuela brought wine, dulces, (a sort of confection made of sugar,) and the guava, a tropical fruit; and the three brothers, who I found could be boon companions if they chose, were soon in a merry mood. Having learned a number of Spanish airs and songs while in New-Orleans, which were likewise known by the brothers, I managed, by singing with them and taking care to keep up a liberal supply of wine, to grow in their good graces, and at a late hour they

retired, pledging me their word they would not betray me, and that I was welcome to the house and all that it contained, as long as I chose to remain.

The next day Manuela sat beside me in my close quarters, making me a complete *Gaucho* suit of clothes, and amusing herself at intervals in teaching me to sing a song which she had treated us to the evening before, entitled "*El Joven Lanciero*," (The Young Lancer,) in both of which she succeeded admirably; for by night my clothes were almost ready, and I could sing the song passably well to her accompaniment on the guitar. Had I been immured in the darkest dungeon of the Cabilda, I should not have turned an Oriental half as soon as I did by the side of Manuela Ramos.

The evening again found us on the verandah, and after we had exchanged greetings, Juan, the elder brother, informed us that the first parties sent to seek us having returned unsuccessful, a still larger number had been sent out that morning, while there were a great many surmises and suspicions afloat in the city in regard to my character; some averring that I was a spy, sent on shore by Admiral Brown, of the Buenos Ayrean fleet at anchor off the harbor, to gather information of what was going on, or to carry out some treasonable scheme. This was not very comforting to me, and I was fearful my three friends might take the same view of the case as regarded my being a spy. I had already learned that the whole family I was now with were Buenos Ayreans, who had been left behind on the flight of Oribe from the country. But if they had any suspicions, they took good care not to let me know it.

Everything went on well. I became a *Gaucho*, to all appearance, and, in my new dress, did not hesitate to venture into the *campo*, as the country is called, and fairly began to consider myself settled for life. The *Gauchos* are the native population, mixed, in whole or in part, with European blood. Their occupation is mostly that of herdsmen. Their costume, in which I cut quite a figure, thanks to the skill of Manuela,

is very picturesque. As mine was a fair sample of the dress of those who pretended to gentility, I will describe it. The shirt of fine cambric, with fine muslin bosom worked in flowers; the *calconcillas*, (pronounced *calsonseelyas*,) a pair of loose cotton drawers, fringed at the bottom of the legs; over these the *calcones*, corresponding to pantaloons, which are usually dispensed with in warm weather; the *cheeripa* is the next in order: mine was a small cashmere shawl, doubled and wound round my waist, the borders reaching nearly to the knees. To show the fine bosom of the shirt, the vest is dispensed with, but the *jaqueton* of red or blue cloth, cut with peaks before and behind, trimmed with silk braid, and garnished with as many rows of metal buttons as the opulence or taste of the wearer may fancy, is never omitted. Over all these is worn the *poncho* of blue broadcloth, lined with crimson or scarlet. This garment is circular, closed all round, and donned by sticking the head through a hole in its centre, where a collar and bosom have been formed and garnished with buttons. The head is surmounted by a high conical hat of light material, close woven, and the feet are encased in raw horse-hide boots, fitting tight to the foot, and covering all but the great toe, the style of stirrup used in this country making its exposure indispensable.

Horse-flesh being dog-cheap in this country, everybody rides. To go a distance of ten rods the *Gaucho* will mount his horse; and when he is not at home, if perchance he has one, his horse is always saddled and ready to be mounted in an instant. The spurs worn are a great curiosity, the rowels of which are seldom less than an inch in length, and are fastened to the heel in many instances with silver chains of pounds in weight.

Such is the *Gaucho* and his pertainings, and such, in appearance only, was I. The real simon-pure character can throw the lasso with unerring aim, and that article is always found coiled up behind him. I carried one too, at the instance of *mi amiga Manuela*, who, when I refused it, on the ground that

I could not use it, replied, laughing "*Que sonci!* (what foolishness!) no one will know that, if you let it alone;" an answer, by the way, which subjected me to the necessity of treating a large company who were in hearing.

I had heretofore kept away from Montevideo, but my evil genius at length put it into my head to venture there. On consulting my friends, none but Manuela opposed the measure; and her opposition arose simply from the fear that I would get on board of some vessel and depart. I succeeded in dispelling her anxiety on that score, and the next day I rode into the city alone. I returned safely, to the joy of my friends, and another week passed, when I again visited the city, and had not been there half an hour before I was seized by the police corporal who had first been left in charge of me on the occasion of my former arrest, and hurried off to the Cabilda.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Mock trial—The Cabildo—My companions in misfortune—Cockney Sam—Re-examination—Conditions of release refused—The blanketing—Impressment—Col. Dupuy—The quadroon's effort for freedom—Re-capture—The Perreira—Lieut. George—Duties—Visit from my friends—General Begua—Persuaded to accept the bounty—Jim George's advice—He deserts—Gratifications—The blunder—The dreaded change effected—Don Martinez—Arming and equipping the brig—Tom Lewis—A scene.

I was arraigned at once, and questioned as to my place of nativity, how long I had been in the country, what had been my former occupation, how I had got away from my former escort, and lastly, what had become of that escort. To all of these questions I gave such answers as I thought proper, and demanded permission to send a note to Mr. Hamilton, the

American consul, and another to Don Poncho Munoz. The permission was granted, and I wrote a note to each of those gentlemen, stating my situation and requesting their protection. These were given to a police soldier to deliver, who doubtless took them into another department, where they were left for future inspection. I was ordered to the prison, and as I passed from the room where the examination had been held, my eyes encountered those of Francisco Ramos. His look was troubled, and knowing his thoughts, I passed my hand over my mouth, and saw at once that it had the effect of relieving his fears. The next moment the ponderous doors of this worse than infernal place closed upon me, and showed me the rascally company with whom I was doomed to associate.

It was lucky for me that Francisco was a pretty daring fellow; for the door was hardly shut before he was at the wicket, and I passed everything in my pockets to him, directing him to deposit them in the hands of Manuela. I knew he would be faithful; but still, if he was not, I was sure to be robbed where I was. With his departure I felt I was cut off from all farther hope, and careless of everything, I glanced around, and as I did so, the St. Domingo calaboose came to my recollection. However, there were among the prisoners three others who spoke English. Two of these proved to be Americans—one a young man named Towers, belonging to Salem, Mass.; the other, William Robinson, a quadroon. These three, the third being an English ship-carpenter named Rushton, kept aloof from the other prisoners. They told me they had already been blanketed and robbed of all they had, and knew not what disposition was to be made of them. They had been accused of being drunk, and of abusing a notorious fellow commonly called Cockney Sam, who was reputed to be an escaped convict from the British penal settlements in the Pacific, who had made his way here and established a place of resort for seamen for the purpose of decoying them into the service of the Government. The greater proportion of the

prisoners were of the mixed races of the country, a vile and abandoned set, covered, from their long imprisonment, with rags, filth, and vermin. About noon, a mixed mess of rice and beef, stewed together, was served out to this crew, who, notwithstanding the questionable appearance of the compound, appeared to devour it with evident gusto; but the bare sight of it was enough for me.

Fortunately my imprisonment in this place was not to be of long duration. Towards the middle of the afternoon I was again summoned to the room in which my previous examination was held, where my discharge was proffered on condition of joining the service as a volunteer, twenty-four dollars as bounty being offered at the same time; and, as a farther inducement, a promise was given to advance my position on board as soon as possible, the situation of quarter-master being the only one they could then offer. These concessions seemed to justify a faint hope in my mind that they would be obliged to give me my liberty, and after a little reflection I declined their offers. Finding me averse to serving on board of the squadron, they offered the same post in the revenue service. This I also declined, and was remanded to prison.

I expected to be made the subject of a demonstration among the convicts, as soon as the darkness of the place would serve to prevent detection. While daylight remained I had kept in company with the three prisoners before mentioned, entirely separated from the others, who, as the evening shades began to render objects less distinct, gradually drew nearer to the corner of the room, which during the day they had partly given up to us. As is common in prisons, a banquette was raised around the sides of the room for the sleeping accommodations of the inmates. The possession of a part of this was the plea for their approach; but I knew their real motive, and conscious there was no escape, instead of avoiding them, I threw myself in their way. I had retained about a dollar and a half, with a view to this operation, a propitiation or offering

in these cases being as indispensable as those required by the heathen gods. Woe betide the wretch so unfortunate as to have an empty pocket, upon his introduction to such a fraternity. I have in many instances known them to be kicked and beaten to an extent, that rendered their recognition impossible even to their own relatives. They appeared to comprehend my views upon the subject, as I judged from the extreme gentleness of the handling I received at their hands, as well as from several commendatory expressions which unguardedly fell from their lips, and by which I could easily have detected those who uttered them, if it would have served any good purpose. We were now left at peace by ourselves; and my companions having disposed themselves to sleep, I endeavored to do the same. But no repose could come to my eyelids in such a place as this, and I remained awake, vainly endeavoring to conjecture the probable termination of my disagreeable situation.

About midnight the unbolting of the door roused me from my speculations, and looking up, I discovered some two dozen of the soldiers of the Policia, who were already waking the sleepers with the points of their bayonets. The uproar this occasioned was indescribable, and curses and kicks were freely bestowed in every direction. These ceased with the entrance of my former examiner, Col. Dupuy, an officer of the national marine. At the order of this person I arose, and my wrists were decorated, by his direction, with a pair of iron bracelets, after which I was escorted into the outer hall, where I was soon joined by the colonel, and a selection of the other prisoners to the number of twenty-five, among whom I noticed my three fellow-prisoners, Towers, Robinson, and Rushton. We were at once conducted into the street, where we were surrounded by the soldiers and marched to the mole.

"Our destination is plain enough now, boys," I remarked as the barge pulled to the stairs. "I know where mine is," said Robinson. Before I could turn to inquire the meaning of his words, the sound of a heavy blow, accompanied by a

muttered curse, sounded in my ears. I caught sight of Robinson, as he sprang from the mole into the water, while the guard at the same instant measured his length upon the planks, where he lay stunned for a moment. An officer jumped into the boat, which put off in pursuit as soon as as possible, and they succeeded, after a long, and baffling chase, in securing the fugitive, who, contrary to my expectations, was protected from the vengeance of the soldiers by the colonel, who complimented him as an "*hombre muy Bravissima*," (a very brave man,) but cautioned him against any farther exhibition of his prowess.

We now entered the barge and shoved off. We stopped alongside of the brig of war in the inner harbor, and I was ordered on board, when my wrists were relieved from their unpleasant garnishing, and Col. Dupuy gave me to understand that the duties of quartermaster would be required of me, telling me that the bounty of twenty-five dollars was ready for my acceptance whenever I saw fit to accept it. He then left, taking the rest of the men with him. I was now introduced to the ward-room, or steerage of the vessel, by an American, a lieutenant in the service, whose name on the roll was James George, a native of New-York. From him I learned that the vessel was kept as a guarda costa at present, and was under the direction of Gen. Begua. According to his account they enjoyed a merry life on board of the *Perreira*, (the name of the vessel,) and he advised me strongly to take the bounty-money, as my refusing to do so would only result in my own injury. Orders had already been given to prevent my communicating with the consul, and it did not take me long to perceive that they were well executed. I quietly acquiesced in these proceedings, the only duty required of me, being the care of the signals, and the hoisting and lowering of the flag.

On the second day after being attached to this vessel, I was delighted by the appearance of Manuela and her three brothers, who, under a pretext of visiting the vessel, came on

board, and, according to the opinion of Mr. George, made the acquaintance of the new quartermaster (myself) with wonderful celerity. However, he was not very curious to learn the state of affairs, and I was allowed to have things pretty much as I pleased. There were but about eighteen men on board, and the officers were still more limited in number; Lieut. George, a Manilla man named Francisco, who was boatswain, and myself, being the principal officers in charge of the vessel. The lieutenant occupied the cabin, the boatswain took the forecastle, and the ward-room had been given up to me, while the crew occupied the berth-deck in the hold. My friends expressed great sorrow at my unlucky capture, and Manuela for a long while remained unpacified.

During the afternoon Gen. Begua and Col. Dupuy came on board and made the discovery of our acquaintance, and again pressed me to accept the bounty and sign the papers of the vessel, promising to let me go on shore as often as my duty would allow, and stipulating that I should have nothing to do with the squadron of Commodore Coe, which was separate and distinct from their branch of the service. In conjunction with these representations came the entreaties of Manuela and her brothers, who promised to exert all their influence to advance my interests and prevent any deception. "We have a particular reason," observed the General, "for wishing to obtain you as a volunteer. There is a great deal of smuggling carried on in the port, and we have found it necessary at times to keep boats at particular points to detect the agents engaged in the business; consequently your own good sense will enable you to perceive, that we must be sure of the man to whom we assign a share in this business. We endeavor, likewise, to remunerate those engaged, according to their success, independent of their monthly pay." He then spoke as to the ease with which they could have conveyed me to the vessels of the squadron, where he assured me my situation would be far less agreeable than it was at present, and vaguely hinted that such

a course would have been the best, from present appearances. This information was given in a sort of confidential undertone by the officer, which was heard, however, by my friends, who, frightened at the hint, now pressed me harder than ever to accept the proffered terms. Finding it of no farther use to hold out, and fearful they might put their covert threat into execution, I accepted the money and signed the paper which bound me to the service, and permission was given for me to go and come whenever off duty.

I could have enjoyed the manner of life I now entered upon had I been sure it would have lasted; but I had been told by George that the brig belonged to the squadron, and had only been temporarily placed at the disposal of the port officers. At the time of his making this known he gave me a hint, not properly understood by me then, of his intention to quit the service, which, as no resignations were accepted, he would be obliged to do clandestinely; and he advised me to watch narrowly the signs of the times. During the next week he left the country in the British bark Amy, of Exeter.

For five weeks I was employed almost nightly in rowing guard in the harbor; but I was not successful in securing any great prize. Upon one occasion my boat's crew captured a small launch loaded with foreign fruit, upon which I received what the colonel designated a gratification in the sum of twenty *patac nes* (dollars.) The vessel, since the flight of Jim George, was almost wholly in my charge, and I found but little chance to make any farther excursions to the residence of my friends. I was compensated for this, however, by their constant visits to me on board.

A laughable occurrence happened to me about this time, which had nearly got me into a scrape. As I have before said, the brig was anchored within hail of the mole. On Sundays I usually hoisted the best suit of colors on board. The flag of Uruguay displays the sun in a white field in the upper canton, and the rest blue and white stripes alternately. It was

Sunday morning, and while the men were swabbing the deck, I had taken the flag from the signal-locker, and laid it upon the round-house. Col. Dupuy, who was on board, had been overhauling the contents of the locker, and after satisfying his curiosity, he proceeded to make fast the flag to the halliards. We usually hoisted it rolled up in a small compass, and hitched by a slip-knot, which yielded to a slight pull and disengaged the flag, allowing it to stretch out with the wind. All this had been attended to by the colonel, who had gone into the cabin to enjoy his coffee.

The sun now appeared above the horizon, and I ran up the flag, broke the knot, and without once looking up at the *bandara de la republica*, made fast the halliard and went below. In about three-quarters of an hour a number of voices summoned me on deck, with the information that Gen. Begua was hailing the vessel from the mole. Springing up and turning my eyes in that direction, I beheld it crowded with a large concourse of people and soldiers, at the front of whom the old General was stamping and gesticulating like a madman. His eye fell upon me the moment I appeared, and the command, "*Arriere esta bandara!*" (lower that flag!) came fiercely over the water. My eye glanced upward at the peak, where I beheld, to my great consternation, the Buenos Ayrean flag waving its folds lazily in the breeze before the astonished gaze of half the population of Montevideo, and a party of troops were already busy with the guns upon the ramparts of Fort *San Jose*, within musket-shot distance. I lost no time in repairing the mistake, and the Oriental flag being substituted, the crowds gradually disappeared, and after a violent scolding from the General, whose wrath was somewhat mollified towards me by the colonel's owning his agency in the affair, the matter was dropped and everything went on smoothly again.

It was now about the first of June—the commencement of winter in this country. My duty of rowing guard at night was becoming unpleasant, and I was sure of nothing more

lucrative or agreeable than cold fingers, until the return of warm weather. One evening about the 2d or 3d of June, I was getting ready to proceed upon my usual nightly round, when I was surprised by the appearance of four boats filled with men from the vessels of the squadron. The officer in charge of these, a very gentlemanly person named Martinez, informed me that no farther boat-duty was required of me, and that the vessel was to be got ready for service immediately, and in furtherance of these orders he was going to move the vessel at once to a berth near the squadron. In answer to my representations, he assured me that next morning he would make every exertion to procure my release or removal from the vessel, a demand which he frankly told me, however, would be useless, as I had already been turned over to the command of Don José Garibaldi, who had been appointed to take charge of an armed expedition, the object of which was yet a secret to all save its projectors. This was a great damper upon my projects, and I anxiously waited for daybreak.

There was no sleep on board of the Perreira that night. The vessel was moved to the man-of-war anchorage, and the work of arming and equipping her went forward without cessation. The morning light brought with it the new commander appointed for the cruise. Though not very sanguine of success, I stated my case to him, and requested him to speak to Gen. Requa and remind him of his promise. He promised to do so, and really fulfilled his promise, as I afterwards ascertained; but when the note from the General was received on board at noon, it only stipulated for the release of Francisco, the former boatswain.

I now began to observe preparations in progress. The brig was a fine vessel of about two hundred tons' burthen, full-rigged, and by this time manned, as some eighty men were already on board. Two circles had been laid upon the deck between the masts, upon which a squad of carpenters were now fitting gun-slides, and carriages and launches were continually coming

alongside, laden with shot, powder, and provisions in great quantities. All was activity and bustle: the anchors, chains, sails, and rigging were overhauled, and finally the guns were brought and at once mounted on their carriages. These were two long 18-pounders for pivot-guns, and four short-twelves. By nightfall the vessel was crowded with a mixed mass of provisions and naval stores of every description. Night brought no cessation to the labor, and the ship's company, divided into two watches, worked and slept alternately.

In this labor I had no hand. I was ordered by the commander to retain my post as quartermaster, at the same time appointing me an assistant in the person of a young man of the name of Thomas Lewis, who had filled the same post on board of the *Veintecinco de Mayo*, and who was destined to be my constant friend and companion through my period of service to the Orientals.

Tom was a native of Prince Edward's Island, on the coast of British America, and a noble, whole-hearted fellow. We were mutually pleased with our introduction, and at once admitted each other into full confidence. He knew more of the Oriental Government than I did, and succeeded in a very short time in setting my mind at rest on the subject of getting on shore again very soon. Had there been less activity around me I might have had an attack of the blues, but Tom's ever-cheerful voice drove away the ugly phantoms ere they could fasten on me, and at the expiration of the fourth day after the brig's transfer to the squadron, everything was in readiness for our expedition.

Up to this time no boats except those belonging to the service had been allowed to come alongside; consequently, although I had seen my friends at a distance, I had not as yet had any opportunity to communicate with them, farther than to apprise them that after the vessel was ready for sailing the prohibition would be taken off. The first notice to this effect was obtained from the captain of the port, and within an hour

mi amiga Manuela was leaning upon my shoulder on the deck of the brig. The little gipsy scolded and blustered away at the officers, to the amusement of the whole ship's company, and Manuel el Tort—so called from being disfigured by the loss of an eye—remarked that if it lay in his power he would send us both on shore together.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Manuel el Tort—Discipline—The Frenchman's joke—Inability of the Government to pay the men—Spanish bombast—The gratification—Adieu to my friends—Vain wishes—Arana in good humor—The carousal—Departure of the expedition from Montevideo—The Constitution—Don Jose Garribaldi—The Perreira—The Esperanza—Aggregate force of the squadron—Disguises—Martin Garcia—The enemy suspect our character—Signals—Prepare for action—Forcing the passage—Heavy cannonade—Demoniac bearing of Arana—The passage effected—The Constitution aground—Appearance of the enemy's squadron—Extent of damage—Killed and wounded in our late conflict.

Manuel de Arana, surnamed *el Tort*, was the new commander of the Perreira. He was an native of Old Spain, and had it not been for the loss of his eye he would have been a noble-looking man; but the extinguished organ of vision rendered the expression of his countenance absolutely hideous; otherwise his features and form were very good, his height exceeding six feet. It was said he had been engaged in the Carlist revolution in Old Spain, at the termination of which he had fled to Buenos Ayres, and entered the service of that Government as a captain of artillery. Here by some means he fell into disgrace, and in a difficulty with his superiors his eye was destroyed. This indignity had transformed the man into a demon. He deserted their service for that of the Orientals,

and had already proved his hatred to his former employers, to whom even his name had become a source of terror. He drank to excess, and when inebriated, reminded me of the accounts I had read of the Malays or Javanese "running a muck," at which times they will destroy in their madness all who come in their way, unless forcibly restrained. When perfectly sober, which unfortunately was seldom the case, the captain was very kind, and, if not too far gone, was proud of the two dozen American and English sailors he had under his command, who were preferred above all others. Nothing pleased him so well as to listen to the *Ingleses*, (the common designation of all who spoke English,) who, after the duties of the vessel were terminated, would congregate upon the berth-deck and join in singing the songs of their native land. At these times he would stand by the hour and listen to their melodies, for we had some good singers on board, and they not unfrequently prolonged their social sittings to a late hour, stimulated by means of sundry bottles of *aquadiente*, which were conveyed to them through the medium of the steward.

The system of discipline enforced on board of the Perreira was but little better than that on board of a merchantman, some little regard being had, however, to the stationing of the men. No flogging was ever attempted, and the men, even those who were foreign to the country, strove to vie with the Commodore's vessel in handling the guns, sails, etc., of the brig. We were now ready for our cruise, and but one subject occupied the attention of the men: this was in regard to their pay. The term of service of most of the men now on board varied from six months to two years, for the most of which time they had received no remuneration. Whether the Government had the subject under consideration or not it was hard to say; but an old Frenchman of rather eccentric manners, who likewise possessed the peculiar gift of cutting profiles of almost every object in paper, cut the figure of a clock and tacked it to the mainmast of the Constitution, (the Commodore's vessel,) with

this inscription: "When this clock strikes twelve, the *patrie* (country) pays," in derision of the many times which had been appointed by the Government to pay the men their wages.

This attracted the attention of a large party of Government officers, who visited and inspected the ship, creating much merriment; and before departing they appointed the next day to deliver to each of the men a gratification, or present. As to paying the men, they were so far in arrears that the bare idea was preposterous. The Government was already bankrupt, as is usually the case with all South American Governments. All the money they can get hold of they use to cover a system made up of fraud and oppression, the whole weight of which falls upon the peaceable and well-disposed citizens—all to support the dignity of some ambitious military chieftain. I know of nothing more ridiculous than to hear the accredited ministers of such Governments while in the United States commenting upon this or that subject as disgraceful or dishonorable, when it is well understood that in the land of their nativity scarcely the meaning of the terms are known, although in frequent use. In fact, the persons in power in the southern republics regard the lower classes as but little better than brutes, and order them to instant execution for the most trivial offenses, perfectly regardless of the claims of humanity, and exceeding in tyranny the veriest despots of Europe. The next day, the *Patrie*, according to previous agreement, presented to the crews of the three vessels destined for the expedition, the *gratification*, in sums varying according to rank from ten to fifty patacones, accompanied by two suits of clothing for every man, with the injunction to take great care of them, as it was uncertain what would be the length of our stay at the place of our destination.

Manuela, by my direction, as well as from her own wishes, had made every effort with the assistance of her brothers, to learn the object of this sudden movement of the Oriental Government, but their endeavors were all in vain. They had surmised, however, that our squadron was destined to reinforce

the naval station at Paysandieu, in the Rio Uruguay, some three hundred miles above Montevideo. This was to be the last interview with my friends, as we were to shift our berth that night, preparatory to receiving our sailing orders. As an especial favor, therefore, Don Manuel permitted them to remain on board until the very last moment. By nine in the evening we had taken up our position in the centre of the fleet of merchantmen, and the sails being furled, the vessel was deserted by the busy crowd which had so recently thronged it, none but the sentries and myself occupying the deck. If I could only swim ; or could slip something overboard sufficiently buoyant to float me! I cast my eyes around the deck, but nothing but heavy spars met my eye. These were not to be thought of, and there was nothing else, not even a hen-coop, and we were but four or five lengths of the vessel from the shore.

I recollected the time when I had been able to swim a few strokes, and had almost determined to make the attempt, when the figure of a man darkened the companion-way of the cabin. It was Arana. "*Que tal muchacho como vamos?*" (How is it, boy? how do you get along?) I answered that all was right. After looking around for a moment, he returned to the cabin, and calling me to him, filled the glasses all round, most of the officers being present; and all raising their glasses, he pronounced in a loud voice, "*A las memorias de su quirida Manuela chiquita.*" (To the memory of your dear little Manuela.) This sally of their commander set the cabin in a roar, and the fun among them became so uproarious that the after-part of the vessel resembled a bedlam. This fracas brought my conductor up on deck, and as I could not compromise his safety, my intentions of escaping were frustrated.

The Argentine fleet at this time had disappeared, and word had been brought that they were overhauling and refitting in the port of Buenos Ayres, thus affording an excellent opportunity for the Orientals to make a demonstration in that quar-

ter. What its ultimate object was, remains to be seen. Our orders were at length received, and on the morning of the 18th of June, 1842, we weighed the anchors and filled away to join our consorts, who were already outside the harbor. As we passed the French brig of war Arethusa, then at anchor in the inner roads, they saluted us with three cheers, and in a short time we had left the city far behind in the distance.

The breeze was fair and fresh, and while our little squadron are plowing their way through the muddy water of the La Plata, I will endeavor to give some description of it. The Commodore's vessel was a fine bark, mounting eighteen guns, with a large crew, numbering, including supernumaries, three hundred men, a large proportion of whom were intended to arm and man a number of vessels now laid up in the river ports. The flag-ship was called the Constitution. Her commander, and the chief of the squadron, as I have before mentioned, was Don Jose Garibaldi, an Italian adventurer in the Oriental service. At this time he bore the military rank of colonel, and proved his valor to the satisfaction of all under his command. The brig Perreira, on board of which I was to serve, mounted six guns, two of them mounted on pivots, which rendered her armament equivalent to eight guns. With her commander Arana the reader is already acquainted. The third vessel was a large clipper-built schooner called the Esperanza, mounting four short-twelves. This vessel was under the command of Don Martinez, our first lieutenant. The aggregate force of the three vessels was twenty-eight guns, and four hundred men and officers.

We made good progress, and during the passage, succeeded in transforming the Constitution into a ship, by the addition of a mizen-topsail, etc. In addition to this, in order to deceive the enemy still farther, a couple of strips of red bunting was tacked around the bends of the vessels, to give the appearance of the two red stripes usually painted on the hulls of the enemy's ships; and to complete the disguise, our own colors were

lowered, and the flag of the enemy substituted in its place. These operations excited my curiosity not a little, although I perfectly understood their import.

After running out of sight of the mount, the Commodore appeared to be less in a hurry to get along than formerly, so that it was four P. M the next day when we came to anchor, in a heavy squall from the south-west, in front of the island and fortress of Martin Garcia, which commands the entrance to the two great rivers *Parana* and *Uruguay*. At sundown, the squall having passed over, we received an intimation that our dodge was discovered, by a succession of minute-guns, which we felt certain was intended to give notice at Buenos Ayres of our appearance. These were fired from the fort, which crested the top of the island. All were on the alert for the signal of the Commodore to get under way, but night approached us without the expected orders, and Arana chafed like a wounded tiger at the delay, and finally, as was usual when anything displeased him, he passed the night in a drunken revel.

We were on deck early the next morning awaiting the motions of the Commodore, who at length signaled us to go to breakfast. But the time allowed for the meal was short, and long ere it was dispatched, the signal to get under way and prepare for action was displayed at the mizzen of the Constitution. In an instant the breakfast was deserted, and in little less than half the time occupied by our chief we were under way and standing for the pass. The Commodore evidently was not a man to do things in a hurry; but by the time we drew the first shot from the enemy, he was coming up in good style.

We now had the promise of hot work. At a signal from the Commodore, the enemy's flag was hauled down and the Oriental's hoisted. This was the order for general action, and being now within the range of our long guns, we opened our fire. The wind was light, and our courses being up, it was doubtful for a few moments whether we could bring the vessels

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FORCING THE PASSAGE OF MARTIN GARCIA.

into the pass; but presently we observed the easterly breeze swelling the sails of the Constitution, and in a moment it reached us and we gathered headway, and in ten minutes more we were hammering away at the fort and batteries, within musket-shot, and still fast lessening the distance between us and the enemy The garrison of both fort and batteries worked their guns well, cutting up our rigging and hulling us repeatedly. Arana was in his glory: standing upon the trunk in full view of the enemy, with his naked sword waving in circles around his head, his hatred to them found full vent in the most bitter revilings and taunts, some of which were worthy of a fiend.

We were now in the most difficult part of the passage. Being the first to enter it, Arana swore he would be the last to leave it; and within half pistol-shot of the whole force of the enemy, the topgallant-sails were let run and clewed up, and the brig remained almost stationary, giving the Constitution the chance to take the lead. That vessel, as she passed, seemed on fire, so constant was the stream of flame from her guns. The Esperanza now came up and delivered the fire of her carronades, which, however, could have done but little execution, as the fortifications were very strong, and we again made sail.

It was necessary to keep the lead going, and my station had been in the weather-quarter boat, a post from which, though somewhat exposed, I could command an excellent view of all that was going on. Three times during the cannonading we drove the enemy from the batteries, and our shot told with great effect on the principal fort, which at one time was completely silenced. But in spite of our success, I could not suppress the conviction that had there been a few good men in the fort, our vessels would have been blown out of water by them. After we had safely passed, the enemy kept feeling for us at long shot, but did not fire with any precision; and our Commodore not thinking it worth while to return their compliments, no farther notice was taken of them.

In two hours, with a light wind in our favor, we had gained a distance of about six miles from the fort, when to our dismay we beheld the progress of the Constitution checked. The Commodore had kept the lead ever since we left the fort, and a half a glance told us the ship was aground. Almost simultaneously with this disaster, a couple of large brigs made their appearance below the fort. These new-comers were the Belgrano and General Echagua brigs of war, belonging to the Buenos Ayrean navy. A worse misfortune could not have befallen us at this time. The most strenuous efforts were put forth to release the vessel from her peril, and the Esperanza was brought alongside, and commenced taking out her shot and some of the heaviest of her stores. In the meanwhile we improved the time to repair the damage we had sustained from the fire of the enemy. Our spars and rigging were soon put in good order, none of the former having been badly damaged. Our starboard broadside had been battered somewhat, as I counted the marks of twenty-one round shot; all, however, above the water-line, though one had very nearly succeeded in knocking two of the midship ports into one. We had been very fortunate, not having lost a man, and only one slightly wounded. On board of the Constitution there were three killed and seven wounded, of whom two died of their wounds. On board of the schooner one was killed and two wounded; which, considering all of the circumstances, was a far less number of casualities than we had a right to expect. On board of the squadron we fired five hundred round-shot at the fort and batteries, the damage to which must have been very considerable.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The escape—Entering the Parana—The Argentine admiral duped—The compliments of the belligerents—Oriental conclusion—The capture—Severe labors—Good fellowship—Delightful scenery—The Partilla—Confidence restored—Entre Rios—Banyous—A night-attack—Our position—The object of our expedition—Fickleness of the natives—San Nicholas—The prisoner liberated San Pedro—The midnight foray—A welcome supply—The convent—Santa Rosario—Friendly reception—Obtain supplies.

By the time the schooner had got alongside of the Commodore, the wind having hauled round to the westward and falling calm, the enemy's vessels were compelled to come to anchor outside of the fort. Towards night the fogs of the marshes came sweeping down, completely enshrouding us in their friendly obscurity, and once more we were in hopes of being able to elude our pursuers. Had there been but these two vessels to contend with, we would not have regarded them for a moment; but the signal of their attack would have been but an introductory to the appearance of a half score of others, which we knew were by this time at no great distance; and we afterwards ascertained that on the next morning, instead of the two vessels within sight of our recent anchorage, there were no less than seven. But it was decreed that we were to escape for the present. By dint of great exertions the ship was got afloat about eight P. M; and having no time to spare, the squadron at once set sail, and under cover of the fog, with our leads continually in requisition, we proceeded on our course. We had the benefit of a fine wind, and meeting with no farther accident or delay, the morning light found us threading our dubious way among the evergreen islands of the Parana. The fog disappeared about nine A. M., and showed a clear track both ahead and astern.

The enemy had been deceived. The Buenos Ayrean Admi-

ral supposed we had entered the Uruguay, which led along the Montevideon coast, whereas we were now in the Parana, a river completely under the control of the Argentines, where they never dreamed the Orientals would have the hardihood to attempt to enter. Hence the bare idea of such a thing was scouted by the long-headed Admiral of the Rio de la Plata, who made preparations to pursue the daring invaders up the Uruguay.

I had a very good opportunity, during our passage of the fort, to learn the manner in which these illustrious nations bandy compliments. The Orientals saluted their enemies as the slaves of Rosas, that dignitary being the head of the Argentine Government; and "*Viva el Presidente del Republica Oriental, Mueran los esclavos de Rosas*," from the lips of our commander and his officers, was responded to by the Argentines in the same amiable spirit, with "*Viva la confederacion Argentina, Mueran los Salvages Unitarios.*" Thus with my compatriots hurling death to the slaves of Rosas, and they in return threatening us with death, as a horde of united savages, I came to the conclusion that if I escaped from them without being hung, drawn, and quartered, I should have no cause to complain. With this view of the case, I determined to make myself as comfortable as I could under the circumstances, and leave the rest to Providence.

I was not altogether averse to the exciting scenes of battle; on the contrary, I began to long to hear again the deep-toned thunder of our pivot-guns, and I should have been frightened could I have foretold how thoroughly this feeling would grow upon me in so short a time. In conversation with my comrade Tom Lewis, I found that he shared my feelings, and had arrived at about the same conclusion as myself. But Tom had gone a step farther, for said he, laughing, "You know the old story, that 'a man is known by the company he keeps;' therefore as the enemy are not given to much reflection, and in case we are taken we shall probably fare about as well as the worst, I've concluded to fight my way with the rest until I can better

myself." I endorsed this part of Tom's code of rules, and as the probability was strong that there would be some picarooning before long, we decided upon not going with any parties unless allowed to go together, volunteers being usually wanted upon such occasions.

Well, we were in the enemy's river, and did not know but that the whole Argentine fleet were at our heels. It consequently behoved us to be continually on the alert. Therefore every inch of canvas which could be spread to advantage was packed on the spars, and every effort possible was made to accelerate the speed of the vessels. During the first day in the river we captured a very large clinker-built launch, commonly called a *balcinero*, in English a whaleboat, but large, carrying easily some three or four tons of salt. As it would not do to let her pass on and betray our whereabouts to the enemy, we took her with us, much to the chagrin of the worthy patrone, who begged hard to be let off, but in vain, and the poor fellow succumbed to the unfortunate necessity of his situation with a long phiz and the most woeful lamentations.

A new and arduous species of labor commenced with the failing of the wind. This was warping the vessels from one island to another, a duty which under ordinary circumstances would not have failed to produce much grumbling. But our position was critical, and the men toiled with untiring patience, aware that our safety depended on their exertions. From the moment we learned that we had entered the Parana, a bond of union seemed to have sprung up among the whole ship's company, induced by the knowledge that nothing but united action would carry us safely through the present enterprise; and the native Orientals, usually held in light estimation by the foreigners in the service, were at once admitted to the highest degree of consideration in the confraternity Inglese, and the utmost good feeling prevailed.

Our course was tortuous in the extreme, in many cases being almost obliged to double on our track; while in some

of the reaches the wind would be fair, affording at times a respite of from one hour to half a day in duration. In this way we continued for five days, during which we did not gain over an average of twenty-five miles per day. But we now began to approach a more open part of the river, and the islands, too, assumed a different feature. Heretofore they had been low and swampy, and covered with dense jungles, in which we frequently at night heard the yell of the *puma* or South American tiger. Now they reposed in beauty upon the bosom of the magnificent river, rising in gentle knolls, covered with trees of the growth of centuries, whose stately forms threw their shadows far out upon the sunny waters.

We had not got a sight of the coast of Entre Rios as yet, but we had exchanged compliments with a small partilla of Argentine cavalry who foolishly galloped to the bank of the river, and brandishing their swords at us, described the elegant manner in which they would use us up if they could only reach us. To try their pluck, an 18-pound shot was fired at them, which struck pretty near the squad, when they took to their heels, and scampered off before the salute could be repeated. One of the party, more frightened than the rest, threw himself from his horse and ran off on foot, doubtless supposing that the smaller the object he presented to the aim of our gunner, the less chance was there of getting hit.

The bank of the river upon the Buenos Ayrean side was now gradually growing higher as we progressed, and in a few days more we could not, as formerly, command a view of the campo from the vessel. But the river was more open, and the islands of greater extent, and we were enabled to keep under sail most of the time. Besides, having neither seen nor heard anything of the enemy, we began to have more confidence in our prospects, and all on board were in the highest spirits. At length our course led us along the coast of Entre Rios, and among innumerable islands which skirted it. These islands are said to contain immense natural peach-orchards, where

that luscious fruit grows in the greatest profusion and in every variety, affording a lucrative employment to the river traders when the fruit is in season, who load their vessels with it, and find a ready market and good prices in the commercial emporium.

The Entre Rios (in English, between the rivers) is a narrow peninsula which separates the Parana from the Uruguay. It contains a great number of lakes of various magnitudes, which are said to be formed wholly from the draining of the land and the filtration of the waters of the Parana. This barrier to the union of the two streams widens so very gradually, that at the distance of four hundred miles above the confluence of the two rivers their distance apart is about seventy miles, more than one half of which is occupied by the immense swamps, called by the natives *banyous*, formed by the great Lake Caracanes, which are passable at certain times of the year. This territory occupied the position of the confederated provinces, and at that time gave the Buenos Ayreans their cordial support to whatever measures were set on foot by Governor Rosas. Knowing this, we deemed it necessary to keep as good a look-out upon the right bank of the river as we had done on the left; but nothing of interest presented itself. Altering our course again, we returned to the Buenos Ayrean side of the river, where we were continually watched by small companies of cavalry, who were particularly careful, most of the time, to keep out of the range of our long guns. Our commander left no opportunity unimproved to express his kind wishes towards them through an iron messenger, which invariably occasioned a precipitate retreat, affording us much amusement.

Our course, since we had entered the river, had been about N. N. W., and the most of the winds from the south and east had been light, while those from the direction we were going were strong and chilly, frequently obliging us to moor our vessels under the shelter of some one of the islands during their continuance. We already began to long for something more

exciting than the monotonous creeping under a cloud of canvas at the rate of a mile an hour, or blowing our fingers, chilled to icicles by wet warps. The men were nearly worn out, and could not be persuaded to put forth all their energies, as they had done heretofore; and it was at last determined by the Commodore to bring the vessels to anchor, and grant the men a respite from their unwonted labors. In pursuance of this arrangement, our anchors were dropped beyond musket-range of the bank, and the sails being furled, an anchor-watch was stationed, and the balance of the ship's company were dismissed from duty, with the injunction to sleep with one eye open.

It was the constant duty of one of the quartermasters to be up on deck, and I had relieved my mate at sundown. Night had closed around us, but the evening was clear, and objects could easily be distinguished on shore. I was lazily lounging over the quarter-rail of the brig, with my hand on the lead-line to assure myself of her stationary position, when a bright flash upon the nearest point of the bank suddenly illuminated the atmosphere, and on the instant the rushing shot buried itself in the stout oaken sheathing of the vessel just under the main channels. Another and another followed in rapid succession, hulling us at every discharge and sending a shower of splinters in all directions, badly wounding a number of our men, who, roused by the uproar, were now tumbling upon the deck with loud cheers. The pivot-guns being cast loose, they were pointed for the spot marked by the last flash of the enemy's artillery, and we anxiously awaited the command to fire. But they were no fools that we had to deal with. For a moment everything was hushed, till the suspense became painful. At length the destructive missiles came, followed by the crash of splinters, and a wild yell of agony, accompanied with deep groans, smote upon the ear. Instantly our battery was brought to bear, and its iron contents sped on their work of retaliation. But the enemy had shifted the

position of his guns, and our aim was consequently useless. It was evident to all that we were playing a losing game, and it was with no small degree of satisfaction that we beheld the signal-lanterns displayed on board of the chief, to weigh anchor and continue on up the river.

We were completely surrounded by our enemies, who not only held both banks of the river and had shut us up in the rear, but they likewise held a number of strongly fortified posts, besides having a large squadron of armed brigs, schooners, and gunboats in front of us. North-east of the province of Entre Rios lay that of Corrientes, which, ever vacillating between the cause of the Orientals and that of the Argentines, was now in favor of the former, and the object of our present expedition was to confirm them in their present views, and concert measures to assist the Oriental President Rivera in his intended invasion of the Buenos Ayrean territory. Therefore two hundred miles farther would place us among friends, that is, if they did not change their minds before we reached their locality, which would have been characteristic of them. We were soon moving away from the dangerous anchorage; and our constant motion preventing the enemy from training their guns with accuracy, they ceased their fire.

We carried a smart breeze through a part of the night, and the morning light revealed to our sight the small village of San Nicholas, pleasantly located at the mouth of a creek which emptied into the Parana, about two hundred miles above Buenos Ayres. Here, much to my astonishment, the patrone of the *Baleinero* was set at liberty, his little vessel, however, being retained as a prize. The suspicion of there being an artillery force in the neighborhood alone saved this village from being sacked. We landed our prisoner without any opposition, and I believe the honest *pueblanos* made a hasty retreat on our first appearance, driving off their horses and cattle before them. Towards night we came to in front of the Puebla of San Pedro, where it appeared to be the determina-

tion of the Commodore to remain during the night. To guard against any recurrence of the scenes of the previous night a strong party of volunteers were organized, and as soon as it was dark enough to cover the manœuvre, they were landed, under command of Major Rodriguez, the officer of marines, with discretionary power to act as he thought proper, the boats under the charge of a guard remaining to re-embark the party in case of accidents.

There was but little rest on board of the brig during the night, as nearly all who did not go with the foraging party were kept upon the *qui vive*, in expectation of a call for assistance; but the night wore off without any disturbance, and at sunrise our redoubtable band of midnight plunderers came marching down to the boats, with drums beating, and the *manta* (scarf) of some fugitive *senora* waving from the head of a pike-staff, in lieu of colors. They brought with them a large quantity of plunder, most of which was scarcely worth the trouble of transporting on board of the vessels; but the acquisition of a good stock of fresh provisions was a source of congratulation to all. The vigilance of the enemy had forced us, since entering the river, to confine ourselves to the miserable jerked beef we had brought from Montevideo, of which we had become heartily sick; therefore the prospects of beef-steaks and savory soups tended strongly towards the restoration of the spirit and humor of the men, which were rapidly on the wane. Our foragers succeeded in capturing three *pueblanos*, who were at once impressed into the service, without any regard to the circumstances of their being, I had almost said, our enemies. But a people possessing such a faculty of accommodating themselves to whatever circumstances they chanced to be placed in, can hardly be classed anywhere. They are the friends of those who may happen to have them in their power for the time being, and *vice versa*. We had lost three men when we were driven from our late anchorage, and the prisoners were destined to fill their places.

Progressing along the river, we observed at one point on the bank a large stone building, which we were informed was a nunnery, and so it proved to be, for on our nearer approach, the fraternity turned out *en masse* to receive us. I am very much afraid that if the illustrious Governor of the Argentine confederation had heard the *vivas* of these out-door mortifiers of the flesh, he would have thought them very naughty, and possibly might have shut them up. It is probable they were apprehensive we would make a target of their very comfortable residence, nor do I think our gallant commanders were any too good to amuse themselves in that way; but their protestations of loyalty towards *el Presidente de la Republica Oriental* were so vociferous, that our commanders, with more gallantry than I had given them credit for, forbore to make any farther demonstration upon it.

The next place of note on our course was Santa Rosaria; and the knowing ones among our company shook their heads and looked with an air of profound significance at each other, while a few old croakers indulged in exaggerated accounts of the strength of the fortifications, and the desperate fighting we should meet with at that point; and by the time we came in sight of the place, the curiosity of the green-horns in the river was wrought up to the highest pitch. Santa Rosaria is situated on the south bank of the Parana, near the mouth of the Salader, distant about two hundred and sixty miles from Buenos Ayres, and from the river seemed to be a populous and thriving town. A neat church, surmounted by a handsome tower, from which waved the flag of the Santa Feeinas, appeared peeping from a grove of trees. The place was occupied by a large body of troops, who seemed to be well supplied with artillery, and could, if they so wished, have made our transit before the town much warmer than we should have found comfortable: but the people of that province were then lukewarm rather than hostile to the Buenos Ayrean Government, and therefore let us pass without molestation, on the principal of daub me,

and I'll daub thee; yet showing a force sufficient to convince us that they were able and ready to take their part, in case their southern, or rather eastern brethren should endeavor to assume the high hand. At all events, these people impressed me much more favorably, from the appearance of this village, than had either the Orientals or the Argentines; but whether these impressions would have been confirmed upon a closer acquaintance, I had no opportunity of proving.

Every preparation had been made on board of our vessels for a desperate fight, and as we sailed by the dubious spot, all the men were at their quarters, many of them stripped to the buff, silent and motionless; even the fierce voice of Arana was mute. We passed close enough to hear distinctly the *vivas* of the troops in honor of the chief of our force, and shortly after we came to anchor a mile above the town, where we displayed the flags of the provinces of Santa Fe, Corrientes, and Paraguay, in conjunction with the Oriental, at the mast-heads of our vessels. Here Garibaldi likewise received an envoy from the General of the Santa Fe troops, the purport of whose business did not transpire.

During the night a supply of fresh provisions having been sent on board from the *Puebla*, we again proceeded on our way. Our course now lay about N. E. by N., and the river being less obstructed by islands, our warping was discontinued and we were enabled to make better headway. As we had no tidings of the Buenos Ayrean fleet being in the river, it was fair to presume we were in no great danger from them for the present.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Bajada—Preparations for a battle—The Argentine squadron—Warm work—An awful spectacle—Results of the battle of Bajada—New scenery—The Capincha—Alarm—The hunters vanquished by a grunt—The new claimant for the spoils—The game secured—Old Cabo—The Macaco—French cannibalism—Durow—Bargre—Discovery of the enemy—Deserters' signals—Prepare for action—Punta Gordo—The conflict—Dangerous position of the schooner—Method of doubling the point—The catastrophe—Who is accountable?

Our course was now shifted altogether to the opposite bank of the river, or coast of Entre Rios, the chief town of which we were approaching, called Bajada or Vacada. Here was the naval station of the confederation, and we were given to understand that we should have a brush with both fleet and batteries. The note of preparation was already sounded, and on the evening of the 12th of July we anchored in sight of a bold promontory, which jutted into the river and concealed the enemy as well as the town from our view. The wind not being very favorable, the opportunity was embraced to allow the men to recover from the fatigue they had undergone, and for the first time in twenty-three days they enjoyed the benefit of a full night's rest.

The drums summoned the people at break of day, and the breeze being fresh and fair, we were soon under full sail and rounding the point which concealed the position of the enemy from our view. At a quarter to eight the men were called to quarters, and the decks cleared for action. By the time everything was in readiness, we ranged past the last object which obstructed our view, and the *Bajada* lay before us. The salute of the *Entre Riinos* came simultaneously with our appearance, and the ringing crash of the shot, as they buried in our poor old hulks, gave us notice that we could not brag much over the shore folks in regard to the calibre of our guns. The port of Bajada

is formed by a deep lagoon, extending to the south and east about a mile, in front of which, and dividing it from the river, stretched a narrow sand-bar. At either end of this bar there was a narrow channel, which admitted vessels of light draught to within one hundred yards of the shore. In this bay a squadron of nine armed vessels were anchored, including two small brigs and two schooners. The latter vessels mounted heavy guns, while those of the smaller craft were not of much consequence. The squadron was covered by a battery of 8-pounders on shore. The *Puebla* is situated somewhat back from the river, and, like Santa Rosario, is secreted by the trees around it so as to be free from observation.

As the morning advanced, the wind, which had been fresh, gradually died away, so that about the time we had arrived opposite the southern channel leading into the lagoon, we were becalmed. Our anchors were therefore let go, and we opened our fire, which continued with great spirit for two hours. Under cover of the cannonade the channel was sounded, and, much to the mortification of all on board of the squadron, it was found there was not water enough for our lightest vessel to enter. This disconcerted the arrangements of the Commodore, who had counted upon capturing the whole squadron. But they were out of his reach, and as our stopping and battering them was of little use, we made preparations for kedging past the place. The enemy were having the best of the fun: our vessels, being large, offered fine targets for their gunners, who improved at every discharge. Our sails and rigging were already in tatters, when, to our great relief, a light breeze sprang up from the southward, and the anchor being weighed, we began to move through the water.

The enemy now redoubled their fire, and the interval between us was misty with the jets of spray thrown up by the continuous shower of *mettraille* (grape-shot.) But the distance was too great for any injurious effects from that destructive missile. We were pretty well tired of the sport by the time

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we were out of the range of their guns, having been under their fire from half-past eight until twenty minutes past twelve, during which time our loss on board of the three vessels amounted to thirteen men killed and twenty-three wounded. One of the killed on board of the Perreira lost his life by the wind of a shot. Observing him fall, and being confident he had not been struck by any visible substance, I sprang to his side and raised his head against my knee. The blood fairly curdled in my veins at the awful sight. The face was covered with large globules of dark blood; the eyes appeared as if they had been partly torn from their sockets, and hung over the cheek; while the tongue, still quivering, was forced out until it touched the breast. The men recoiled from the unsightly object, and it was in vain I called upon a number of the marines to assist me in tossing the body through the port, which I at last did with the help of the marine officer.

No ceremony was ever observed in burying the dead while on board of the vessel. The moment it was ascertained that life was extinct, the corpse was at once tossed into the river. The loss of their comrades seemed to have but little effect on the native portion of our crew, who appeared to consider everything as the consequence of an unavoidable necessity. Therefore, after they lost a messmate, the merits of the deceased were discussed and a sort of eulogium pronounced by his particular friend, after which, by common consent, his name was no more mentioned.

It required all our stock of wit and patience to get the vessel in working order again, and nearly three days were consumed in making the necessary repairs, during the most of which time we were obliged to remain at anchor. The sails were patched, the rigging knotted and spliced, shot-holes plugged, and we were at length pronounced ready to proceed on our voyage. Once more our ears were greeted by the sound of the water dashing from our bow, and being favored with fresh breezes, we made good progress. The river scenery was

magnificent; strange beasts, birds, and fish began to make their appearance; and the people, basking in the warm sunshine, forgot all their late care and exposure, and made the echoes of the river ring with their songs. As yet we had not lost a man from the little band of English and American sailors on board of the brig, and we indulged the hope that we should be able to make our way back to Montevideo unscathed; but when, or how, was shrouded in mystery.

The tapir, called by the natives *capincha*, now began to be observed in considerable numbers. At first, seeing half a score swimming in the river, I thoughtlessly pronounced them seal, much to the amusement of Arana, who overheard me, and whose question, "How long are they from Labos?" (an island much frequented by sealers in the mouth of the La Plata,) put me in remembrance that we were over three hundred miles up the Parana. They are a large unwieldy animal of a light red color, living mostly in the water, and feeding upon roots and small fish. Judging from their size, I should suppose that the full grown ones would weigh seven or eight hundred pounds—the natives affirmed as high as twelve hundred, which I considered doubtful.

We had made fast to the bank of a beautiful green island, and Tom Lewis and myself, seizing the opportunity, leaped ashore, musket in hand, and making our way through the jungle, we presently came to the brink of a little lake which occupied the centre of the island. Steering our course to it, we were startled by a loud *woh-h!* which caused Tom, who was a little in advance, to make a sudden retrograde. In his alarm he capsized me, and was himself instantly pitched upon his beam-ends by my musket, which got between his legs, and for an instant there was a great scrambling. "What could that be?" asked Tom, raising upon his elbow with a grunt, and scratching his head. "Nothing but a capincha," I answered. "They are said to be harmless, but I should hate to hunt them in your company, Tom: you don't make a very good stand

before the enemy." "That may be true enough," observed my comrade, "but you'll allow I'm a tolerable covering-party." My own joints bore testimony to the truth of this witticism, and having picked ourselves up, we proceeded cautiously to the bank of the lake. But we were not smart enough: before we could bring the muskets to our shoulders, the timid animals, with a succession of *woh's!* slid off the slope and disappeared in the water. We turned up the bank, and creeping cautiously along for a couple of hundred yards, I discovered a small specimen of the animal and succeeded in killing it. But there were two claimants for the game. While making my way through the brush, and within ten yards of the game, a large alligator quietly reached his head out of the water, and seizing my spoil within his capacious jaws, would have made way with it, had not Tom, whose visions of baked pig began at the moment to look very small, given an addition to his alligatorship's mouthful which he did not appear to relish so well. The capincha was ejected from the reptile's mouth with evident indications of disgust, and the mud and water gave proof that he had got as much of that kind of diet as would satisfy him for the time being; and securing the twice-earned trophy, we commenced our return to the vessel.

Passing near a large tree of a species called by the people *madura*, whose trunk was crowned with a dense mass of branches and foliage, an object apparently leaping from branch to branch attracted our attention. From the glimpses we were enabled to catch, it appeared to be of a very dark brown or black color. I had not re-loaded my musket, and Tom took up a position to watch the varmint while I charged my piece. Both being ready, my comrade, having a good opportunity, blazed away, and something came tumbling headlong from the tree. "What is it, Tom?" I inquired, observing him to start back apparently horror-struck. "It's old Cabo!" whispered Tom, grasping my arm and drawing me away in alarm. We had on board of the brig an old and very diminu-

tive negro who was commonly called the *cabo* or corporal, from his having charge of the berth-deck. He was a little grayheaded, withered old man, the very essence of good nature, and an especial favorite with all the foreigners on board, particularly of the English and Americans, whose interests he more closely studied. He also acted in the capacity of steward and caterer for Tom and myself, and discharged his duty to our unbounded satisfaction. The idea of being the cause of the old fellow's death, however innocently, was really distressing. But the most curious part of the affair to me was, how the old man got into the tree—a feat which would have been creditable to a young man, but absolutely beyond the power of the individual in question. I therefore assured my comrade that he was mistaken, and proposed making a more careful examination.

With this view, we proceeded to make our way through the brush. At the spot from which my chum had made his notable discovery, I perceived, through a little opening among the shrubbery, the appearance of a face so closely resembling that of a human being, that my heart began to beat a regular tattoo upon my ribs, and I had almost convinced myself that Tom was right; and had it not been that some irresistible feeling drew me onward, I should have turned and hurried away. I forced my way through the tangled undergrowth, and the problem was solved—my fears in regard to our faithful steward were dissipated. Before us, stark and grim, lay stretched the carcass of a full-grown Brazilian ape—a bona fide patriarch of the forest, as his head, beard, and whiskers, which were nearly white with age, clearly proved. His features, almost human, were hideously distorted. The teeth, white as ivory, were firmly set; and his eyes, yellow and bloodshot, glared with an appalling fierceness. This was too good a prize to be left behind, and with a view to securing his hide, we determined to convey him to the brig, which, from the sounds of the carpenter's saw and hammer, was not very far distant. This we soon

found to be no easy undertaking, and after various attempts to take off his hide on the spot, we were reduced to the absolute necessity of carrying the carcass of the brute, which we managed to do by suspending it by the neck with our handkerchiefs to one of the muskets and carrying it between us. In this way, by making short stages, we at length came in sight of the vessel, and with the assistance of a number of volunteers we soon had our prize on board. The limbs of the animal were by this time sufficiently stiffened to enable us to place it in a standing posture, when we found its height was four feet nine and a half inches, sixteen and a half inches across the shoulders, and twenty-two around the waist. The arms were nearly three feet in length. Arana at first sight recognized it as one of Rosas' privy counselors, and bid ten *patacones* for his hide, an offer which we accepted at once, and we also received two *patacones* for the carcass, from a number of our French officers.

The name commonly given by the native Orientals to these apes is *mazaco*, and they are said to be more than a match in strength for any ordinary man, which required no great amount of credulity to believe, especially when the savage rows of teeth which garnish the mouth of the animal is thrown into the balance. I had a great curiosity to know in what way the carcass was to be disposed of. Among our countrymen the idea of using the flesh of a monkey for food would be abhorrent, and it was with feelings of the most unqualified disgust that I beheld the limbs of the animal—now divested of its skin, which rendered its appearance still more human—severed by the cleaver of the wardroom cook and thrown into the boiling cauldron. I had heard that the smaller tribes of monkeys were in common use as an article of food in the Brazils and most tropical countries, but the devouring of such subjects as this was too nearly allied to cannibalism; and I ever afterwards regarded our French companions as but little better than so many Marquesans. We found our capincha all that

we had been led to expect, from the descriptions of the native people: its taste was as decidedly porkish as that of any young roaster, which it was about equal to in size. After the animal is over a month old it is unfit to eat, being of a strong, fishy taste. Like the hog, the body is covered with a thick layer of fat, the lard from which is highly esteemed for culinary purposes.

Fish were caught in almost any quantity. Of these the principal kind, called by the people *durow*, was a large fish nearly resembling the drum-fish of the Mississippi, Brazos, and Colorado, though it somewhat exceeded the latter in thickness. It is fleshy, free from small bones, and of excellent flavor. Of the cat-fish there were at least a dozen different species, all denominated by the natives *bargre*, another term being applied to designate the peculiarity of the particular species. Thus the *bargre armada*, or armed cat-fish, was possessed of six rows of sharp spikes, reaching from the head to the tail, rendering him an ugly subject to take hold of: the skin partook of the nature of an alligator's hide. The *bargre brava*, was identical with our common cat-fish, and was offset by the *bargre flacco*, (soft,) in which the sharp thorns, so formidable in appearance, are found upon examination, to be mere quakers, and harmless. The *bargre preto*, (black,) and *blanco*, (white,) were the most common, and being of a fine flavor, they formed a welcome object at the mess-table. Another delicacy was soon added by the immense flocks of paroquets, which kept the wooded islands in a continual din with their noisy chatter. These birds were very delicious, and we procured them in large numbers whenever we tied up to wait for a fair wind.

As day after day passed, our time was very agreeably occupied, every succeeding reach of the river, as we progressed, disclosing new beauties. The climate grew warmer every league we gained, and the presumed certainty that we were beyond the reach of any force that could be sent in pursuit of us, kept up a general flow of goods spirits, and the vessels echoed

with mirth and song; none of the officers of the expedition offering any objection to these ebullitions of enjoyment, so long as they did not interfere with the duties of the ship.

We were soon, however, destined to experience a change of programme. As early as the 23d of the month, we had made the discovery of a large force of artillery, which was evidently marching to occupy some point of the river from which we could be annoyed; but as some time had since elapsed, it had been forgotten by the most of us, until the subject was brought to our notice again by the appearance of a high bluff some eight miles ahead, upon which the commander seemed to bestow a large share of his attention. On inquiry this proved to be the place where our Commodore expected another bar to our farther progress; but as yet we discovered no indications of the place being occupied by the enemy, and the wind having died away, we made fast to an island. Here during the ensuing night an Irishman and three of the Orientals deserted with one of our boats, and as their flight was not discovered till the next morning, pursuit was useless. Arana was furious, and swore that if another *los Ingleses* deserted, he would sacrifice every one of us who remained—an act he was fully capable of. His rage was now diverted into another channel by the Commodore's signal to get under way and prepare for action. We were soon moving before the brisk morning breeze toward the point, and at eight A. M., while the crew were at breakfast, the clear shrill notes of a bugle were borne upon the breeze to our decks, placing the nature of the day's work before us beyond a doubt. Punto Gordo, or fat point, the summit of which was alive with the troops of Rosas, has an elevation of some eighty feet, and rises almost perpendicular from the river, having no beach, the water at its base being deep and rapid: the opposite bank, on the contrary, was a flat sandy slope, with shoals extending well into the river, which here makes an abrupt turn from N. N. E. to nearly south, after which it resumes its north-easterly course. It required no great amount of penetration to

perceive that as soon as we could close with the bank we should be perfectly secure from the shot of the enemy so far as regarded our personal safety, as the enemy's guns could not be sufficiently depressed to enable them to throw a shot below our cat-harpins. The most they could do would be to cut up our lighter spars, rigging, sails, etc. On our part a similar predicament existed. Our pivot-guns, which were capable of an elevation of 45 degrees, fell six or seven degrees below the top of the bank, while those of the Constitution ranged still lower. But, as the Frenchman says, Wait a little—ve sall zee, vat ve sall zee.

The enemy opened his fire, as usual, at long shot, but not being able to answer without yawing, we disregarded it altogether until we were within three-quarters of a mile, when we dropped our anchor under our forefoot, and opening our fire upon the bank, we cleared the spot in about ten minutes, silencing every gun. In the meanwhile the Constitution and Esperanza pressed on, and the former gained the shelter of the bank. The schooner, however, not holding her wind well, and having drawn a heavy fire from the enemy, fell to leeward. and grounded upon the shoals on the south side of the river, where her situation was extremely critical, as the enemy discovered her predicament, and returned to their guns and pelted her unmercifully for a few moments. But the long 18's of the brig were not to be long resisted, and again the enemy were silenced; when assistance was rendered by the Commodore, and the schooner was hove off, and warped under cover of the bank. Having kept up the cannonade as long as we could see anything at which to direct our fire, we hove up our anchor and ran up to our consorts, who were by this time fast closing with the point.

The position we were now in rendered our guns useless, which was soon discovered by the enemy, who recommenced their fire, mostly aiming at our spars. At a signal from the chief, we opened a cannonade upon the bank, to the discomfiture of the sand-martins, which had made their nests therein, and

large portions of the hard sandy concrete was constantly crumbling into the river. At noon we were off the extreme point of the promontory, our starboard broadsides in full blast, tearing and excavating the foundation of the enemy's position in a way that left not a shadow of doubt as to the result, if the troops only maintained their ground. All the spare ropes in the vessel had been knotted together, and a heavy kedge-anchor having been attached, we took the lead by kedging some three hundred yards ahead of the Constitution. Here, dropping our anchor, we again opened our fire, and the Commodore, following suit with warp and kedge, soon joined us. In this way, moving forward alternately and keeping up a vigorous fire, we gradually drew towards the southern point of the reach, now plainly in sight. The schooner had been permitted to make the best of her way, as her guns were of no use, and she was already safe around the point, where the river again trended to the north-east. It was now sundown as our warps were laid for the last time, and our two vessels, close together, made a last effort to start the enemy from his position. Since three P. M. the marks upon our spars had showed us they had been using stones in lieu of shot; and as Garibaldi seemed to think such a brave perseverance deserved some recompense, he facetiously proposed to Arana to lend them a few rounds, and our 12 and 18-pounders were hurled with tremendous effect at the bank.

The enemy being now either out of ammunition or suspicious of the looked-for result on our part, brought up their horses to withdraw the artillery. This movement hastened a catastrophe which probably would otherwise have been avoided. The bringing of a large number of horses and cattle upon the plateau, with the increased force of the shot from our heated guns, combined to crush out the crumbling foundation, and near an acre of the bank, with some three hundred of the enemy, a large number of draught oxen and horses, and seven pieces of their artillery, were precipitated into the foaming torrent below. It was the work of an instant, and the first

yells of terror and despair, were hushed in a moment to a deathly stillness. For a few seconds we gazed at each other and at the surging waters which closed over the enemy, and the dreadful question arose in my mind, Am I responsible for this wholesale murder? My heart absolved me from the part I had taken; but what an account must be rendered in the day of final retribution by those who, merely to gratify an insatiate ambition, a lust of power, consign so many of their fellow-men to an untimely grave, filling the fair fields of God's heritage with desolation and despair!

CHAPTER XXX.

A fleet of prizes—The twenty years' blockade of Paraguay—The Jesuits and their missions—Dr. Francia—His policy—Yankee survivors of the blockade—Their account—Capture of the merchantmen—Culpable carelessness of the Commodore—The Tiger—Venom of the Boca de Algodon—Arana's pet—Scarcity of men—Arana's confidence in *los Ingleses*—Review of killed and wounded since leaving Montevideo—The Chaha—The warning—Hasty movements—Too late—Our progress barred—The enemy in sight.

But little time was given for reflection. The thunder-tones of Arana's voice was heard ringing out the Oriental war-cry, and the drum and fife taking up the strain, the men with three cheers grasped the warps, and in a few moments more we were out of the reach of the Punto Gordo. In the lagoon formed by the abrupt angle of the river bank above the point, lay a small fleet of merchant vessels, deeply laden with the products of Paraguay—the first that had left the ports of that province since the raising of the blockade, of which it may not be amiss to give some account here. In the sixteenth century the Jesuits, following in the train of the early Spanish adventurers, were admitted into the fertile regions of the La

Plata, where they possessed themselves of the sole cognizance of everything pertaining to ecclesiastical affairs; but not satisfied with that assumption of power, they sought to arrogate to themselves the entire civil and political authority, and partly succeeded. But the jealousy of the Spanish Government having become aroused by their encroachments upon the rights of the crown, they were expelled by royal authority in 1767, after enjoying an almost unlimited sway over the people for a century and a half. During the seventeenth century the missions of Paraguay were established by these indefatigable seekers after power, who managed to effect a total revolution, if I may use the expression, in the manners and customs of the natives of the country. The expulsion of the order from Paraguay was but partial in its effects in most similar cases. The visible exercise of their authority was nipped just so far as regarded the assistance of the civil power, which had formerly been the passive instrument in carrying out their decrees; but the minds of the people, accustomed to render a slavish submission to their ghostly rulers as the only authority possessing any virtue, yielded silently but implicitly the same obedience that had marked their character since the advent of their new masters. This is not to be wondered at, when we consider that the elements upon which they worked were a mere race of savages. Their influence upon the descendants of the European Spaniards in the lower provinces, although as strongly marked, was not so deeply rooted, and the sentence of expulsion was hailed by the people as the advent of liberty. Paraguay revolted, with the rest of the provinces, against the Spanish crown in 1808, and being from its situation in a great measure exempted from the warlike demonstrations incident to the other Spanish colonies, the struggle which so nearly exhausted them passed the Paraguayans scathless. This will account for the submission of the other States of the confederacy to the system of exclusiveness imposed on the province by the Dictator Francia.

Upon the declaration of independence from Old Spain, in 1821, the provisional government of the province was vested in Dr. Francia, a learned Jesuit father, who presently managed to exchange his temporary authority for that of an absolute dictator, he being elected with that title for life. Upon reaching that high station his whole energies seems to have been directed to the creation of the means for the maintenance of his own authority. The whole able-bodied male population of the province were at once instructed in the use of arms: every quarter offering an available point of attack to an enemy was strongly fortified; vessels of war were built and launched upon the river, which is there said to branch out into broad and deep lakes; and as a finishing-stroke, the country was declared in a state of blockade, to be continued for twenty-one years, all ingress or egress from the province to cease from the time of issuing the proclamation. The penalty attached to any infraction of this blockade was imprisonment during its existence, with such other modifications as the nature of the particular case might demand. This act was rigidly enforced, and many vessels which happened to be in the port of Assumpsion remained there to decay.

It was my good fortune to meet with two Connecticut Yankees who had been detained the full term by this freak of Francia. The vessel in which they entered the port of Assumpsion, twenty-one years before, had rotted to pieces, and they had at last received permission to leave the country, if they chose to do so. They stated they had been paid for every moment of their detention; that they were married, and had families in the province, and felt rather inclined to end their days there. Land had been given them, and they had acquired wealth: subjected to no other restraints than those imposed by the provisions of the blockade, they went and came wherever they chose, within the prescribed limits. At first (the first two years) they were closely watched, after which no particular surveillance was exercised towards them.

The blockade had just expired, the fleet of merchantmen at anchor in the lagoon being the first fruits of the new state of affairs; and from the appearance of things, the Argentine General was determined to prevent them from falling into the hands of *los Salvages Unitarios*, if possible. His troops were scattered thickly over the eastern slope of the point, from which the vessels could be easily covered by musketry; and not expecting any farther resistance, our boats were manned at once and dashed among the fleet. They had hardly succeeded in boarding before the whole slope was in a blaze, and one half of the boats came dashing back faster than they went. They were dispatched a second time, and in the meantime we opened a fire of grape with our long guns upon the slope, which must have proved very destructive. However, the enemy stood to their guns as long as there was any hope of saving their vessels, and only ceased their fusilade when we had them safely at anchor alongside of us. There were nine of them, small brigs and schooners, laden with cigars, tobacco, yerba, dulces, etc., and they made quite an addition to the appearance of our squadron.

We now received notice direct from the chiefs of the expedition, that we might consider the dangers of the enterprize past. This was good news, and the congratulations of all were unbounded, as if the object which had brought us here was fully accomplished. A general spirit of indifference as to whether we made any farther progress seemed to have taken possession of the Commodore. When there was plenty of wind, we would sail a short distance and then come to anchor. Making fast to an island, one day, a number of us started a large tiger, which, upon our giving chase, leaped over the jungle and disappeared, followed by the whole posse, among whom was Commandante Arana. After an unsuccessful pursuit, we returned to the brig. Just as we were stepping on board, the strange actions of a small dog belonging to the commander drew the attention of several of the party. By his yelping

and barking we concluded that he had started some game, and we returned to see what it was. As if emboldened by our appearance, the dog redoubled his noisy attack, paying no heed to the voice of his master, who endeavored to call him off. We had nearly reached the spot, when the animal uttered a sharp howl, and instantly turned upon his back, his feet up, and quivering like an aspen leaf. On looking for the cause of the mystery, we found a small reptile adhering to his nose by its fangs. It was instantly killed by Arana, who betrayed more feeling over the dead dog than he would have done over one half of the ship's company under the same circumstances. The dog was a favorite pet of Arana's wife, and had been committed to his charge as a *souvenir*, upon the eve of our sailing from Montevideo, with the injunction to take good care of it and bring it safe back to her. He said he had promised that if he came back himself the dog should accompany him. I was amazed at the frightful and rapid effects of the venom. Ten minutes had hardly elapsed before the body swelled to an enormous size and burst open its entire length, while the flesh betrayed all the incipient stages of mortification. The reptile was about seven inches in length: its head, forming about one-third of its entire bulk, displayed a pair of jaws which far exceeded, proportionately, those of the alligator. The mouth appeared to be filled with a substance resembling a small wad of fresh-picked cotton, from which it takes the name *Boca de Algodon* (cotton-mouth.) It was carefully preserved in a bottle of spirits by Arana's orders, who drowned his own sorrows in a bottle of the same material.

We now began to feel the want of men. Not having succeeded in securing a single one of the former crews of the prizes, we were obliged to man them with the native material from our own vessels. The idea of putting the foreign sailors, especially the English and American, on board of them could not be entertained for an instant. Our commander swore that it would be as sensible to send us all by express to Buenos

Ayres, as to trust us out of his sight. There were only two that he placed any confidence in, and those were Tom and myself. This was his assertion, but it did not go far with either of us. Our prizes numbered ten vessels, each of which, owing to the inefficiency of those who were sent to man them, required eleven men. At the Punto Gorda we had lost eleven killed and seven wounded on board of the three vessels, making a total loss, since leaving Montevideo, of thirty-six killed and forty wounded, so that the entire force left on board of the Constitution and Perreira only reached one hundred and sixty men and officers. The schooner Esperanza had been dispatched in advance to the city of Corrientes, to give notice of our approach, taking her full complement of fifty men with her.

From the 3d of August, the day on which we had our last brush with the enemy, until the 22d, we had not progressed over sixty miles. The two entire days preceding the latter date the vessels had remained at anchor, with awnings spread fore and aft, the men amusing themselves in various ways or basking in the warm sunshine. The fishing was rare sport, and as the flocks of paroquets soared through the ether above us, a salvo of a dozen muskets at a time would fill the air with dead bodies and parti-colored plumage, the lucky survivors giving palpable evidence of their consternation in loud and angry chattering, the moment they had gained the security of the wooded islands. The nights were beautiful, and it was a rare treat to study the moonlit features of the noble river, which, studded with its magnificently wooded islands, lay stretched out before us like a sheet of molten silver. The wild-cat yell of the tiger was almost constantly heard, as was likewise the shrill notes of the trumpeter, a rare bird, of which I was anxious to secure a specimen, but, owing to their extreme shyness, it was a long time before I succeeded in my wishes. These singular birds are never found except in couples, male and female, and the shrill *chaha* of the former is sure to be answered instantly at no great distance by the softer

modulated *chaha-lo* of the latter. There are three varieties of the trumpeter: the one which I eventually succeeded in getting possession of, was of the species known as the armed trumpeter, from the spurs or spikes with which the top or shoulders of its wings are garnished—an almost useless appendage, one would suppose, for a bird of such peaceful habits. They are eminently conjugal, as has been proved by the fact that the separation of mates surely and speedily ends in the death of the bereaved one. They are about the size of a small turkey; and those I had the opportunity of closely observing, including the one before alluded to, were possessed of the most beautiful plumage, in which, white, gray, and scarlet, formed the most prominent colors, the head being bare.

On the 23d of August the signal to make sail was displayed on board of the Commodore's vessel, and in a short time our squadron, which now made quite an imposing appearance, was in motion. Again the mast head was decorated with the parti-colored numbers, which by reference to the code of signals read, "make all sail." This sudden start occasioned not a little surprise, and every cause but the right one had been surmised by the crews. Early in the morning my comrade Tom, having the watch, reported a sound as of the firing of heavy guns to the south-west. This had been noticed on board of the Constitution, and occasioned the shadow of a suspicion in the mind of Garabaldi that he was not yet out of the reach of old Brown's clutches. At any rate, the precipitate manner in which we left our anchorage showed that he felt anxious to make up for lost time. The winds were mostly mere cat's-paws and our progress proportionably slow; and as if to render our destruction inevitable, at four P. M. on the 27th our farther progress was stopped by a sandbar, having but eight feet of water upon it, which would require the stripping of the Constitution of everything moveable to enable her to pass over. In this dilemma we followed the motion of our chief, and came to anchor. The next moment the signal of "the enemy in sight,"

was waving lazily from the mizzen-topgallant mast-head of the ship. From our mast-head I counted at first five, and in ten minutes two more of the enemy's vessels. On coming in sight, the foremost vessel, a large brig bearing the flag of the Argentine Admiral, immediately anchored. He was evidently aware that we were at his mercy, and determined to risk nothing by indulging us in anything like a fair fight on equal terms. His vessels continued to arrive and take their positions in line, until at sunset the number amounted to thirteen, which, considering there were only two of us, were as many as there was any necessity for. The great wonder to me was, that the enemy did not attack us at once, before we were able to bring the vessels into position.

CHAPTER XXXI.

The council—Forming the line of battle—The caucus—Position of the enemy—Battle of the Costa de Bravo—An old score wiped off—The night of the 28th—The Author wounded—Abandonment and destruction of the squadron—The retreat.

Our forebodings were as gloomy and dark as the night which set in, and we awaited with anxiety the result of the council in session on board of the Commodore's vessel. Thanks to the urgent necessity for instant action, we were not kept long in suspense, and from my comrade, who had accompanied Arana, I was made acquainted with the proceedings of the meeting. The majority of the officers were for blowing up the vessels and transferring our operations to the land, and Arana alone voted for getting under way and laying the enemy on board at once. But these two projects were vetoed by Garibaldi, who gave his instructions to Arana and broke up the council, resolving to carry out his own plan for defense. What that plan was, will appear from what follows.

The river at the point which we occupied presented a breadth of about one mile and a half, which space, with the exception of some three hundred yards in width occupied by the channel, was a vast network of shoals. The northern bank was formed by an island about five miles long, lying obliquely nearly across the entire river, which from this point bore away to the west of north again. The southern extremity of the island formed the rallying-point of the enemy at about one mile's distance. The largest prize vessel was immediately relieved of her deck-load, which was unceremoniously tossed into the river, and being placed in position and her bow well moored with extra anchors, her stern was hove up against the current, by means of strong hawsers securely fastened to the trees on the bank. Four spare twelve-pounders were speedily transferred to her deck, with a crew of thirty men detailed from the prizes, which were henceforth to take care of themselves, all of the men being recalled to their former quarters. Immediately upon the schooner's being placed in position, the Perriera was moved ahead of her, and anchors having been laid up stream, her stern was hove up under the bow of the schooner. The Constitution was next brought into the line ahead of the brig. The amount of labor performed that night would test the credulity of any one but an eye-witness; therefore I will only say that the men worked as if their life depended on their exertions. By three A. M. the line of battle was complete and everything ready for action, the prize vessels being anchored in a line about three hundred yards above us. One thing more remained to be done, which was committed to the care of Tom Lewis and myself: this was, to dress the brig in all her finery. For this purpose we rove girtlines, to which we fastened all the signals belonging to the vessel, while the flags of the provinces of Santa Fe and Corrientes were assigned to the mast-heads. Thus everything was arranged as if for a holiday. A couple of brief hours remained to us for repose, and the men, weary and dispirited, were advised to improve them for that purpose.

But no one thought of sleep; and the foreigners, including French, Dutch, Swedes, Danes, Britons, and Americans, all assembled together to take measures to secure to ourselves the greatest possible amount of safety. Arana was already destroying all the energies he so much needed for the day's work before him, substituting in their stead a drunken ferocity worthy only of a brute, which he always appeared to consider as the quintessence of a warrior; but he was destined to pay the penalty of his folly. A general agreement was entered into by our own party to have a watchful eye over each other, and that no volunteering should be tolerated, unless at least ten of our number should go in company. The probability was, that as the enemy had possession of the lower point of the island, there would be some guerrilla fighting on both sides; but we were confident none would be called to this duty but those who might offer; and as ten of our boys were worth thrice the number of natives, we considered that number as capable of taking care of themselves. One thing was certain, however, no mercy or quarter was to be expected from the enemy if we fell into their hands; and it was resolved unanimously to fight it out to the last, and share the fate of the Commodore, let it be what it would.

Daylight was glimmering in the east before our caucus ended, and as the light increased, revealing the hostile fleet, now, to our astonishment, numbering, including gunboats, twenty-three sail, we were almost dismayed. Our people, without the preliminary summons of the drum, had already taken their post at their quarters, evidently anxious to try the mettle of the Blanquilliers, (pronounced Blankeelyers,) the common term by which the Argentines were designated, from *blanco*, (white,) the distinguishing color of the party; that of the Orientals being *colorado*, (red.) The first rays of the morning's sun following quickly after the dawn, already streaked the orient with its crimson halo, when the order was given to man the girtlines and light the matches.

The enemy were evidently willing that we should begin the fray; and the sun now having revealed its broad disc through the morning vapors, the rainbow of flags and signals ascended to the mast-heads amid the roar of our long 18's, and in a moment the stillness of the morning gave way to the thunder of near an hundred pieces of ordnance, and the crashing shot as they tore their way through the stout bulwarks of our vessels. The enemy, having the advantage of a wider channel, had extended his line quite across the river, his light vessels being enabled to take advantage of the shoal water upon the south side of the stream. The head of his line of battle was taken by the brig General Echagua, mounting sixteen long 18's, and bearing the flag of Admiral Brown. In close proximity with the flag-ship were the San Martin Palmar, Chacabuco, Aguier, and a number of other large vessels, all mounting heavy metal, which told with disastrous effect upon our devoted hulks, for by noon our masts, spars, and rigging were irretrievably ruined, and hanging in a tangled mass in every direction. The Constitution had received a number of shot below her water-line, and was obliged to keep her pumps continually working, and the destruction of our vessels had already become a fixed fact, although the Perriera as yet remained uninjured in her hull.

The cannonade waxed fast and furious as the day began to decline, and the people, nearly exhausted, went through with their arduous duty almost mechanically, when a new source of danger once more aroused their energies. About one hundred and fifty yards in advance of the extreme left of our line of battle, the bank of the island was covered to the extent of about a quarter of an acre with a dense thicket of gnarled shrubs, resembling the *musquite* of Louisiana, in which a party of the enemy had, unobserved by us, gained shelter, from whence they now saluted us with a shower of musket-balls which brought down a dozen of our brave fellows. Not a moment was to be lost; the thicket must be instantly cleared, or

the decks of the brig and schooner could not be held for a moment. Already the shouts of Arana for volunteers were ringing through the vessel. There was no security on board. My eye met Tom's, as we simultaneously grasped a musket and sprang after the commander, who, sabre in hand, was already in the boat. Our example was followed by most of the foreigners, and we reached the bank at the same moment with a strong party of fifty marines from the Constitution. Arana took the lead without any attempt at forming the party in order, bidding us to follow him, and every man to fight upon his own hook. In this way we dashed into the thicket by the shortest route, while the marines, under their captain, marched into the prairie, with the evident intention of gaining the rear of the enemy.

Upon our approach, the whole party of the enemy, after firing a scattering volley at us, fled from their covert and rallied in the open campo, about ninety yards from the edge of the thicket, forming in line to the number of about three hundred. There were but about thirty of us, all told, and the odds seemed too strong even for Arana, who commanded a halt. From the skirt of our covert we commenced a regular course of target practice, each man singling out his object. The enemy replied briskly, but with no effect, and after a few moments we knew by the firing to the left of us that the marines had got to work. They now fell by the dozen, at every volley; no men could stand such a fire long, and their line gave way. At this instant Arana dashed from the thicket with a wild yell, and the rest of us following with loud cheers, which were taken up and re-echoed by our marines, completed their discomfiture, and with loud cries of, "*Ja lo venga el Tort!*" (There comes the deformed!) meaning, of course, the devil in the person of Arana, they fled towards their vessels with the greatest precipitation. We followed close at their heels, loading and firing as we ran. I had tripped in the grass and fell, but was in the act of rising, when Tom, who had stuck

close by my side, laid his hand upon my arm, whispering the word, "Down!" "What is it, Tom?" I inquired. "Are you loaded?" he asked, without answering my question. "Yes." "Then look there," pointing to a clump of some thirty or forty trees, under which a considerable party of the flying enemy had rallied, unobserved, as we thought, by any one but ourselves. My eyes were riveted on the spot in an instant. In front of the party, holding a pole to which was attached a Buenos Ayrean flag, stood the corporal of the Oriental police from whom I had formerly escaped, through the agency of Manuela Ramos and the friendly pulperia keeper. The next instant my eye was lining the barrel of my musket with his head, when Tom's voice recalled me to my senses. "Are you mad?" he whispered. I was too much excited to act in a very rational manner, and should have fired, in spite of the consequences, if my eye had not at that moment fallen upon Arana and the larger part of our force, who, not observing the party under the trees, were advancing directly towards them. They were double our number, and I saw that they were preparing to give our men a warm reception. The flag had disappeared, and the time having arrived, my comrade sent the contents of his musket among them. Under the impression that they were discovered, they opened a fire upon Arana and his followers, who dashed among them before they had time to re-load. Tom and myself reached the spot in time to see them routed, and I possessed myself of the flag, which Arana allowed me to keep as a trophy.

The island was now cleared, and we returned to the vessels, which had kept up their fire without intermission, leaving the remnant of the Constitution's marine force, now reduced from fifty to twenty-eight, in possession of the thicket. On looking over our party we missed five—two Swedes, one Frenchman, one Dane, and one Irishman. The loss of the enemy in this skirmish, was upwards of a hundred in killed alone. The crippled condition of our vessels, as we came in sight of them

again, was enough to convince us that we could not hold out much longer. Two of our prizes were wallowing at their anchors, with their decks even with the water, their light cargoes not permitting them to sink any farther; while the shot of the enemy were every moment crashing through the hulls of the ship and brig, which now resembled two immense strainers. From their appearance it seemed impossible that any one could have remained on board alive, and yet there was no cessation to the blaze of fire which was constantly flashing from their broadsides. The Commodore was the very perfection of coolness: wrapped in a blue cloth *poncho*, with his telescope resting across his arm, his tall commanding figure paced the poop-deck of his shattered ship with the air of a conqueror, in plain sight of the whole fleet of the enemy, as if in derision of their skill in gunnery.

The deck of the schooner in our line of battle was swept of every soul, and from its appearance it would be a dangerous position to hold; and the orders of my commander to take charge of the silenced guns, and let the enemy know they could yet do good service, were anything but agreeable to me. But there was no help for it, and receiving a dozen Orientals from the brig, the guns once more began to make themselves heard. The men who had just come from the Perreira, though weary and dispirited, had no complaints to make on the score of hunger, but being constantly employed in reporting the effect of our fire to Arana, I had not been enabled to avail myself of a portion of the liberal supply of bread and cheese which was abundantly supplied on board of the brig before the attack upon us from the thicket, and now I found myself cut off from the possibility of procuring anything, from the want of a boat. Hailing was of no use: the very elements were surcharged with uproar, and I could not make myself heard. I was faint, and half famished, and in this strait my eye fell upon a piece of raw beef which was suspended from the fore-boom. An idea struck me. I looked into the caboose and saw there a pot and

wood. This will do: with the aid of a pistol I soon had a fire, and the beef was transferred to the utensil with the due quantum of water, and in a few minutes was seething and bubbling in fine style.

A number of shot from the enemy struck the schooner, using up five of my twelve men. Never mind, the broth still bubbles. Another shot splinters up about twenty feet of the vessel's rail, a couple of fragments of which disable two more of the men. I stooped over and with a spoon tasted the *calde*, (soup:) it tasted delicious. I verily believe some envious or malignant rascal in the enemy's fleet saw the smile of satisfaction upon my face, and resolved to disappoint me. Two of the guns were loaded, and I stepped to assist in running them into the battery. It was lucky I did so. The object which drew my attention from the caboose being accomplished, I turned towards the smoking *cuisine* just in time to see a ball stave the cook-house in pieces, demolishing the pot of beef-tea, and scattering the fire in all directions. We succeeded in extinguishing the fire, and, as if satisfied with the mischief already accomplished, the enemy did not hit the schooner again while the firing lasted.

It was not in human nature to continue the giant efforts of the people without some respite, and therefore as the shades of evening closed around us the fire was allowed gradually to slacken; and as the enemy seemed perfectly satisfied, we ceased our fire altogether, and at eight P. M. the silence of the deep-throated cannon proclaimed rest to the weary. Nothing broke the stillness of the evening but the clang of the pumps on board of the Constitution. After transferring my wounded men to the brig, and posting a sentry, I shook out the folds of the mainsail on the deck, and rolling myself up in them, was soon lost to all the cares of this life in a quiet slumber. From this I was aroused about ten P. M. by my comrade, Tom, who asked me to accompany Arana in a scout. I had but little inclination to exchange my present quarters for the wet grass

of the island, but upon learning that all of our countrymen were going, I turned out and made my way on shore. I was not, however, allowed to proceed any farther than the bank, Arana ordering me to return and look after my charge. This was far more satisfactory to me and I returned, and ensconcing myself once more in the sail, endeavored again to court repose. Being unsuccessful in this, after lying nearly an hour, I got up and paced the deck, watching anxiously for any demonstration from the commander and his party, whose object, I surmised, was to cut the springs of the enemy's vessels.

The conjecture was correct. Ere another half hour elapsed, a long line of flashes, followed by the rattling of musketry, gave notice that the work had commenced. In a few seconds more the rumbling of the chain cables among the Argentine squadron, followed by a tremendous fusilade from their whole line, caused me to fear that some of my comrades were losing the number of their mess. In about ten minutes more everything was silent again, and I looked anxiously for the return of the party. None appearing, I once more betook myself to the sail, but not to sleep. Two hours passed, and no signs of Arana. The sentry gave me notice of the sound of oars below us. I sprang to the side of the vessel nearest to the enemy, and leaning my head as close as possible to the water, found that the man had not been mistaken. Rousing the men, and clapping a stand of grape into each of the four twelves, in addition to the round-shot with which they were already loaded, we pointed them so as to sweep the river at a small point of the island about two hundred yards below us. The dip of their muffled oars were now distinctly heard upon the still night air, and I knew that a couple of moments at farthest would bring them in sight. At this moment a low hail struck my ear: "*Aboard la goletta, senor! toma mucho quedon,*" (the schooner, sir; take great care.) I turned, and discovered the noble figure of Garibaldi, who, ever watchful, was leaning over the quarter of the Constitution, "*Todos esta alerta, senor coronel,*"

(we are all on the alert, colonel,) I answered. "*Mui buona,*" (very good.)

There was no chance to hear more. A dozen boats suddenly and silently shot from the cover of the point, and aware that farther concealment was impossible, they gave three cheers and made a rush for us. A simultaneous discharge of seventeen pieces of artillery, followed by a crash of shattered boats and loud yells, and then the sounds of a few receding oars told the result of the enemy's attempt at a surprise.

I was now in hopes we should be able to rest the remainder of the night, but such was not the case. One of the prize vessels was now brought down, and a large quantity of powder being placed in her cabin, she was set on fire and sent down among the enemy's fleet. This manœuvre failed, as they succeeded in boarding the vessel and extinguishing the fire. Careless whether this last strategem was successful or not, the moment I could get away I returned to my quarters in the mainsail on board of the schooner, and slept soundly until aroused by the re-opening of the cannonade. I jumped up, and the first thing that caught my eye was the Commodore, who from the poop of the ship was shaking his fist at me. I was puzzled to know the cause of this. I could see by his gestures that he was hailing at the top of his lungs, although the rapid explosion of the guns prevented my hearing a word. This he presently became aware of, and pointing to the colors of the brig, his meaning was revealed. Turning around, I saw the flag of the schooner still lying upon the taffrail, and, half frightened out of my wits, I lost no time in hoisting it.

The fire of the schooner's guns did but little execution, owing to the fact that a large number of nine-pound balls had been put on board of the brig at Montevideo, by mistake. The vessel mounting no guns of that description, these balls were of little use, as a full charge of powder would not throw them half way to the enemy, and we had no others left. So to get rid of them, the men put them into the guns three at

a time, and dropped others overboard, until they had disposed of the whole. We had therefore nothing farther to do but watch the progress of events.

I now for the first time missed the commander of the brig, Arana, but whether he was killed or wounded, I had no idea or means of ascertaining. The strangeness of Garibaldi's conduct in prolonging the battle, led me to doubt whether there was any hope of escape remaining to us. Every one of our boats had been badly shattered, and only one was available for use, and this was so badly patched up that she was with difficulty forced against the current. The ship and brig were reduced to complete wrecks. The shot had long since given out, and some tons of pig iron, as well as all of the chain cable which could be got into the guns, were fired away; nothing therefore remained for us but to make as good a retreat as we possibly could.

At half past ten I received orders to make preparation for setting the vessel on fire, and send the men on board of the brig. This was soon accomplished; and having seen the fire well under way, I left the schooner to her fate and joined my comrades on board of my old craft. Here everything betokened our speedy abandonment of the vessel. Barrels of tar, spirits of turpentine, paint, oil, and liquors were flowing in every direction, and a barrel of pitch in the main hatchway, covered with light kindling-stuff, was all ready to receive the torch. Most of the men were arming themselves for the new kind of life that lay before us, every man choosing such arms as best suited his fancy; some few of whom loaded themselves with clothing, destined to be thrown away before they had got out of sight of the burning vessels.

A few of our boys, determined to salute the Admiral once more, had loaded the after pivot-gun, leaving the rammer in place of a ball. At their request I assisted in running the gun in the battery. While engaged at this, a shot from the enemy struck the mainmast, and, with a stunning sensation ringing

in my head, my senses left me and I was thrown violently upon the deck. It was but a moment, however, before I recovered myself, and being assisted upon my feet by my comrades, the surgeon extracted a long slender splinter of the mast, about half an inch square, which struck my face endways, punching a rather uncomfortable hole from about the middle of the left side of the nose through into the mouth, where, finding no farther opposition to its course, it stopped. A little lint and balsam was applied, and feeling very sick, by the advice of the surgeon I laid down in a hammock, when a half-stupor took possession of me, and I lost all consciousness of everything except that I felt very heavily.

From this drowsiness I was aroused by a cannon-shot from the enemy, which burst through the deck within two feet of me and crashed through the side of the vessel, cutting the clues of the hammock in which I lay, and letting me down with a violent shock on the wardroom floor. Feeling stifled for want of air, I ascended to the deck, which, to my astonishment, was already deserted, while the fire was blazing furiously in the hatchways. The horrors of being burnt alive in the vessel flashed upon my fevered brain, and I shouted loudly for the boat, which had just reached the shore. For a moment it was doubtful whether they would return. The thought that none of the wounded had been conveyed on shore up to the time when I was knocked over, now occurred to me, with the suspicion that the Commodore had decided to leave the poor creatures to their fate!

Doubtless Garibaldi's desperate condition justified such an extreme measure. Our little band was reduced to ninety-one, a number of whom were more or less wounded, but still able to march. We had but one boat left, with which it was utterly impossible to remove the wounded from on board the vessels, and the only alternative was to leave them to their fate. Fortunately for the poor fellows, they were insensible to pain, from a cause totally foreign from the effects of their wounds. When

the surgeon advised me to turn in and go to sleep, after he had dressed my face, he doubtless thought I was too severely wounded to leave the vessel; and therefore offered me what I supposed was a glass of brandy, with which, fortunately, I merely moistened my lips, instead of drinking it; but it did not take me long to study out the whole scheme after I had got safely on shore, and to realize how narrowly I had escaped the effects of a draught intended to send me, in common with my wounded comrades, unconsciously into eternity.

For my escape to the island I was indebted solely to a few of my own countrymen, who, recognizing me, refused to proceed with the boat until I was landed. The most of the people were already nearly a mile from the spot where I stepped ashore, and the only one remaining on the beach was a lieutenant of the Constitution, named Louis. This officer was likewise wounded, and we started after the others in company. The enemy had directed all their fire at our party upon the beach as soon as we landed, and the shot striking pretty thick around us, my companion proposed a run; and as there could be no bravery in remaining to be shot at any longer than was necessary, we used our legs to the best of our ability, until we overtook Garibaldi and his party. This was the most uncomfortable race I ever experienced. My head was swelled beyond the possibility of recognition, and felt like an immense lump of lead upon my neck. This, with a dead aching, occasioned me so much misery that I was on the point of throwing myself down and submitting to whatever fate might befall me, when Garibaldi approached, and taking the carbine from my shoulder, ordered me into the boat.

We had now reached a point about two miles from the spot where we landed, and there being nothing to obstruct the view either of the burning vessels or the enemy's fleet, the people drew up on the point in military order, to witness the blowing up of the vessels. A number of the enemy's craft had loosed their sails, preparatory to getting under way and boarding

shattered wrecks; but the flames pouring from them in every direction, warned them of their danger, and they wisely desisted. They had now nearly ceased their fire, a gun at intervals of about five minutes still throwing shot in dangerous proximity to our little band.

Hearing a sudden outcry among the people, I inquired what occasioned it, when one of the oarsmen pointed to the burning vessels, up whose masts the flames were chasing each other, enveloped in clouds of dense black smoke. I could just make out to see the figures of two men who had been driven by the flames from the deck of the ship to take refuge in the maintop, where the fire soon reached, and they ascended to the topgallantmast head. The sight of these unfortunates had occasioned the exitement among the people. Their fate was too dreadful to think of. Scarcely a moment elapsed after they gained the mast-head, before the brig blew up, followed almost instantly by the destruction of the ship. The masts of the Perreira were thrown up with the precision of a rocket to a great height. This last sight, the total disappearance of the vessels, and the uncertainty of what our future fate might be, almost destroyed the little hope and cheerfulness that still existed among the men, many of whom, after facing death a thousand times since we left Montevideo, wept like children as the shattered fragments disappeared from sight.

There was but little time to indulge in gloomy forebodings, and in five minutes more we were all in motion again, and at sunset we reached the northern end of the island without molestation. I afterwards learned from men who had served on board of the Argentine squadron in this battle, that they had been used so roughly they were content to let us off with all the honors. Had they landed a couple of hundred good men and pursued us, we should have been cut off to a man. The passage between the island we were on and the main land being nearly a mile in width, we did not reach the main with the boat until after dark; but after landing the heavy articles, the

business of ferrying the men was commenced, and by ten in the evening we were all reposing beside our camp-fires in security. Thus ended the battle of the Costa de Bravo.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Distress of the survivors—Difficulties surmounted—Short allowance—A collision—The safe companion—Acute sufferings—The anaconda—The exploration—The Santa Lucia—Arrive at Esquina—Reception—Condition of the Puebla—The father and son—Argentine mode of expressing contempt—Circulating medium.

Everything seemed to frown upon us. We were no sooner relieved from the danger of assault from our enemy, than the elements seemed to conspire against us. During the night the weather changed, and a drizzling rain commenced with a cold south-west wind, which in a short time drenched and chilled us to the bone. Never since the commencement of our late chapter of accidents did we look so ardently for day-break, and never did it appear so long in coming. But everything must have an end; and at last, when our patience was nearly worn out, the murky light of dawn revealed to us a cheerless prospect indeed. We moved forward as soon as the morning light enabled us to distinguish the way, the boat keeping along parallel to our line of march upon the river. I could have taken my place in the boat, but it was miserably cold on the land, and I was sure it was worse on the water. The exercise of marching imparted a little warmth to my chilled limbs, while in the boat I should have been obliged to sit cramped up in a very uncomfortable posture. The night before there had been considerable fever in my head, but the wet and cold had driven it all away.

We moved from our camp without anything having been

said about provisions, and I already began to doubt whether any had been saved from the vessels. Towards noon our progress was stopped by an immense thicket of grass, whose stalks reached to the height of eight and ten feet, with blades, at intervals of a foot, of the width of an inch and a half at their base. These blades or leaves varied in length according to the height of the stalks, each one terminating in a long sharp needle-shaped point of light brown color and as hard as ebony, similar to the thorns on the leaves of the cabbage-palm. There was but one way to proceed, and that was to cut our way through. For this purpose thirty-six of our party were selected, and twelve were sent ahead at a time as pioneers, armed with cutlasses, the parties alternately relieving each other.

At noon we halted, and were startled at the contemplation of our limited means of subsistence. Whose fault it was nobody knew, but our whole stock of provisions consisted of a bag containing about one and a half bushels of small crackers, each of these of about the circumference of a Spanish dollar, and a half an inch in thickness, one of which was to serve a man for twenty-four hours. Many of the men, although half famished, on receiving this miserable allowance threw it into the river with every exhibition of rage and disgust. There was a heavy load in the boat, and some of the men spoke of a number of stout boxes piled in the bottom of her and covered with muskets, and one especially, whom I have previously mentioned as a person I had before met, openly declared that the boxes contained money. Whether they did or not, a little more care should have been taken in regard to providing for our subsistence. Garibaldi and his officers fared no better than the others in the distribution of the rations, and receiving each one their *galletta*, (term for biscuits,) the bag was repassed into the boat at once.

There was no farther halt than sufficed for the distribution, and we again moved forward, sometimes passing through groves of majestic trees, at other times cutting through the

aforementioned lance-grass, and then our course would lay over the sandy shoals of a bend of the river, left dry by the subsidence of the water. In crossing one of these I discovered a number of shell-fish on the edge of a little pond, resembling the soft-shell clam of the New-England States, and I thought I had found a prize; but on tasting one of them, my mouth was filled with the salt slimy ooze in which the bivalves were imbedded. These sands were tracked in every direction by the different wild animals of the country, among which I noticed that of the deer. But none of them crossed our path; not an animal was seen or heard except at night, when the yell of the tiger sounded frequently very close to our camp-fires.

On the second night of our dreary journey we bivouacked upon a bank of sand near the edge of a wood, which afforded us plenty of fuel. After building our camp-fires and comfortably disposing ourselves around them for the night, the men essayed to drown their cares in reviving their songs, which had not been indulged in by them since the halcyon days which preceded the battle of the *Costa de Bravo*. This exhibition of cheerfulness by our countrymen was very annoying to some of the Orientals, who now, as soldiers, assumed an air of superiority towards us which their force did not warrant, in which they were countenanced by a majority of the officers, who argued that although as sailors we were the ruling party on board the vessels, on shore the case was reversed, as we had no knowledge of camp-life and must be content to occupy a subordinate position. To impress this more forcibly upon us, they had appointed a long list of sergeants and corporals, who assumed as much authority over us as if we had been the native-born subjects of their military despots. These valiant followers of Rivera, not being in very good humor, on account of the privations to which we were alike subjected, commanded silence, through a black sergeant of marines. Of course we took no notice of him, when, calling to his assistance a half dozen others, they armed themselves with stout switches from

the thicket, and rushing among our party, they laid about them like so many overseers in a cotton-field. I had sprung up and seized my carbine as they approached, which was observed by one of them, who flew towards and struck me, demanding what I meant by the action. I gave him my answer with the butt of the piece over his head, which for the present made one opponent the less. This movement was all our party wanted, and the whole posse of soldiers had measured their length upon the ground in less than a minute.

The camp was by this time in an uproar. The natives had seized their arms and rallied to rescue their comrades, while our party, who had all loaded their muskets, stood confronting them with leveled bayonets. Things looked squally, and I hardly know what might have happened, if Garibaldi had not at that instant rushed between us and demanded the cause of the disturbance. The native officers made their complaint, which was in strict accordance with what had just transpired. The colonel heard them to the end, and then, turning to us, demanded our version of the story. I gave it, at the same time intimating that it would be more agreeable to us to form a body by ourselves, as we were unused to being ruled by negroes. Garibaldi made no answer to this request, but ordered me to point out the man who struck me, who, having been only stunned, now stood with his head tied up among the rest of the black squad. This fellow he ordered to be put in the "safe-companion," and then gave orders that *los Ingleses* should be allowed to sing as much as they chose; declaring that he was proud he had men under his command who could muster so much cheerfulness while suffering such privations. This was a settler—we were disturbed no more, and our party extemporized in nautical style the virtues of Garibaldi half of the night. It was an uncomfortable position for the rascal who struck me to be kept in all night, especially as he would be obliged to march the next day, and I determined to intercede for him, which I did successfully, and thereby made a warm

friend of one who would otherwise have been a bitter enemy. The "safe-companion" was a common mode of punishment in the service, and a most uncomfortable one at that. The prisoner was seated on the ground, and his wrists and ancles being tied together, his knees were drawn up to his chin, and one of his arms being forced down upon either side of the knees, a musket was run through between the under surface of the knee-joints and the upper surface of the elbows. The punishment could be augmented by the addition of extra muskets.

In the morning Garibaldi promoted my comrade, Tom, to the military rank of sergeant, and likewise notified the whole party that I, in common with all the wounded, was exempt from duty. Eighteen of us were English, Irish, and American, and the balance of the Europeans whom we included in our party increased the number to thirty. These had all rallied around me the night before, and the most of them had urged me to give the word for them to pitch into the black rascals, declaring that they only wanted a leader; but the experiment appeared too rash, and we should not have known which way to turn, unless we retraced our steps and surrendered to the Argentines, which would have been a very doubtful stroke of policy—something like jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire; I therefore persuaded them to wait for better prospects. However, we mutually pledged ourselves to support each other in every emergency,—to the death, if necessary,—and only in one instance was the pledge broken.

We left our camp as soon as the day broke. The heavy drizzle still continued, and from being wet so long, the men were constantly seized with violent cramps, scarcely five minutes elapsing before some poor fellow, starting from the line, would rush by with loud screams of agony, in his endeavor to shake off the gripe of the dreadful malady. During the forenoon five of the Orientals sunk under their accumulated miseries, and laid down to die. They were left to their fate, and were probably destroyed by the wild beasts. It required

all the energies and entreaties of our party, to prevent a number of the Europeans from following their example. At noon we halted for a moment, and received the same miserable allowance as on the preceding day, and again pushed on. During the early part of the afternoon I had an attack of the prevailing disorder, the dreadful effects of which I had witnessed in the others. Words would fail to describe the agony I was in while they affected me. At length they ceased, and, in constant dread of a relapse, I hurried along, endeavoring by every kind of violent motion of the body to promote the circulation of my blood. Probably nothing tended more to fortify me against the dreadful scourge than a sudden fright, which warmed my whole frame to a feverish degree of exitement.

We were advancing towards a thicket of the stout and thorny grass before mentioned, when the loud command to halt was heard at the front of the column, and the next moment a volley from a dozen muskets broke the stillness. I had for an instant seated myself upon a decayed stump, and the order was given to march before I had the opportunity to inquire of Tom the cause of delay. My foot struck some soft, yielding object, and as I looked down, my comrade, as if alarmed, shouted, "What is that?" I did not wait to answer, but with one spring I landed full twelve feet from the frightful object, amid shouts of laughter from all sides. Stretched across our path lay an immense serpent of the anaconda species, against which I had stumbled, and the sudden discovery of which had produced the effect of an electrical machine upon me. There was no more room for cramps. The serpent, which was full twenty-four feet in length, was in a state of torpor when discovered, probably from having recently gorged itself. Its thickness at the most bulky part was full two feet, but this was evidently caused by the undigested remains of his last meal. The color of the monster was a dirty black, gradually merging, towards its sides, into a grayish white, and on its

belly the white assumed a yellowish hue. The point of its tail, the only part in which any motion was perceptible, kept a continual waving from side to side. The balls from the muskets had crushed in the top of its head, but a glimpse of its jaws made my flesh creep.

About an hour before night, a number of the men having become exhausted, a halt was ordered and camp-fires were built. In the meantime a party of a dozen or more started inland to make an exploration. They returned in an hour, and reported a dense swamp perfectly impassable to the east of us, by which it appeared that our course was along the summit of a narrow ridge which separated the Parana from the *banyous* or swamps of the *Entre Rios*. The most southerly puebla of the province of Corrientes, called Esquina, was said to be thirty-six leagues from the Costa de Bravo. We had been two days on the march; and in spite of the difficulties encountered, it was conjectured that we had marched thirty miles a day; but forty-eight yet remained to be overcome. If this really was so, it was hard to say who of that party would survive to the termination of the journey.

Another night, exceeding the misery of the previous one, passed. The rain fell in torrents, extinguishing our fires, from about midnight until daylight. But the storm passed, and with a bright and warm sun our spirits once more rose. There were some twelve or fifteen of the party, however, who could not be induced to move. Garabaldi coaxed, threatened, and finally was obliged to use force to get them started, which was at length accomplished, and the way they used their limbs, created a slight suspicion that their extreme debility was to some extent a *coup de possum*. We were now out of the regions of the lance-grass, and the most of our way was over the dry sand-shoals of the river until noon, when our progress was impeded by a river, which here emptied into the Parana. At this place we could have procured alligator meat in any quantity, but we could not stop. The river was at once pronounced

to be the Santa Lucia, and after crossing by means of the boat, the last of our provisions was served out and we again set forward.

A number of the strongest of the party were now dispatched up this river in the boat, who succeeded in reaching Esquina in an hour, and made known the state of our exhausted party to the commandant of the puebla, who immediately sent guides on horseback to pilot us through the swamp; and at about five P. M. after having floundered through two miles of mud and mire, we entered the puebla. It being the first day of September, and consequently my birthday, the reader will please excuse me when I say that on finding a *pulperia*, my satisfaction found vent in bestowing a general treat upon all hands.

By order of the commandant of the place, a dozen cows were slaughtered, and the men were directed to help themselves to as much beef as they needed. At the same time they were informed that as they were not in a bread country, the probability was that they would not see any more of that article until they reached Montevideo again. This was not very comforting; and perceiving that those who had money would be likely to fare the best, I determined to take care of mine, and advised my friends to do the same.

Esquina, the southernmost puebla of the province of Corrientes, presented the mere ruins of what had been a thriving village. But the demon of war had been there with the torch and sword, and desolation now marked the square where the merry *pueblanos* were wont to assemble. The houses, which had been substantially built of stone, bore evidence of having been strongly defended in some recent struggle. Large breaches, the result of a heavy cannonade, appeared in every one where any walls were left standing, while others were completely leveled. An immense telegraph station, some fifty feet in height, built of massive timber, had been left standing, probably on account of its being absolutely necessary to the interests of both parties. From the platform at the summit of this look-out a

vast range of country could be seen, there being no woods to obstruct the vision. I noticed that every country village was provided with one of these observatories. The real cause of their escaping the general destruction is more often to be found in the fact, that they form the rallying point where the last stand is made, and the transfer from one party to another being sudden, they escaped demolition. The present garrison, stationed as a corps of observation to give notice of the appearance of the enemy, was composed of a captain of the Correntine army and fifty militia-men. Every man in the country capable of bearing arms was in the field, waiting to join the army of invasion under Rivera, which was advancing from the Banda Oriental. The present judgment had been inflicted upon Esquina by the Argentines, as a punishment for their having tampered with the *salvages Unitarios*, in the first instance; but instead of its bringing them to submission, it had the contrary effect; for as soon as they received the news that Rivera was on the march with his army, and our squadron had entered the river, they entered into an alliance with him, and, mustering the whole strength of the province, took the field.

Alas for the instability of human affairs! The destruction of our squadron, which the reader will recollect was designed to co-operate with that army, had already begun to work a revolution in their fickle minds, the effects of which were of the most disastrous consequence to the Oriental President. On the whole, it was rather lucky for us that the principal part of the garrisons in the various pueblas consisted of worthy padres and the ladies, to whose arms our gallant comrades willingly surrendered, to the great scandal of the dignitaries of the church, who in one instance threatened that after our departure he would compel them to sweep the *plaza* upon their bare knees, and I have no doubt he kept his word.

I have mentioned the circumstance of our having taken three prisoners in a midnight foray on the bank of the Parana,

within the territory of Buenos Ayres. Two of these, a father and son, the latter a young man of twenty-four years of age, had escaped through all our perils, only to meet a miserable fate where the balance of our party found safety. Their conduct, since the abandonment of the vessels, had evinced an anxious desire to escape, and a strict watch had been kept over them. The cause of their sudden change of conduct was revealed immediately upon our entering the puebla, the commandant of which at once recognized them as the leaders of the troops who had brought ruin to this once beautiful spot. Their deportment had stamped them as superior to the common herd, and soon after their capture they had been transferred to the Commodore's vessel. In compliance with the demand of the commandant, Garabaldi surrendered them to the disposal of that officer, and they were at once bound hand and foot and confined in a room of one of the ruined houses, their guards being assured that they should answer for the safe keeping of the prisoners with their lives. They had endeavored to keep a bold face upon the matter until, passing in review before the commandant as we entered the puebla, he pointed to the individuals in question, and remarked, "*Estavamos dos galliñas mui buona que usted tengo, señor coronel.*" (Those are two very fine chickens which you have, sir colonel;) and then directing Garabaldi's attention to the ruined place, charged our two prisoners as the sole cause of it. The father was as cool as ever, and defied them to do their worst, in his rage spitting on the ground and stamping upon the spot, as expressive of the contempt in which he held them and all the adherents of the Oriental Government. The son was the very reverse: he appeared to be completely unmanned and wept like a child, begging for his life in the most abject manner. But there was no mercy for him, and he was conveyed to the prison with his sire, amid the taunts and jeers of the commandant and his troops, who exhibited their brutality in the most disgusting language.

Our men were here organized into two companies of infantry; those of the Constitution's crew forming one, the Perreira the other. Separate quarters in the ruins were assigned them, and by nightfall we were regularly established in garrison. Being exempt, I went where I chose, and making the acquaintance of the pulperia keeper, whose stock in trade, by the way, was all contained in two large wagons, I took up my quarters the first night with him. Indeed, it did not take long to discover that the man who had the "*plata*" (silver) was the most welcome guest; and the moment a silver dollar passed out of my hands, its glory had departed from me for ever. If there was any change coming to me, a number of shapeless bits of the precious metal, hammered until every trace of its original stamp had become obliterated, was tendered, the value of which was estimated according to their size or weight, the scales to determine the latter being the point of the finger. But they were remarkably honest in their dealings, and I never lost a *media* (6¼ cents.)

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Off for Egoria—Jim Cook—Our Jehu—The fright and stampede—Fate of the Argentine prisoners—Mode of working oxen—The Napal—The Estancia — The stampede — Reception — Correntine hospitality — Cheapness of provisions—Cassava and mandioca—Price of a horse—The ranch—Arrive at Egoria.

The next morning I received notice that I was to proceed with the rest of the wounded, in advance of the main body, to Egoria, another and larger puebla, as I was told, distant six leagues north of Esquina. Not liking to leave my comrades, I requested permission from Garibaldi to remain. This request was denied, but the colonel told me I would not be sorry for the change, and that the whole force would follow in the

course of ten or twelve days. "So look out," said he, "and secure a place in the wagon: it will be less tiresome than riding horseback." At nine o'clock we started, and I was much pleased to find I was to be accompanied by one of my own countrymen, who had transformed a remarkable healthy leg into a dreadful case of rheumatism, because, as he told me confidentially, "he did not like this bloody sogering." This man's name was James M. Cook, a native of the State of Maine. We made a compact for the present, he agreeing to dress my face and prepare the provisions, on condition that I furnished the money, as he had no funds.

At the distance of three quarters of a mile from the puebla, a sudden fright at some object in the way caused the oxen which drew our wagon to sheer out of the road and go off as if they were mad, to the imminent danger of capsizing the vehicle and breaking our necks. Though somewhat alarmed I could not help laughing at our Jehu, who was half dead with fright. "*Ave Maria! pue es esta?*" (Holy Mary! what is that?) he groaned, with his eyes turned upwards and inwards alternately, his lengthened visage forming a picture that produced a burst of merriment from all hands. The wagon was a heavy, clumsy affair, and the animals, after indulging in a race of a couple of hundred yards, relapsed into a more dignified pace; and their fright not inclining them to proceed in a direction in which the wheels mired to half the depth of the spokes in the soft soil, they at length stopped altogether. We were now in a fix, and how to get out of it was more than I could comprehend. The driver was in a fever of excitement, and at length decided on the only feasible plan, which was to unload the wagon, and disconnecting the fore-wheels and axletree, drag them back to the road separately.

As this would necessarily occupy some time, and I did not particularly care whether he got his team out of the mud or not, I walked back to ascertain the cause of the bovine excitement. On reaching the road, my eyes fell upon several clots

of blood, and looking a little farther, I discovered the bodies of two men. I knew at the instant who they were, and going up to them, my blood almost froze at the revelation of barbarity. The father's features were fixed in all their stern fierceness, while those of the young man had the same agonized expression of supplication I had witnessed the day before. I was told that if there had been no relationship between the two men the younger one would have been spared; but by a refinement of cruelty, the father was doomed to witness the dying agonies of his offspring before he was sacrificed himself. They were left to decay without the holy rites of burial, in plain sight of the place where, a few brief months before, they had commanded the perpetration of atrocities scarcely less horrible than the example before us. The state of the remains of the two men would not bear description, and I shall leave them to the surmises of the reader.

We were heartily glad when the voice of our Jehu summoned us to take our place in the mail-coach, as Jim Cook called our wagon, and in a few moments we were again under way, and propelling by six ox power slowly towards Egoria. Our coach was precisely like the old-fashioned baggage-wagons, with the hoop-top covered with canvass; the oxen which drew it were yoked by the horns. The driver occupied the forward seat in the vehicle, over the front of which depended a long heavy pole, the end thereof armed with a sharp goad, with which he was enabled to tickle the hind quarters of the foremost yoke of oxen: a shorter one served to control the movements of the middle yoke, and another still those nearest the wagon. The changing of these various instruments kept our Jehu constantly at work, so that between punching, whistling, chirupping, and bawling, the sweat rolled down his cheeks in torrents, and the oxen dashed along the road at a full gallop, evidently determined to run away from their persecutor, who kept the long pole constantly in motion.

The country through which our road lay was of the most

beautiful description, alternating with hill and dale, thickly covered with verdure; and I found that as we progressed to the northward from Esquina, the monotony of the landscape was frequently broken by the appearance of large groves of palm-trees and dense thickets of the cactus and cabbage-palm. The *napal*, or Indian fig, was in full bearing, its fruit of orange, white, and red, peeping out from the broad fleshy leaves in great profusion, tempting the wayfarer to test their refreshing qualities at the risk of filling his hands with its subtle nettles. The first attempt to avail myself of this treat, convinced me that if I would enjoy the pleasure, I must first take lessons in a rather severe school of experience; so for the present I contented myself with looking at the operations of the *guachos*, convinced that my time would come by-and-by. The presence of so much wood I found to be occasioned by the proximity of the Santa Lucia river, which here flows obliquely to the south-west, and enters the Parana a few leagues to the south-west of the puebla we had just left. The road we were traveling consequently lay through a peninsula, whose sides were irrigated by the two rivers.

Early in the afternoon, the appearance of an *estancia* in the distance was hailed with delight by all hands, and we could hardly restrain ourselves from jumping out of the wagon, the speed of which had materially lessened, and indulging in a run in our haste to get there. We however restrained our impatience, out of compliance to our worthy charioteer, who loudly deprecated such a movement, as lessening the dignity of his position as guide and protector of *los infermos* (the sick.) After a dilatory progress of a mile and a half we reached the foot of the hill, upon the summit of which was perched the inviting spot. But here the poor driver was doomed to lose all his equanimity, by reason of the total desertion of his entire charge. At the foot of the hill a magnificent grove of orange-trees, loaded with ripe fruit, in the centre of which the *casa* (house) was embowered, revealed itself. This proved too

much for the patience of the party; and despite of the supplications of the poor fellow, we all tumbled out of the vehicle, and amid the curses of the knight of the long goad, and the yells and screams of ourselves, there ensued a race in which game legs and broken heads competed for the honor of first reaching the goal. Such a race has seldom been seen, and we arrived just in time to see the former occupants of the *casa* disappear in the grove on the opposite side of the house, convinced that the perpetrators of such a stampede could be nothing less than *demonios* (devils.) We held undisputed possession of the premises until the arrival of the team. Our coachman was foaming with rage, and showered all manner of nameless maledictions upon *los diavolos Americanos*, (the American devils,) meaning Cook and myself, while his abuse of the native Orientals was conveyed in the Correntine dialect, the favorite compliment beieng conveyed in the words, "*Anya-á-é*," pronounced with labored force, which I afterwards found simply meant black devils.

The worthy inhabitants of the *estancia*, who, by the way, were all of the softer sex, having from their covert in the grove recognised the teamster as a friend, now made their appearance; and judging from the dolorous looks of the latter personage, the scolding he received did not agree with him very well. Their conversation being carried on in Correntine, I could not understand what was said; though from the motions and glances in our direction, I was aware he was laying all the blame on Cook and myself, in which he was not far wrong. But the old fellow did us but little injury, as was evinced by the fact that none but the *los diavalos Americanos* received any particular attention from the inmates of the *casa*. Cook and myself were the only white persons in the party, which circumstance of course had its due weight with our entertainers, whose complexion betrayed their Indo-Spanish origin. They invited us into the *casa*, where the matte cup was at once tendered, to the huge disgust and envy of the

Orientals, at seeing the *brutos Engleses* (English brutes) preferred before themselves by their own countrywomen. For the sake of good fellowship, I indulged in a little extra expense on their account.

During our recent progress up the river, at those times when we were compelled to lie at anchor from lack of wind, gambling had been the principal amusement among the men, and the lucky few had become possessed of the greater part of the money. It was therefore no more than just that those who had, should share with those who had not, especially when from debility they really required something more than the beef and *calda*, (broth,) which was all the rations provided by the Government. This conduct towards them served to create good feeling, and I may safely say there was not one of our copperskins who would not go almost any length to oblige "Don Jaime," a name with which they had endowed me.

After partaking of the matté, our kind entertainers placed before us an abundant supply of a savory mess, compounded of mutton, cassava, sweet potatoes, and corn, seasoned with garlic and *chilis*, (red peppers,) followed by a dish of dried sweet corn boiled in milk, excellent cakes made of corn-meal, eggs, and milk, and fresh curds; all which made me open my eyes with astonishment at the progress these good people had made in the epicurean art. Heretofore, when I had seen the people of this country at their meals, their manners were altogether of the primitive order. A piece of roasted meat was placed on a chip by each one, and, knife in hand, they worked away till they were satisfied. Oranges were sold at two *rials* (25 cents) per bushel; eggs, a *quartile* (3 cents) per dozen; fat chickens a *media* (6¼ cents) a-piece; a cheese weighing four pounds, a *rial;* in the curd, a *quartile*. Corn, being scarce, was high, but still the price was trifling compared to its cost in the United States. *Cassava*, and the root called the *mandioca*, from which a poisonous juice is extracted, which in its turn is converted into a villainous species of rum, was largely culti-

vated in the province in time of peace, and was still easily procured by those who could pay for it; affording a nutritious substitute for wheaten bread, besides being much easier prepared for the table than bread. Beef and mutton were the principal meats, the *chuncho* (hog) being held in light estimation. One dollar had sufficed to give the whole party the means of making an excellent dinner, the senora refusing any recompense for what they had furnished to Cook and myself.

Here were plenty of horses, and on making known my wish to ride on horseback, one of the finest of the drove, a spicy little black gelding, was quickly equipped with the necessary number of sheep-skins, saddle-tree, girths, etc., and led forward. I asked if they would sell the animal, expecting to obtain him for about three or four dollars. They answered in the affirmative. The price was next to be settled: I desired to know what it was. After a few moments' conference among themselves, they signified that I could have the horse for two *rials*, as I understood them, and I supposed I had become the possessor of the animal at one-sixth of the price asked for him. This was the result of a misunderstanding, the price being *douzé* (twelve) *rials*, instead of *dos*, (two,) the mistake being occasioned by the manner of pronunciation, which was shorter than I had been accustomed to hear it spoken. The two rials, which was doubtless received as a present with many thanks to the donor, was intended by that individual in payment for the horse. It was some time afterwards before this was made evident to me by Tom Lewis, in a lecture upon the pronunciation of Spanish by the Corrientines, at which time we were so far away from the good people of the estancia that there was no chance of correcting the mistake.

Bidding a kindly farewell, and saluting the inmates of the *casa*, who evidently regretted to part with us, we again got under way, and our road at nightfall brought us to a fine estancia upon the bank of the Parana. This was the finest estate I had seen since our arrival in the province, and was

evidently the residence of some rich *hidalgo* whose name I could not learn. It was stripped of all its furniture, and no one was seen in the vicinity of the massive stone buildings. Its groves of orange and lemon trees had been robbed of their fruit, and nothing was found for provisions except a little dried corn, and for bedding, hard dry hides. These were very poor accommodations, and we used our utmost endeavors to induce our coachman to proceed, but without effect, and we submitted to this decree of fate with as much equanimity of temper as we could muster.

After an uncomfortable night, we started upon our journey without breaking our fast, and an hour's travel brought us to a fine little ranch, which we could easily have reached the evening before, where all our necessities could have been relieved, had it not been for the mulishness of our driver. I could have kicked the fellow for his churlish conduct, if it would have done any good; but I contented myself with not taking any notice of him when I distributed the various articles I procured from the rancherias, among which I must mention a large panfull of a kind of fried pie, the filling of which was composed of chopped meat and hard-boiled eggs. I obtained about a peck of these for four *rials*, and the people thought we had made a great bargain.

We spent an hour at this ranch, and again started in high spirits, and after about four hours' travel, we came in sight of Egoria. There I bid good-bye to the old lumbering vehicle, and touching the horse's flank with my heel, I soon entered the puebla, and riding up to the first house I found inhabited, I alighted, and was soon installed in the best seat, with the complimentary matté cup steaming in my hand.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Egoria—Doctor Davidson—Temptations—Transformed into a Señora—Lieut. Louis—Arrest—Murder of Towers—Departure of Garibaldi for the Capital—Corporeal punishment—The battalion march to Santa Lucia—Established in garrison—Peculiar feature of the country—Queer custom—Our family—Jealousy of the Orientals.

Egoria I found to be a smart village containing a church, prison, and courts having jurisdiction over the southern districts of the province. In expectation of a sudden visit from the enemy, it was now deserted by all the inhabitants except two or three families, who still clung to their homes, which they hoped might escape the general destruction which usually marked the revengeful progress of the Argentine army. It was beautifully situated on the bank of the Parana, and contained, as near as I could judge, from one hundred and fifty to two hundred houses, and its population in time of peace would not fall much short of three thousand. I noticed some twenty stores, two cafés, billiard-rooms, etc. Altogether it bore the stamp of a thriving, populous, and enterprising village.

It was matter of great surprise to me that such a place should be left totally unprotected from the inroads of the enemy, a captain and some two score of militia comprising the entire garrison. Before the *quartel*, or barracks, two pieces of light field artillery were placed ready for service, but these would be next to useless in case of an attack of the enemy in force. The houses were all built of stone, of one story with flat roofs, and neatly plastered or stuccoed. These were arranged with great regularity, in streets intersecting each other at right angles. The centre of the place, as usual in all of their pueblas, was occupied by the *plaza*, around and facing upon which were the church, with its chime of bells hanging to a framework of wood a few feet from the ground; the calaboose, con-

taining likewise the *quartel* and *policia* (police-office;) with stores, cafés, and the *casas* of the principal of the pueblanos. In this square I noticed the introduction of shade-trees, which were arranged with much taste, making it the finest public promenade I saw in the interior of the country.

I ascertained that much of the well ordering of this place was to be ascribed to a Scotch gentleman, a Dr. Davidson, who was the proprietor of a large property in the neighborhood, and who appeared to be looked up to with great respect by the Egorians. In hopes of seeing this person, I called at his mansion, where everything betokened the opulence of its owner, who was absent, unfortunately, having gone to Corrientes. I was treated with marked politeness and hospitality by his family, who kindly offered me all the assistance in their power while I remained in the place. The Doctor claimed to exercise the functions of vice-consul for the British Government in the province, although I doubted his authority for doing so. Nevertheless, he succeeded in making Garibaldi surrender a countryman of his who was one of our party, much to the dissatisfaction of our chief.

On the arrival of the team, the wounded were installed in comfortable quarters in one of the unoccupied houses in the southern part of the town, where I found our doctor in attendance upon them. I declined his offer to dress the wound in my face, and not anxious to augment his labors, he did not press the matter; and although I was subject to his orders, he permitted me to go and do just as I pleased, without any interference or question on his part. My time passed very pleasantly, and I almost began to dread the appearance of the balance of our force, which I knew would in a great measure put an end to my present freedom; for my wounds, under the care of an excellent family with whom I had become domicilated, was fast healing, and I should therefore have no excuse for not performing duty with the rest, and my feelings in regard to their military aspirations ran counter altogether.

My new acquaintances had informed me that the entire force of the province were encamped a few leagues east of the Banyous, and that the probability was that Garibaldi would endeavor to attach us to that force. This, it afterwards appeared, was the course he had designed to take; but as it would interfere with the new view of matters which the Correntines entertained since the destruction of the squadron, they refused to accept our services, which were tendered by Garibaldi. The answer of the executive of the province was very favorable to the interests of our party of foreigners. "Your men," said they, addressing Garibaldi, "are not our countrymen; they are mostly Europeans or North Americans. Under your command they have fought nobly—we honor them for it—they have done their part. Conduct them back to Montevideo, pay them well, and discharge them, that they may return to their country and friends. If we were able we would reward them ourselves." As Dr. Davidson was a prominent man in the province, there can be but little doubt that such an extraordinary answer from a South American Government was mainly attributable to him. Be this as it may, it was certainly contrary to the usual policy of all the American Governments south of the boundaries of the United States of the North.

This view of the case by my new friends bore such an air of probability that I adopted it at once, and had almost decided to desert from the party and accompany the Egorians to Corrientes, they offering to disguise me in such a manner that Garibaldi himself should not recognize me. But another difficulty was in the way, which was, that if I escaped the eagle-eyes of our own officers, I was certain to be impressed into the Correntine service. To obviate this, it was proposed that I should be transformed into a *senora* until we should reach the capital, when I was to be concealed until Garibaldi and his band should leave the province. As this plan was more feasible, I consented, and dresses were at once prepared.

Everything was in readiness for us to start the next morn-

ing. I was to push on in advance of the two wagons containing the household goods of the family, with my *dos hermanas* (two sisters) on horseback. I had already donned my new attire, to the infinite amusement of the whole household, who were almost thrown into convulsions by my appearance, when the door of the *casa* was thrown open and Lieutenant Louis entered. I seated myself in an instant, and one of the party quickly making a ludicrous remark, as if continuing some amusing subject of conversation, the laugh was kept up and joined in by Louis himself. Matté was prepared and tendered for his acceptance, and while partaking of it he inquired as to the whereabouts of the *infermo*, who he understood had taken up his residence with them. On this subject they were profoundly ignorant, declaring they had not seen me for the last three days. This did not appear to satisfy Louis, who questioned them pretty sharply, but after remaining an hour he took his leave, saying he should have to call again, and advising them to find out where I was. It would have been mean to have subjected these kind-hearted people to any danger on my account, and therefore after he had gone I made known to them my intention of giving up the project altogether. They remonstrated warmly against this new determination, but foreseeing the impossibility of my escape with them, I continued firm in my resolve. There was no time to be lost in relieving them from suspicion; and throwing off my unusual apparel and resuming my proper clothing, I immediately proceeded to the house of another acquaintance where I was wont to visit. Here I learned that inquiries had been made in regard to my whereabouts, by an officer sent for the purpose by Major Rodriguez, who (Garibaldi having proceeded to the city of Corrientes) was now in command of the battalion. As they knew nothing of my whereabouts, of course they could give no satisfactory information, and they already considered me a deserter, and dispersed parties in various directions to ascertain, if possible, what course I had taken. Not caring to throw myself in their

way, but preferring to give them the trouble of finding me, I made myself quite easy, and remained where I was through that night and the next day without molestation.

It was near nine in the evening of this day, as I was sitting with my friends indulging in the pleasures of the matté, when the door suddenly burst open, and my comrade Tom Lewis made his appearance at the head of a guard of our Orientals. Laying his hand upon my shoulder, Tom pronounced me a prisoner, to the terror of my good friends, who all rushed forward to the rescue, thinking that harm was intended me. They were pacified by Tom's assurance that nothing of the kind was intended, and that we were, to all intents and purposes, brothers. With this explanation they were for the present satisfied, but declared their intention to accompany us to the *quartel;* and if any violence or indignity was offered, they would resent it through the commandant of the puebla, who, it appeared, was their brother. In this they kept their word, and were only satisfied by the assurance of Major Rodriguez that nothing should harm me. For my own part, I had no fears of the kind, for Rodriguez had always been on very friendly terms with me. But I found, on again being associated with my old companions, that a total revolution had already taken place in the regulation and discipline of the troops, as I suppose they must now be called, the whole military code of the country having been adopted and rigidly enforced.

This was anything but agreeable to me; but as there was no alternative, I subscribed to Jim Cook's opinion, that we had got to be "bloody sojers," after all, and quietly submitted to my fate. This was absolutely necessary, as it was quite evident that the officers were empowered to go to any and every extremity of severity to enforce obedience on the part of the men. A terrible instance of this had taken place since I had left my comrades, resulting in the murder—for it was no less—of one of my countrymen. I have mentioned before the circumstance of my becoming acquainted with a young man

named Towers in the *cabilla* of Montevideo. This person, as well as the quadroon Robinson and the Englishman Rushton, were included in the crew of the Constitution during our operations upon the river. The former of these three (Towers) was the person I refer to. He had belonged to the boat, and had been the author of the report that the heavy boxes contained therein were freighted with treasure, and it was generally surmised that this knowledge was the fatal cause of his untimely end. Whether it was so or not, is only known to the Almighty and Col. Garibaldi. But I will relate the circumstances. It was asserted that Towers had been guilty of drawing a pistol and threatening to shoot one of our French lieutenants. This was said to have occurred at the pulperia in Esquina, which I have before noticed, whither Towers had proceeded to obtain liquor, and at which place the Frenchman had been stationed by Garibaldi, to prevent the men from obtaining the means of gratifying their appetites. Towers, on being ordered off, refused to go, and the officer attempted to use force to compel him, whereupon the former took the liberty of defending himself, which he succeeded in doing without assaulting or ill-using the Frenchman in any way whatever. The latter personage immediately carried his complaint to Garibaldi, aggravating the circumstances of the case to the utmost of his power, among the rest, charging the unfortunate man with presenting a pistol and attempting to kill him. This resistance to authority was no doubt a serious case of insubordination, and therefore no one of the party were surprised at the order of arrest, by virtue of which Towers was placed in confinement; but the order for the assembling of a drum-head court martial for the purpose of trying him for his life, fell like a thunderbolt upon the whole party. The more serious part of the charge was known by every one to be false, from the fact that all the pistols had been taken away from the men, except an old thing without any lock, and a pair of small belt pistols belonging to myself, which I refused to

give up, having brought them into the service with me, and those I had with me in Egoria.

All this was clearly proved at this notable trial; but a new order of things had been determined upon, and it was decided that an example should be made of the unfortunate man, to strike terror into the minds of the foreigners of our party, whose conduct showed their dislike of the military character which the expedition had assumed. The verdict of the court was kept secret from the time of its rendition (three P. M.) until the hour of executing the sentence of death, which was fixed at five o'clock. Only two short hours were allowed for preparation, during which the foreigners were disarmed, and the native Orientals were provided with ammunition in abundance to put down any attempt at rescue. Towers alone had been apprised of his fate, and from him our comrades had received the information. The idea appeared so monstrous, that they would not for a moment entertain it until the disarming commenced, when the truth flashed with full force upon their minds, convincing them of the hopeless condition of their comrade, who from the first declared his full confidence in his approaching execution, asserting that the sentence was simply the result of his knowledge of the contents of the boxes, which still remained in the boat at the river bank; though why this should be the cause of such a sanguinary act, no one could conjecture. He expressed his determination to meet his fate like a man, and charged his comrades to avenge his death upon his murderer, the Frenchman. The fatal hour approached in which the poor fellow was to lay down his life, a sacrifice to his desire for a little of the paltry article, the abuse of which has slain its millions. The men were marched to the spot selected as the place of execution, and formed in square, one side of which, facing the river, was left open. The prisoner, with his arms pinioned behind, was brought to the centre of the open space, where he was commanded to kneel. He was then blindfolded, and a firing party of eight having been

advanced from the square, in one moment from the time of his kneeling the unfortunate man was launched into eternity without a struggle. Nathaniel Towers was a native of Salem, Mass., aged about twenty-five years. His death was looked upon as a murder by the whole of our party, (exclusive of the Orientals and French officers,) and their expressive looks told Garibaldi of the deep-rooted desire for vengeance upon his pet officer which rankled in their bosoms.

The day following the execution of Towers, Garibaldi started for the capital of the province. Previous to his departure, however, he discharged the obnoxious officer from farther service for the present, advising him to keep out of the way of the troops until his return. He disappeared with the colonel, and the prevailing opinion was, that he had accompanied the chief upon his mission to the Correntine Government, and with his disappearance the matter slumbered for a time.

The first occurrence worthy of notice, after my rejoining the troops, was the flogging of three Orientals for some offensive language they had used towards one of the non-commissioned officers. The chastisement was administered with great severity, the instrument of punishment being some half dozen tough switches in the hands of two of the corporals, who, their own grade being the insulted party, did not fail to do their duty to the best of their ability, cutting and mangling the backs of the poor wretches in the most shocking manner. After the flagellation was completed, the major directed the attention of the battalion to the shocking spectacle, and warned all to beware of any infringement of the *code militaire*.

My friends, with whom I had proposed to escape from any farther connection with the Oriental party, had deferred their departure for the purpose of following our line of march to the puebla of Santa Lucia, situated upon the west bank of the stream of the same name, six leagues north-east of Egoria. For this place we marched on the fourth day after my return to the corps, the whole party being mounted on good horses.

Our course during this march, which was accomplished within one day, lay through a beautiful country, in which *ranches* and the more aristocratic *estancias* were more frequent than in any district of country we had yet seen. Sunset was glowing in the western horizon as we entered the puebla, which, from the lack of animated objects around it, presented a rather deserted appearance. It contained some thirty or forty meanly-built houses, the materials of which they were constructed being principally grass and sods. The only object worthy of note in the puebla was the church. This was a large and very creditable affair, and gave an air of dignity to the unpretending little *plaza* on which it fronted. It was a long narrow building of two stories and a half in height, with peaked roof and gables, the front on the *plaza* being surmounted by a neat tower containing bells, which daily and nightly, during our stay, invited us to the solemn rites of the Catholic church.

The Perreira company were quartered in one of the houses fronting on the *plaza*, while the Constitution's barracks were distant some four hundred yards south-east, on the bank of the Santa Lucia, which was here a sluggish stream of about one hundred yards' width, thickly inhabited by alligators, whose eyes were constantly glaring upon everything that approached the bank of the stream; keeping at a safe distance, however, from that part of the bank where the people of the puebla were wont to do their clothes-washing and perform their daily ablutions; a business the more necessary from a peculiar feature of the country, of which I must make mention here. The whole district for a considerable distance around the puebla of Santa Lucia was infested with lice. The sand on the bank of the river, the grass in the *campo*, and the cattle, horses, sheep, etc., were apparently alive with this pest. I name the phenomenon a pest, in view of our own feelings on the subject; but the Santa Lucinas appeared to regard their constant presence as a matter of no moment. They were scrupulously clean in regard to both dress and person, and yet it was not unusual to

observe a dozen of the creepers making the ascent of the white leg of a *senor's* pants, or the equally spotless dress of some pretty *senorita.* Sitting upon the shady verandas during the sultry noon, the fair dames and damsels might be seen engaged in the delightful occupation of picking the vermin from each other's clothing, and cracking them (now don't faint, ladies,) between their teeth. This last operation was at first so disgusting to me that I could not endure the sight; but its constant practice in my presence soon accustomed me to look at the habit with as much indifference as they appeared to regard it themselves. On inquiring why they did not resort to some other method to kill the vermin, they seemed astonished at my apparent squeamishness, and their eyes dilated with offended dignity as they replied, "They bite us; it is no more than right that we should bite them." This reasoning, at least in one sense, was not to be gainsayed, so I was contented to let it pass, even in the house of my friends, who had taken possession of an empty *casa* at a little distance from the square, where they designed to remain until we left the puebla.

I had introduced Tom Lewis to the *casa*, and we seldom occupied our quarters at the barracks except when we formed a part of the guard. The family with whom we had become associated consisted of a widow and three daughters. These ladies incurred the ill-will of our officers by their refusing to discard their American friends, meaning Tom and myself, stigmatizing us as "*brutos que no tengo alma*," (brutes without any souls,) on account of our being Protestants; the Catholics being taught by their priests that all dissenters from their creed are without souls. To their great amazement, the simple-hearted creatures expressed their preference for us on that very account, alleging the necessity of their endeavoring to create souls within us, which they believed could be done by our conversion to the Catholic faith; and in truth, the gentle creatures used the means they considered most effectual to attain that object. Sitting in the veranda at the quiet hour of parting day, en-

joying our *matté*, and beguiling the time with lively conversation, the first stroke of the vesper bell would bring the two eldest of the daughters upon their knees, one before each of us, where they would remain with the beads of their rosaries in rapid motion until the last stroke had died on the still evening air, when their musical "good evening" told that another of the days of our pilgrimage had glided away. What was in the hearts of these kind people neither Tom nor myself, had even ventured to guess, and it was not until the evening preceding the day of our departure from the puebla that we learned the full extent of the hopes they had indulged —hopes which we would have been happy to have rendered certainties, if it had been possible.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Jealousy of the Correntines—Curious salutation of the chorister—Friendship established—New music—Visiting—The padre and his blessing—New duties—Service of the church—Oriental regard for religion—Wilkins—The new enterprize—Brighter hopes—The quadroon—Rushton's account of the desperate combat between the quadroon and Dufrense—The alarm—The failure of our plans.

Unfortunately, the male portion of the inhabitants we met with were all possessed with a determination that the whole body of Orientals, natives and foreigners, should not only keep together while they remained in the province, but that they should all leave together; consequently we found the campo filled with scattering Correntine soldiers, who, keeping aloof from the puebla, managed to pick up every man who in the vain hope of taking up his residence in the province essayed to desert our ranks. One of our party, of the name of Doye, at length made the attempt, but was brought back after having

a lance thrust through his hand. This fairly opened our eyes to the fact that the Correntine Government either did not desire our presence or were afraid to permit us to remain; as the most terrible denunciations had been promulgated by the Argentine Government against them, in case they offered aid or comfort to the *salvages* who had disturbed the peace of their coasts, upon whom the sentence of extermination without mercy had been passed. These incidents usually formed the subject of discussion and comment at our evening repast; and as the chances of our being able to remain became less, it had its effect upon our friends, who at times indulged in the most excessive grief, which we endeavored in vain to pacify or even account for.

We had been in the puebla some three weeks, when the supply of bread and corn, of which there had been a small stock in the pulperia, having become exhausted, Tom and myself obtained permission from Major Rodriguez to make a short tour in the country, in hopes of finding something as a substitute. The bank of the Parana seemed the most likely direction in which to seek for a farm, that river being distant about two and a half miles to the west of the puebla. Securing our arms (muskets) in the best manner, to prevent them from inconveniencing our motions, we mounted our horses and skirred away from the village in quest of whatever might turn up. Away to the west of the town, at the distance of a mile and a half, was a ridge of land rising gradually to an altitude of near two hundred feet above the level of the puebla, and our object was to gain the summit of this ridge, from which we supposed a wide range of country could be overlooked.

We were not disappointed, but on the contrary were more than repaid by the discovery of the very object we were in search of—a farm-house, or ranch, which was situated about half a mile from where we mounted the ridge. We at once turned our horses' heads in that direction, and in a few moments rode into the *corral*, or enclosure before the house, and dismount-

ed, and while in the act of tying our steeds, our ears where saluted with the most villainous volley of profane Eng'ish I had ever heard. On turning to discover the author of this curious salute, our eyes fell upon a middle-aged person, whose complexion at once proclaimed him a full-blooded white man—quite a rarity, by the way, being the first we had seen among the dwellers in the land. The import of his language was but little calculated to assure us of a welcome, and we had almost made up our minds to re-mount and seek a more hospitable neighborhood, but were prevented by the *rancheiro*, who accosted us in good Spanish, assuring us we were heartily welcome to all the accommodation and refreshment his house afforded, and giving us to understand that he occupied the situation of principal chorister in the church of the puebla.

After an introduction to his *casa* and family, who were all natives of the province, he favored us with a brief summary of his history. He was a native of Xeres, a town of the province of Estramadura, in Old Spain. In his youth he was a sailor and had visited England; and as is usually the case with young foreigners, who are sure to acquire all the profanity and ribaldry of a language first, he had succeeded so well that he could swear at a mark with the worst English pirate that was ever heard of. He had the good sense, however, to assure us that he understood but little of the unseemly epithets with which our acquaintance commenced; and perceiving that his guests were not well pleased with the exhibition of his accomplishments in that line, he presently confined himself to good Spanish, which he was delighted to find we understood well enough for all conversational purposes.

The story of his wanderings, previous to his settlement in that country, possessed no points of special interest to the reader, other than in the fact that he was born and trained in early youth by pious parents, the influence of whose admonitions had not been forgotten, but had served to lead him to seek his livelihood in peaceable pursuits, to the utter exclusion of every-

thing of a political nature. To secure exemption from military service, he had placed himself under the protection of the church, which was here scarcely less powerful than the political authority, (in truth, it in a great measure controled the latter;) and being a good singer, and possessing an intimate knowledge of the chants, etc., of the Catholic ritual, he had been appointed to the dignity of chorister. He was not a land-owner, but had built himself a house—of the primitive order, by the way—on the spot of ground that best suited his taste, fenced in his lots with hedges, the idea of which he had got in England, and had plowed, planted, sowed, and gathered his harvests for twelve years without molestation from any one, or any one questioning his right to the use of the land. He had been in the habit of giving a certain proportion of his yearly produce to the *padre* and his assistants, and was obliged to pay a small tax to the Government.

With an air of great complacency he took us over the ranch and pointed out its various details, taking great pleasure, apparently, in enlightening us on those points in which we chanced to display our verdancy. The farming operations of our friend, for such he really proved to be, were not of any great extent, the quantity of land brought under cultivation not exceeding three acres. This, however, owing to the mildness of the climate, was not only worked the whole year round, but seemed to produce everything planted in a tenfold degree. A small plot of about half an acre in extent was devoted to Indian corn, another acre to sweet potatoes and pumpkins, and the remaining acre and a half was teeming with giant roots of the cassava and mandioca.

After glancing at these things, our host proposed to defer any further examination of the ranch until we had partaken of some refreshment, to which we agreed, and he left us to seek our own amusement, while he departed in quest of a flock of *carneiros*, (sheep,) which he said were grazing somewhere in the neighborhood. In the meanwhile my comrade proposed a gal-

lop to the banks of the Parana, which was spread out before us in all its beauty a short distance to the west. Added to the river's attraction was the glimpse of no less than three white *cassas*, peeping out from as many groves of orange and lemon trees near the bank, which we were anxious to reconnoitre more closely. On our way we met our new acquaintance, who was slowly driving his flock towards the ranch, and coming rather unexpectedly upon them, they took fright, and in a moment were scattered in every direction, to the dismay of the poor chorister, who fairly sang a volley of English oaths which he had set to music. We endeavored to mollify his vexation by assisting to collect the scattered animals, and having succeeded in restoring harmony, we continued our race; but before we got beyond hearing, I heard our host ejaculate, "*Ellos corrando como el diavolo!*" (They run like the devil.)

A short ride brought us to the next grove, where, our approach having been observed, we were met by the inmates of the *casa*, who welcomed us with true Correntine hospitality, placing all they were possessed of at our disposal. All the occupants of the house were women and children, the men, as usual, being absent with the army east of the Banyous. After the usual introductory compliments of matté and cigarettas, we again started for *casa* number two, where the same ceremonies were repeated. In an hour's time we completed our inquisition of the houses and their pertainings, and having obtained as many oranges and lemons as we could conveniently carry, we started on our return to the friendly *rancheiros*, where we arrived in time for the repast which had been specially provided for our entertainment.

We spent a merry day at the ranch, and at night returned to the puebla, laden with the produce of the farm, and receiving an invitation to visit our host as often as possible. The Orientals were greatly annoyed at our success with the worthy chorister, who had failed to obtain anything from him in their numerous applications for a little *farina*, (flour of the cassava,)

corn, potatoes, etc. He had declined on the ground that he was being constantly visited by parties of our men, who endeavored by their pitiful stories to excite his sympathies for the privations to which they were exposed. "The rascals," said he, "in their own country don't see a piece of bread from one end of the year to the other, and now one would think from their complaints, that they could not do without it. If I were to give them anything, they would sell it at the pulperia; but with you," he continued, "the case is different. You have always been used to better living, and therefore the want of bread is severely felt. I have been in your country, and I was always very kindly treated, and for that reason I wish to help you." We offered him money for his cassava, corn, potatoes, and various other articles we had bagged, but he would not accept of a *media*, which, in a country where all appeared to be anxious to obtain money, was the best evidence of his sincerity; nor did he relax in his generosity during our stay.

As I had always worn my rosary and crucifix, it had not escaped the notice of our Oriental comrades, who on that account most generally spoke of me as a good Catholic; but when the foreigners were spoken of collectively, there was no exception made, unless it happened that the speaker was some particular friend of mine. The family with whom Tom and myself resided were uncertain upon this point, as I had always dodged the question, leaving them still in the dark; but whether I had been pointed out to the old gray-headed *padre* of the *igraja* (church) as *un bueno christian*, I cannot say. Certain it is, his manner was much more kind to me than towards any of the rest of our party, and he never passed me without his audible "*Benedicite, mi hijo!*" (Bless thee, my son,) which I usually answered with a low bow.

We had been quartered in the puebla about three weeks, when I was waited upon by one of the assistants at the church, who, after giving notice of the fact that the corpse of a deceased person was to be brought in from the country to be interred in

the *campo santo* (graveyard) adjoining the church, requested my assistance in the ceremony of conveying the defunct from the outskirts of the puebla to the church. As this was no great matter, I consented, and, on repairing to the spot, was appointed by the *padre* to carry the cross in front of the procession. This symbol was of massive silver, and, as near as I could judge, of about five pounds' weight. It was fixed into the centre of a crimson-cushioned stool of about ten by fourteen inches in dimensions. Holding this before me, I was directed to walk at the head of the procession, keeping about four paces in advance, until the church door was reached, when I was directed to step to the left of the approaching company and elevate the symbol, remaining until the whole had passed in, when I was to proceed to the altar, and depositing my charge, my service was at an end.

This little circumstance served to give me an increased respect in the eyes of the Orientals, both officers and privates, and by the major's orders I was, for the remainder of our stay in the puebla, excused from any other duty. For this privilege I was likewise indebted to the worthy *padre*. I found that he regarded the heretical *Ingleses* with much more favor than he did the Catholic Orientals, among whom there was but little religion of any kind, a fact of which the old gentleman seemed perfectly well aware, and of which I observed evidences daily. One instance in particular to which my attention was directed excited my indignation. The wall of the south-western end of the building behind the high altar was elaborately ornamented with a representation of the Blessed Virgin and the infant Savior, a subject perfectly understood by the meanest intellect in Catholic countries, where it is almost continually before their eyes. This painting, which was really a creditable production of the artist, who was said to have been a native of the province and self-taught, was the source of attraction to parties of our men whenever the church was opened. I was standing at the door one Sunday morning during the perform-

ance of mass, and directly before me were a party of our *gauchos*, freely commenting on the subject of this painting, and I found that the common epithet bestowed upon the principal figure was *gran puta*, (great whore,) the frequent repetition of which, accompanied with loud bursts of laughter, evinced their little respect for holy mother church; this, too, from those who would have heaped all the insults and contumely of the whole party on the heretics, had they dared to speak disrespectfully of the object of their derision.

Another project fell under our consideration about this time, originated by the visit of an American mulatto to our party. This man, whose name was Wilkins, informed me that a Correntine gun-boat was lying at the bank of the river, about six miles from the Puebla. After discussing the various chances of the attempt with a half-dozen of the best men of our party, it was resolved to get possession of the gun-boat and make our escape by way of the river, for which purpose a party of twelve were selected. Tom and myself had permission to go and come as we pleased, provided we reported ourselves at the commandant's house at least once every forty-eight hours. The mulatto Wilkins, who was a stout fellow, belonged to the gun-boat and was fully in the secret; and we depended in a great measure on his co-operation, as having a friend in the enemy's camp would conduce much to the success of the enterprize.

Rodriguez had become very indulgent to the men, allowing, at times, twenty or thirty to absent themselves from the barracks at once, their leave of absence, however, not extending beyond twelve hours at a time. This was sufficient for our purpose; and as it was uncertain how long the gun-boat would remain in her present position, it was resolved to make the attempt the next day. Everything seemed to favor us. The commandant was in the best of humor, and gave permission to the whole of our party to absent themselves from the various roll-calls of the company. We were up at daybreak, making preparations for our start, which being completed, those

who were to proceed on foot left in high spirits, taking the direction towards Egoria, in which they were to continue only until they were free from observation from the puebla, when they were to make for the bank of the Parana by means of a deep gully formed by the spring rains, but which was now dry. An hour later Tom and myself mounted and pushed for the ranch of our old friend the chorister, where we remained until noon. Wilkins had apprised me of the regular routine of life on board, and we had determined to make our attempt while the commander was enjoying his daily *siesta*, (nap,) which was from one to three P. M.

After dining with our host we started on foot for the appointed rendezvous, which was the mouth of the gulley where it discharged its waters into the river. The place was heavily wooded with a dense undergrowth of bushes and vines, which were woven into an almost impenetrable mass, totally excluding the sunlight and rendering the effluvium from the decomposition of its rank vegetation almost unbearable. This thicket extended to within some three hundred yards of the water's edge, the bank of which was worn down to a smooth sand beach. At the upper point of the bank lay the object of our desire,—a fine little schooner yacht, of about fifteen tons' burthen,—with the sunbeams glancing from a highly polished brass nine-pounder, perched upon its pivot beneath the ample lug-foresail, which hung in its brails, evidently for the purpose of airing. The idea of her getting under way did not enter our heads, so sure were we of being on our way down the river on board of her ere nightfall.

We gained the covert unobserved by any one on board of the vessel except Wilkins, who was anxiously on the look-out for us, and who had, according to agreement, made the signal, "All's right," by hanging a red shirt, which he had been washing, in the fore-rigging of the vessel. Screened from all observation, our next object was to discover the precise locality of our comrades, for which purpose we had contrived a signal,

viz: an imitation by Tom of the call of the *cha-ha*, a bird of which I have made some mention. Tom's performance almost surpassed the original, and the rustling in the bushes at a little distance from us gave notice of the men's approach, and presently they made their appearance. Among them was the quadroon Robinson, whom I have mentioned as the comrade of Towers in the *cabilda* of Montevideo. The face of this man betrayed a sort of ferocious glee, strangely out of keeping with his usual quiet demeanor. His eyes had become bloodshot and they glared with the fierceness of a demon. He was covered with mire from head to foot, and it was with great difficulty we could keep him quiet. On inquiry, the carpenter Rushton gave me the following account:

"After leaving the puebla this morning, we entered the gully at about a mile's distance upon the Egoria road; and another half mile brought us to a small ranch, where we were invited to remain to dinner. There were only two women in the ranch, but they told us a French officer belonging to the *gente* Oriental (people) resided with them. On receiving a description of this officer, we knew at once it could be no other than Dufrense, which was the name of the murderer of Towers. They also told us that he had gone over to the Parana, and represented him as being *sonsi* (crazy.) Robinson (whose real name was Auguste Tavanier) expressed his hopes that we might meet him, and in our farther progress towards the river, managed to keep some distance ahead of the rest of us. Before we had got two miles from the ranch we meet Dufrense on his return. On seeing us he made a movement towards the wood, which was at a little distance to the left; but perceiving our muskets all leveled at him, he stopped and called out, 'You will not murder me?' He was unarmed, with the exception of a large knife, which did not escape the notice of Robinson, who approached sufficiently near to prevent the Frenchman's escape, and dropped his musket, after, with singular coolness and sagacity, throwing open the pan of the lock and spilling the

priming on the ground: then waving his hand to the rest of us, he shouted, 'You all stay there.' The next moment the bright blades of the two men flashed in the sunlight, and a regular series of cuts and thrusts, with the usual parries, ensued. But we soon perceived the Frenchman was the best man at this business. This was likewise evident to Robinson, who suddenly rushed inside of Dufrense's guard, and struck him a tremendous blow with his fist full in the jaw. Dropping his knife, in his astonishment at this sudden movement, the miserable wretch measured his length on the ground. In a twinkling Robinson picked up the knives and tossed them over to our custody. Meanwhile the Frenchman sprung to his feet and started for the wood. In an instant we aimed for him, but Robinson called out not to fire, and darted after him with the speed of a chafed tiger. The wood here rose out of a miry swamp, and Dufrense was already struggling in it up to his knees, when Robinson overtook him. Perceiving escape impossible, he once more turned at bay, and they both clasped each other in a final embrace. For an instant (said Rushton) they glared into each other's eyes, their hot breath commingling together; but no word was spoken by either, save once when the name of 'Towers' came hissing from the lips of Robinson, and the next instant they rolled in the mire together. For a couple of moments the struggles of the two were almost superhuman. They were evenly matched, but at length their exertions grew less violent and then ceased altogether, our comrade being uppermost; but what he was doing we could not make out until he returned to us, when his bloody lips told us he had accomplished the threat he had often made—that he would taste his blood if he ever encountered him in a suitable place. The body had been sunk by the weight of Robinson, so as to be out of all observation, and after kicking and clawing the mire partially over it, Robinson rejoined us, and throwing himself down upon the ground, he wept like a whipped child for some time. Concealing all

traces of the scuffle, and hurling Dufrense's knife far into the jungle, we continued our course to this place, where we have been watching the gun-boat over three hours."

In answer to our inquiries, Rushton said that the sails of the vessel were loosed about noon. At this moment the report of a musket in the hands of Robinson spoiled the whole scheme we had planned with so much care. It was discharged through carelessness in handling: a small twig catching the trigger, which was defective, the piece went off at half-cock, sending the ball whistling far out into the river. In an instant the people on board of the gun-boat were on the alert, and to our great disappointment we beheld the fastenings cast off, and the beautiful little craft made sail and soon disappeared behind a point of the river some seven miles above us. There was not sufficient time for us to follow her, and with faded hopes we turned our steps towards the puebla, after having assisted Robinson to cleanse himself from the effects of his late desperate encounter.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Pleasant amusements—Palmas—*Neustro tio*—Surprised—Our escort to the puebla—Malicious wit of our companions—Relief—Flagellations—A change of affairs—Uniforms—Burials—Letters to the Virgin Mary—Garibaldi's plot foiled—The fandango—A call from the padre—Don Francisco—My arrest—Rage of the padre—Sacrilege—My fun spoiled—Recovery of the cross and arrest of Francisco—Lost favor—Rumors—Arrival of Garibaldi.

In continual excursions into the country, our time passed very pleasantly. Thanks to our good friend the chorister, our table was better supplied than that of Major Rodriguez or any of his officers; besides which, we frequently indulged in

rides with the girls of our household, who ride much better than we did, sitting upon their horses after the European fashion, without saddles of any kind. But this style of riding they only indulged in until we had passed out of the puebla, when they resorted to their own fashion, in spite of all of our remonstrances. Our usual destination at these times was the forests of palms, about six miles east of the puebla. This species of the palm bore a small, sweet, and very oily nut, of which we were very fond, in shape resembling the pecan of the north. Besides this, we found here the finest flavored palm-cabbages, which, however, cost their full value in the difficulty of obtaining them. In these *palmas* (literally, sea of palms) we would spend the day, and return at night laden with the fruits of our labor.

About this time, (our fifth week in the puebla,) in one of our excursions to the *palmas*, our companions proposed we should continue on some four miles farther east, to the residence of an uncle of theirs, to visit whom we had received several invitations, which we had been obliged to decline in consequence of the major's repeated refusal to extend our limits beyond the boundary of the *palmas*. However, as he was usually very complaisant, I determined to weary him with my importunities until I obtained his consent. At last the major, after saying he believed the girls would run away with Tom and me, hinted that if we voluntarily broke the regulation we would not be very hardly dealt with; but he could not give us permission, as others would expect the same favor. This was enough, and we readily consented to the proposal of our fair friends, and a pleasant trot of an hour brought us to the *casa* of *neustro tio*, (our uncle,) where we were kindly received.

It was the usual dinner hour of the family when we arrived, and after the salutations of welcome from the whole household, seats were arranged around the table, and the old gentleman took his seat at the head and slowly repeated, "*Venge todos, sin uno*" (come all, save one.) "Who's that?" says Tom,

looking at me with surprise. I was as much mystified as my comrade, but the girls motioned us to our seats, and for the present the circumstance was forgotten. We passed the time very pleasantly until the middle of the afternoon, when we were surprised by the appearance of half a dozen Correntine soldiers, who subjected us all to a strict examination, and finally decided that *los Ingleses* were deserters, and ordered us to prepare to accompany them to the puebla forthwith. The old gentleman coaxed, begged, and threatened by turns, but they were inexorable, and we finally mounted and set out on our return, closely followed by our escort, who were constantly annoyed by Juanitta and Marie, whose malicious little tongues were continually wagging in derision of their gallantry in arresting two unarmed strangers and two poor girls, saying they verily believed they would run like frightened sheep if we had only taken the precaution to bring our arms with us; and finally they declared their intention to propose a grand *fandango* in honor of their valorous deeds as soon as we entered the puebla. The poor fellows laughed, swore, and fidgeted by turns, as the girls varied their sallies of wit from one subject to another, while Tom and myself rode along almost bursting with laughter, but still vexed at the idea of having been caught outside of the bounds prescribed by the regulations.

We at length reached the bank of Santa Lucia, which we were obliged to cross in these excursions. On our entering the stream the escort halted until we had gained the opposite bank, when wishing us a good time for the rest of our journey, they wheeled their horses and galloped off, followed by the shouts of the two witches, who pressed them strongly to come over and partake of the hospitality of their *casa;* while we congratulated ourselves upon having escaped a public reprimand from the major, which would have had the effect of lessening us in the eyes of the Orientals, who were savage in their jealousy at any privilege bestowed upon us.

A little affair at length placed our party of foreigners in

the ascendancy. Three of our black Orientals had broken into one of the houses at night, and taken the liberty of appropriating to their own uses whatever they pleased, including the inmates themselves. Although the latter were of known bad character, yet upon their complaint the offenders were convicted and sentenced to three hundred lashes each; and to insure their being well laid on, at the instance of the *padre*, *los Ingleses* were selected to officiate as executioners of the sentence. Robinson, Rushton, Tom Lewis, and Cook, were the four chosen, and they performed the ceremony to the satisfaction of the good *padre*, who pronounced his blessing upon them before the assembled battalion. The spirit of enmity was now broken up, and henceforth the blacks and copperskins occupied about the same position as they did on board of the vessels. The non-commissioned officers were selected from our party, and I received the appointment of camp-master, equivalent to quartermaster in the army.

Fandangoes, *tertulias*, etc., now became all the rage, and nightly the commandant's house was crowded with the most beautiful *senoras* and *senoritas* of the puebla and the surrounding country. All this was in anticipation of our early departure, Garibaldi having sent word that he should start from the capital at an early date. A suit of uniform for each one was likewise sent, consisting of white pants, shirts, blue *ponchos*, and caps, trimmed with red cord. With these uniforms came a sum of money to be distributed to the men, which was done in sums varying from two to twenty-five dollars per man. All of these circumstances were ominous of the disposal to be made of us, and we anxiously awaited the farther development of affairs.

In the meanwhile another requisition was made upon my services by the worthy *padre*, to assist at the burial of a young child. The corpse of the deceased, a girl of about eight years, was laid out in great state in a pure white satin dress and slippers, the arms crossed upon the breast, while in the right hand, resting upon the left breast, was held a neatly folded

piece of white paper. This, on inquiry, I found to be a letter to the Virgin Mary, recommending the spirit of the deceased to the tender care and love of the mother of our Savior. The corpse was crowned with a chaplet of roses, and flowers were thickly strewed over the whole bier, at the head and foot of which lighted candles were borne, and a choir of singers, with two men leading with violins, played and sang an air more befitting a wedding than a funeral. In this light it was generally looked upon by the people, and therefore the occasion was considered as one of joy rather than of sorrow; the people congratulating the family and relatives upon having added a new member to the household of heaven; and they in turn danced and capered in the most frantic manner. I was assured that the spirits of those who died young were without sin, and became intercessors with the Virgin in behalf of the older and consequently the more sinful members of the family.

From this ceremony I was called away to join a party of about thirty, including all the foreigners, who were ordered to take charge of two of the Correntine gun-boats then lying at Egoria. In an hour we were on horseback and proceeding at a smart pace towards that place; but we might as well have taken our time, for on our arrival the commandant of the puebla refused to surrender them into our possession, on the grounds that he had received no order to do so from his Government. It was afterwards ascertained that the whole affair was a ruse of the colonel's, who wished to create the nucleus of a fleet or squadron by which he could command the river. Had this notable scheme succeeded, not one of the party would have ever reached the coast. Our force was strong enough to have seized the vessels, but the wary commandant had placed them beyond our reach, and we had to return the way we came. This we were not sorry to do, as the life offered by the gun-boat service was anything but pleasant.

Our return was hailed with joy by our friends, who had already begun to think of removing to Egoria, as that place was

said to have been fixed upon as the rendezvous of the naval force of the province. But their pleasure was destined to be of short duration. These simple-hearted people were not accustomed to look far ahead in their calculations, and Tom and myself proposed to give a grand fandango on the occasion. In pursuance of this project we commenced making preparations, and we did all in our power to make it excel anything of the kind that had been given since our advent to the puebla.

The day came on which the frolic was to be held; but to my consternation, while in the midst of the hurry of preparation, I received a call from the *padre* on the usual business of a funeral. The call could not have been made at a more inopportune moment, but there was no help for it; so wishing all the dead quietly in their graves, I took the shortest way to the worthy father's house, and laying my case before him, begged to be excused from duty in the present instance. The old gentleman heard me to the end, and after gently reproving me for preferring the pleasures of the world before the service of the church, he agreed to excuse me if I would find a suitable person to fill my place. This I promised to do, and thanking the kind old man, I made my way to the commandant's quarters, where I found the individual I had already fixed upon as the most proper person for the business. He was a young Spaniard by the name of Sanchez, and had held the post of commissary or purser on board of the vessels, though for what purpose the office was filled I could never discover, as he was never called upon for the performance of any duty, and had therefore been classed by our party as a sort of ship's cousin. He had been a favorite of Commandant Arana, since whose death he had been left uncared for, although every one liked Don Francisco, as he was always called. In organizing the battalion he had been still rated as commissary, and the duty of providing the rations of beef for the men was assigned him. He was quiet and gentle in his manners, and from the first we had been on the best of terms, and I therefore felt confident of

my man. There was one fault about him,—an unusual one in a Spaniard—which he had undoubtedly acquired from intimacy with his late friend Arana, that is, drinking to excess, in which he showed that he had been an apt scholar. But Don Francisco's money had long since been spent, and the only chance he now had of obtaining liquor, was by secreting a choice piece of beef at the *carneada* (beef slaughter) for the keeper of the pulperia. This little service secured him his grog from day to day, and no one ever took the trouble of inquiring how he managed to keep upon such good terms with the merchant. On making known my wishes, he readily agreed to oblige me; and after lending him a couple of *rials*, I went about my business, overjoyed at the good luck I had met with in finding so willing a substitute.

Everything went on well. The house was filled with company ere the middle of the afternoon, and I was indulging the hope of a glorious time in the evening, when, to my surprise and the confusion of the whole company, a guard of men under Louis entered and arrested me, marching me off to the commandant's. Here, upon the right hand of Major Rodriguez, stood the old *padre*, his features swelling with passion, while his eyes glared upon me as if he would have annihilated me with a look. Without waiting for the major to put a question, he yelled at the top of his lungs, "The cross! the cross!" and then spitting upon the ground and stamping on it in a most unclerical manner, (a favorite way of expressing contempt in that country,) he finished by declaring that it would be better I had never been born, if I did not find the cross and the bearer of it in the late funeral, forthwith. "You hear," said Rodriguez, eyeing me sternly. "I give you two hours to produce the cross and bring your confederate before me." I attempted to exculpate myself, but he would not hear a word, and the old *padre* waddled off, declaring his intention of writing to the vicar-general of the province a full acount of the sacrilegious insult which had been offered to Holy Mother Church.

After the old man departed, Rodriguez listened to my explanation, when he acknowledged that the affair appeared in a very different light, as far as I was concerned, to what it had before from the *padre's* story. "But you must find that *borachio*," (drunkard,) said he, "and then we shall see what is to be done farther." In this business I determined to enlist Robinson, and proceeded to the *quartel* (barrack) in search of him, but not finding him there, I turned my steps, with more success, to the pulperia. On making known the state of affairs to Robinson, he agreed to find the delinquent in an hour, if he was within a mile of the puebla, saying he had seen him drunk just before nightfall; and pointing behind the counter of the pulperia, my eyes fell upon the cross! The keeper of the place, in answer to my inquiry as to how it came there, told me that Don Francisco had brought it in, and offered it as security for a bottle of *aguadiente*. "But," said he, "I knew where the cross belonged, and Francisco being drunk, I took charge of it, and have been expecting some one for it these two hours. You can take it into your care, as I have seen it in your possession a number of times: you doubtless know where its proper place is, and when it is delivered up there will be no farther trouble." I told him the mischief was already done, and informed him of the present state of the case. The poor fellow was as badly frightened as I had been. "*Ave Maria santissima!*" he groaned, crossing himself; "I shall be driven from the puebla! *Madre de Dios!* who would have thought it would have come to this! What shall we do?" I told him he must lose no time in taking the sacred emblem to the commandant's and relating the story of his connection with the affair. To this he consented with considerable demurring, after finding I would not relieve him of the responsibility; and I started to assist in the search for the author of this dangerous freak. Robinson failed in his efforts to find the delinquent within the hour, as he had promised, and at the expiration of the two hours assigned me I presented myself before the major

and reported my failure to find the culprit, and begged permission to postpone the farther search for Francisco until the morrow.

The *padre* was again in attendance, in answer to the summons to hear the story of the keeper of the pulperia and to receive the cross. The old man's fury had in a great measure subsided, but I could see I had fallen from his good graces, which did not trouble me much, however, as we daily expected the arrival of Garibaldi, which would be the signal for our departure from the puebla. But the old fellow's wrath broke out afresh at the request I had just made, and after a liberal supply of vituperation and abuse, in which he made use of language I should have been afraid to utter, bad as I was, he assured me I should have no rest until the missing party was found. This was so aggravating to me, that I determined to do as I pleased until the morning. I therefore proceeded to my quarters, and had just made an end of relating my trouble to the household, when I caught sight of one of the subordinates of the *padre* among the crowd, and finding I was under a strict watch in every direction, I once more proceeded on the ungrateful errand, accompanied by Tom and the whole posse of the English and Americans of the party. For four long hours we ranged in every direction without success, and had already begun to consider farther searching in the dark as useless, when some one proposed that we should try the washing-place on the bank of the river. Surprized that we had not thought of it before, we proceeded at once to the usual crossing-place, and there the search ended. The approach of our party roused the culprit from his drunken slumbers, and words would hardly convey an idea of his terror after hearing a recital of what had taken place. After conveying him to the commandant's, he was delivered to the custody of the officer of the day, by whose direction he was confined in the yard of the *quartel* of the Perreira's company. Here I saw him in the morning laid upon his back on the ground, his limbs stretched as far apart as

possible, in which position they were confined by the wrists and ancles being firmly lashed to bayonets driven into the ground. This method of disposing of a prisoner was called making a spread-eagle of him. But this confinement was only to secure the prisoner, in the present instance, from the chances of escape. I was at length exonerated, by the ecclesiastical and military authorities, from the suspicion of having taken any active part in the sacrilege, but I believe I was considered the worst of the two by the old *padre*, who appeared to have forgotten that he had excused me himself; and therefore, he should have considered that the mischief, as far as I was concerned, lay at his own door. However, I was relieved from farther danger, but with the loss of church patronage and the anticipated pleasures of the *fandango*, which latter, by the way, became the basis of a standing joke which caused me not a little annoyance; the Orientals, after a night of fatigue and exposure, ever afterwards comparing it to Don Jaimes' fandango in Santa Lucia.

All sorts of warlike rumors and alarms were now in circulation, (our seventh week in the puebla.) At one time it was reported that the savages were assembling in large numbers upon the western bank of the Parana, and our guards were accordingly doubled in expectation of an attack, and the place became the rendezvous of the Correntine videttes, who were prowling around us in every direction. All this manœuvering convinced us that something unusual was in the wind, but what it was we could not discover, as the Correntine soldiers were unsociable and appeared to regard us with an ill-concealed dislike. In this dilemma we had recourse to the girls, who after a little feminine strategy succeeded in obtaining the information that the Buenos Ayrean army were on their march for the province, with the determination to compel its Government to surrender Garibaldi and the remains of his force to them. This was not very comforting news, and we began to be anxious for the appearance of our chief, who at length made his entrance into the puebla on the 28th of October.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Hurried preparations for departure—Proposals—Notified to quit the province—Position of the hostile armies—Their numerical strength—Patroling—Adieu to our friends—The march commenced—Emotions—Passage of the Banyous—An uncomfortable night—Terre firma—Relief—Porongas—The Carneada—Cruelty to animals—Training of boys—Correntine camp—Our services rejected—Crossing the Uruguay.

Upon the instant of Garibaldi's arrival, he issued orders to the battalion to provide themselves with riding gear in the shortest possible time, as we were to march on the morrow at sunrise. A pile of dry hides was the source from which the men speedily drew the material out of which bridles, girths, manudores, (tethers,) and saddle-cloths of every design that was ever thought of, were constructed. Bits were not to be procured, and the under jaws of the horses were therefore encircled with a small thong of the same material, to which the bridle-reins were attached, and by nightfall every man was provided with a suit of horse-furniture. I was already furnished with everything necessary, and a few others of the party were equally fortunate, and we passed the afternoon with our friends, with whom we were so soon to part. The suddenness of the notice had created quite an excitement among our household, and our *amigos* (friends) had but one plan in their minds, which, however, they urged us to put into execution forthwith; but there was not even a shadow of success in attempting disguises, and therefore we remained firm in our refusal to make use of the means they had provided. Two *gauchos* suits of clothing, complete in every respect, hung upon the wall of the room, strong and fresh horses were at the door, and within five minutes of the ceasing of the vesper-bell, a little Indian guide, who had already received his instructions in regard to our destination, presented himself ready to spring into the saddle and be off with us.

Our opportunities of learning the extent of the Correntine precautionary measures to ensure our departure were much greater than those of our friends, and we had recently learned that our present hurry was occasioned by a positive order of the Government for us to depart, accompanied with the hint that should the Buenos Ayreans continue to advance northward, we might find our retreat cut off when it was too late, while at the same time they acknowledged their inability to protect us. They had learned of the attempt of Garibaldi to get the gun-boats into his possession, which, as a natural consequence, tended almost to create an open rupture. But the belligerent armies were now in the Entre Rios, and although the force of the Argentines under Oribe and Ortize, was superior by five thousand men to that of Don Fructuosa Rivera, yet as the latter was acknowledged by all to be the best General, and famous for gaining victories over far superior forces with inferior means, the course to be pursued by the Correntine General was yet doubtful. Rivera's entrance into the Peninsula had just served to check the farther progress of Oribe towards the Correntine capital, and a complete lull in their operations had taken place, during which the three armies occupied the points of a triangle from fifty to seventy miles apart; the position of the provincial forces, numbering two thousand men, being covered by Rivera, whose army was composed of six thousand Orientals and two thousand Feraps from Rio Grande. At this time, therefore, the Correntine force formed a part of the Oriental army, which gave Rivera an aggregate of ten thousand men, while that of the Buenos Ayreans reached as high as fifteen thousand. The two claimants of the Presidency of the Banda Oriental, without troubling themselves about an armistice, were now resting their men and making preparations for a final struggle, and therefore the present was the most opportune moment for us to attempt crossing to the Banda Oriental.

It was a hard matter to withstand the importunities of our

amigas, and I cannot say but that some rash act would have been the result of the night's proceedings, had we not been called away by an order of Garibaldi, who settled the matter by ordering us both to get to our saddles and patrol in the vicinity of our (Perreira's) *quartel*, saying he would hold us accountable for every man who was absent at the moment of our departure in the morning. This was only a ruse to secure us from being seduced into desertion, and we saw through it in a moment. While on duty in pursuance of orders, it was not to be supposed we would desert our post, and we saw nothing more of our friends during the night. If we could have taken them with us, we would have done so willingly; but the old *vadre* was on the alert, and forbid a soul from leaving the puebla, declaring that as soon as we were gone he would make the women sweep the plaza upon their bare knees. But neither Tom or myself really relished the idea of being cooped up in the province for life. The thoughts of the ocean, and our home and friends beyond it, came into our minds whenever the subject of a permanent residence in the country was broached, putting the suggestion to flight at once.

Morning at length relieved us from our weary duty, and by the time our men had gone through the usual process of stowing their rations of beef and calde under their jackets, the horses designed for our use were drove into the puebla, and a *corral* having been formed, they were lassoed and delivered to the men. They were but a sorry lot of old hacks, and we could hardly think of a complaint incident to the animal that was not developed in some one subject of the drove, many of which would have severely tested the abilities of the most experienced veterinarian. In one hour we were mounted and began to cross the river, on the bank of which we found assembled the whole party of our friends, including the chorister, who was loud in his protestations of sorrow at our departure. Anxious to impress us with the sincerity of his professions, he was importunate to know whether we had pawned

anything since we had entered the puebla, offering to redeem and restore such articles as far as lay in his power. Happily we did not require his proffered assistance, and parted with him, as well as the rest, with unfeigned regret, promising at the expiration of the war to revisit the puebla and resume our acquaintance with them. The time for leave-takings was short, and it was with a feeling of great relief that we received the order to march, when our horses plunged into the stream; and as our friends were forbidden to cross, on our reaching the opposite bank of the river we spurred forward our horses and soon lost sight of the kind-hearted pueblanos.

It will not be thought strange that all of the party who had formed any acquaintanceship with the Santa Lucinas were somewhat affected. Their emotions were as various as the characters of the men. Some laughed and made light of the matter; others sought to drive the idea of parting out of their minds by congratulating themselves upon the prospect of once more reaching the seacoast; some were savagely morose; and others again swore like pirates, and vented their feelings in belaboring unmercifully the poor beasts on which they rode. This state of temper continued for the first three days of our march, on the first of which we proceeded no farther than the Palmas, in which we encamped for the night. Here all the necessary preparations for our expedition were made, and the following morning found us mounted at daybreak and rapidly pursuing our march towards the Uruguay. In spite of the vigilance of the old *padre* of Santa Lucia, two of the fair *señoritas* of the puebla managed to leave during the night and join us at the Palma, and expressed their determination to accompany the battalion as far as the neighborhood of the Correntine encampment. Garibaldi remonstrated against it, but they laughed in his face, and without making any further answer, marched, halted, and camped with the party—as merry a brace of light-hearted creatures as we could have wished to find; and they did much towards keeping our men in good

temper while we were struggling through the Banyous, which we entered upon the morning of the third day of our march.

We had heard much of the locality, and expected to encounter something difficult, but the half had not been told. Let the reader imagine a dense swamp of water and mire, into which our horses sank above their knees, and often to their bellies, obliging us frequently to dismount with almost a like result to ourselves, and spend an hour in extricating the jaded animals. This was bad enough for a short distance, but when it was extended to whole days it was miserable in the extreme. Our course, likewise, was as tortuous as it had been on board of the vessels upon entering the Parana. Now we were deceived by apparently firmer ground, which on closer inspection proved as treacherous as an *ignis fatuus*,—now winding through or around dense and tangled thickets, struggling, splashing, floundering on, while the air was filled with the fervent execrations of the whole party in some twenty different languages at once—all of which created difficulties that at one time appalled the stoutest heart, and the next moment produced roars of laughter from their very ludicrousness. A heavy fog hung over the swamp almost continually, which at times was evaporated by the hot sun, but was sure to descend in heavy showers during the night.

Luckily for us, small islands of dry, firm ground were scattered at intervals over this interesting region, without which the passage would have been impossible. Upon these islands we encamped during the nights of our progress. But we might as well have kept in motion, as rest was out of the question, on account of the drenching showers. The last night spent in this delectable swamp was a benefit to the whole party. We had encamped upon an island of unusual large dimensions, which, unlike the others, was heavily timbered. Wood being plentiful, we built large camp-fires, and by nine P. M., for the first time during the three days we had spent in floundering through this morass, we had dry clothes, from which the mud

peeled off in flakes, like clay from the body of a baked fowl just taken from a brick-kiln. Nevertheless, our garments were dry and comfortable, and, congratulating ourselves upon this fact, we disposed ourselves around the camp-fires in the fond hope of at length obtaining a night's rest.

The evening was calm and serene when we laid down, but it was not destined to remain so long. We were aroused from our slumbers by the cold pattering of our usual attendant of late, by which we found ourselves already drenched so completely as to obviate the necessity of attempting to seek shelter beneath the trees; and therefore the majority of the men merely turned themselves over to present a fresh side to the peltings of the storm, evincing their appreciation of the comforts of their situation in sundry harsh expressions which I will omit, and then closed their eyes, evidently determined to make good their threat, to sleep if it should rain devils. Some score and a half of the poor fellows betook themselves to the surrounding trees, in expectation of an overflow of the island; while, stretched upon the trunks of two trees, which lay close together and served to keep me from the cold ground, I managed, by continually shifting and turning myself, to pass the night as well as the best of the party. But no sleep came to my eyelids; as well might one look for repose with a hundred trip-hammers at work beside him, and each drop of rain seemed to contain at least a gill. The first murky rays of light were hailed with joy by all who were on the watch for them; while some, who were making good their avowed determination, still lay snoring upon the ground, half submerged in mud and water; and casting my eyes up at the trees in the neighborhood, I noticed a number hanging half doubled up in the crotches of the limbs, secured to the same by their long red sashes.

As soon as we could see to pick our way, our trumpets (we had discarded our drum and fife) sounded the reveille, and we commenced our last day's march for *terra firma*, as miserable

a set of objects as were ever seen. As if to mock us, the clouds rolled away and the sun came out bright and warm; and the last of the provisions we had laid in for the passage of the swamp having been eaten, we pushed forward. The marching gradually became better until about 2 P. M., when we emerged from the detestable place upon the dry, firm prairie, within two miles of a large stone-built estancia, toward which we made our way as fast as our used-up horses could carry us.

On arriving, we dismounted and turned loose our animals, wishing them a speedy return by a better road; and finding a beautiful clear brook at a short distance, we built fires to assist in the drying process, and at length took our leave of the last relic of the Banyous. Here was plenty of fine fat cattle, and our wearied comrades were soon indulging in the luxuries of the *assou con quiero*, (flakes of beef still adhering to the hide,) which were fried by being spread upon the glowing embers with the hide to the fire, the meat being cooked by the time the former part was burnt through. This dish, although a somewhat novel one to our party of foreigners, was pronounced excellent, and after having satisfied our hunger, we turned our attention to preparing quarters for the night, our late experience leading us to look for a repetition of the last night's rains. But with the swamps we had got rid of the showers likewise, and the morning found us fresh and hearty once more.

By ten A. M. we were all mounted again, and this time with very fair horses, and we bade farewell to the shelter of the estancia and set forward. The country was all hill and dale, destitute of any vegetation excepting the short grass and an occasional line of bushes, marking the course of some little brook, meandering its course towards the Uruguay. This day for the first time we encountered a number of red deer, but they were shy, and our utmost caution did not suffice to enable us to come sufficiently near to get a shot at one of them. About the middle of the afternoon we passed through the puebla of Porongas, situated upon the summit of a high ridge

commanding a wide view of the adjacent country. The puebla was prettily adorned with groves of orange and lemon-trees, and, like the rest, was in the sole possession of the ladies, the male part of the inhabitants being with the army. The *señoras* did not appear to be so free in their manners as those of the pueblas nearer the Parana, and but very few could be seen about the place. I caught sight of a couple peeping round the corner of one of the *casas*, as we were descending the eastern slope of the ridge, but that was the extent of their sociability. We encamped at night upon the border of a little brook of clear water, and having stationed a patrol of *gauchos* to prevent the drove of horses and cattle we had collected during the day's march from running off, our camp-fires were lighted, the fuel here for the first time being dry manure, which was very plentiful in every part of the *campo*, and made a very hot fire.

The morning brought with it the *carneada*, at which all hands were obliged to assist. The method of killing cattle upon the *campos* is barbarous in the extreme. The animal, after being lassoed, is hamstrung; and being thus disabled from escape, he is usually left until a sufficient number of them are secured in a like manner. By this means it is common to see a large number dragging themselves about upon their haunches, uttering the most dismal groans in the intensity of their sufferings, and sometimes an hour would elapse before the last poor creature received the *coup de grâce*. I could hardly conceive of anything more cruel and ferocious than the evident delight which the *gauchos* appeared to take in showing their dexterity with the knife by half severing a tendon, and thus performing the savage business, as it were, piecemeal. To this work they are trained from infancy, and in the various pueblas it was common to see boys of from eight years of age and upwards, with long keen knives, darting around in sport, brandishing the dangerous weapons constantly around each others' legs, the little rascals adroitly managing to turn the blade so as to strike

the legs of his opponent with the flat side. If these sports stopped here it were well; but the constant appearance of dogs dragging themselves about the pueblas upon their unsightly haunches, a complete mass of scars, told a tale of youthful training in cruelty that was truly diabolical. In more than one instance I witnessed the practice referred to myself. It will not be wondered at, therefore, that these people are so sanguinary in their warlike operations.

Towards noon of this day (the 5th of November) we halted in sight of the Correntine encampment, while Garibaldi dispatched a messenger to the General in command with the tender of our services. An answer was returned speedily declining the offer, upon which the battalion again moved forward. Nothing of note transpired during the remainder of the day, and on the following morning we came in sight of the Uruguay, a noble stream of nearly a mile in width. A large flat being brought into requisition, we were all transported across in a couple of hours, and once more our feet pressed the soil of the Banda Oriental, at a distance of near 650 miles from Montevideo by the easiest means of transportation, i. e. the river.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

March to Salta Grande—Quinces—Thoughts of home—The puebla—Balandras—Falls of the Uruguay—The Patrone—Sailing through a forest—Arroyo Malo—The squadron of the Uruguay—Retrospect of the escape of Don Francisco—A happy meeting—March of the Biscayans—Bad news—The lime-kilns—Ostrich eggs—The fugitive General, and account of the ruin of the army of invasion—Devotion of Rivera's negro troops.

Here we were destined to remain until the means were procured for our transportation to the puebla of Salta Grande, the

most interior town of any note in the Oriental Republic. The place of our encampment was but ten miles from the point which formed the north-eastern boundary of Uruguay, and the south-western (upon the river of the same name) of the Brazilian empire. A large trade was carried on upon the upper waters of this river by a class of Italians, in a kind of clumsy river craft called *balandras*. These were seldom of more than fifteen tons' burthen, built to navigate the rather dangerous falls of the river between Salta and Paysandieu, which at low stages of water required some little skill in navigating. Our colonel, having failed, after a halt of three days, in procuring the necessary vessels, determined to proceed by land, and once more we commenced a march on horseback, our course leading through a beautiful country, which, from the proximity of the river, was tolerably well wooded. But I was amazed that so fair a portion of the earth should be almost without inhabitants, for in a distance of at least fifty miles we found but one house.

In the woods on the banks of the streams I discovered the quince-tree, which was in full bearing, its fruit of a fair size and possessing all the fragrance of those in the New-England States. The sight of this old acquaintance brought to my mind the recollections of my far-off home, and many a tale of Yankee-land was told at our camp-fires under the trees, as the men plucked and roasted the fruit during the evening.

Salta Grande we found to be a beautiful village of two thousand inhabitants, or more. On account of the great number of orangeries in the place, it was difficult to determine the number of houses, though everything about it showed that the country and people were eminently prosperous. But we were not permitted to remain long there, and within one hour of our entrance I was embarked on board of a *balandra* with twenty-five others, and soon after we were dashing down toward the falls with the speed of an arrow. The little craft being light, was very top-heavy with such a heavy load of live stock on

deck, and nearly capsized several times. The Italian *patrone* swore at us in his native tongue, Spanish, Portuguese, and French alternately, while we laughed and rolled his little rat-trap of a vessel until he fairly cried with rage. At length we approached the falls, and really supposing there was some danger, we gave the poor fellow a little respite, from which he inferred that we were frightened, and he took the opportunity of roundly abusing some of his passengers. For this there was no remedy at the time, as we knew nothing of the river; otherwise some of the boys would have thrown him overboard. But peace was at length restored, and the little craft entered the boiling rapids, down which she rushed with the speed of a locomotive, sheering from side to side at the will of the *patrone*, who stood at the helm with the dignity of a post-captain.

The dangerous part of the navigation having been got through with, Robinson, as the leader of the malcontents, began to plot treason against the *patrone*, who, imagining his unruly charge were now completely subdued, gave the helm of the vessel to one, and stationed the others to work the sails when necessary. Towards night the wind began to blow very fresh in squalls, and the sails of the little vessel having been reduced to their smallest dimensions, she drove before it, rolling and pitching like an eggshell upon the surface of a boiling cauldron. The *patrone*, meanwhile, stationed at the bow of the vessel, was continually screaming his directions to the helmsman, who in return was every moment causing the *balandra* to deviate from the right course, under the pretense that he could not see the objects pointed out for his guidance. The greater part of the men had stretched themselves upon the deck, disregarding the orders of the *patrone*, directing those who were not stationed to go below, and it was evident that all of them were ripe for fun. The rudder of the *balandra*, which resembled in shape one of those used upon a canal-boat, hung loosely on its gudgeons, and as the stern sunk heavily in the trough of the sea, it was absolutely necessary for a person to hold it in

its place by main force. Robinson, having relieved the helm, was not long in making the discovery of this defect of the vessel, and resolved to turn it into the means of producing a catastrophe. We were driving by a part of the coast on which the trees extended far into the shoal water, and the surface underneath their shade revealed a vigorous undergrowth. These circumstances were not lost upon our steersman, who determined that the *balandra* should take a cruise in the woods. To precipitate the affair, the rudder suddenly leaped from its gudgeons, in spite of the exertions of the man stationed to prevent it, and the bow of the vessel coming up to the wind, it dashed into the forest, carrying away both of the slender topmasts and crashing the limbs of the trees, which came down in showers upon the deck. The poor *patrone* was in agonies, and called upon the Virgin and all the saints in the calendar to assist him and save him from destruction; but in spite of the Virgin and the rest of his patrons, the vessel continued her mad career until she grounded upon the bank one hundred yards from the open river. The first duty of the swearing *patrone* was to fall upon his knees and thank his patron saint and the whole host of heaven for our preservation, after which he farther eased his mind by cursing the heretic *Ingleses* generally, to whom he attributed the uprise of the *tormenta*, (storm) in the first instance. This he regretted, ultimately, on finding that the heretics were indisposed to assist him in extracting the *balandra* from her awkward position. The swell of the river rolled through the forest, forcing her with violence against the trees, which, not being of a yielding nature, maintained their ground with the promise of ultimately coming off conquerors. The *patrone* finally becoming more humble in his demeanor, the heretics were prevailed upon to lend their assistance in securing the *balandra* from farther injury. This effected, the utmost persuasions of which he was master failed to induce them to succor him any farther: and as it was impossible for him to get along single-handed, he contented himself

with bestowing his maledictions upon the whole party, and stumbling over the rascals who purposely encumbered the whole of the deck.

Morning appearing, and no provision having been made for our subsistence, the men went to work without any solicitation, and a few moments sufficing to relieve the *balandra*, we recommenced our voyage, and without any farther disturbance or accident, at sunset we entered the Aroyo Malo, (bad creek,) the rendezvous of the naval forces of the Orientals in the Uruguay river, and were at once distributed among the vessels composing the fleet. The Oriental squadron at this place comprised one brig, two schooners, and two gun-boats, to one of the latter of which, named the Villa Blanco, I was appointed.

The vessels being well provided with stores, we began once more to live like white men, many of the party declaring that they had fed upon beef so long, that they were ashamed to look a cow in the face. The news of the arrival of our party at the Aroyo had reached the town of Paysandieu, which was in sight six miles below the station, and many of the friends of those who had left Montevideo in our former squadron were assembled to greet their return, only to be disappointed. In some instances the grief of the poor creatures, on hearing the fate of their brothers, husbands, etc., was very affecting, and I saw many of our reckless and desperate companions strive to conceal the tears of sympathy which glistened in their eyes, while the most reckless one of the party, the quadroon Robinson, whom I supposed nothing would move, declared with an oath that a man had no right to a wife unless he was secure in the peaceable possession of a home, beyond the possibility of being dragged away upon such murderous expeditions as we had been engaged in, This proved the existence of a heart in the man whom I had held in abhorrence since the death of Dufrense; who, by the way, had, after a search, been declared a deserter, in spite of the suspicions of Garibaldi that the foreigners knew more about the matter than they were willing

to acknowledge. The wife of our late commandant Arana, who proved to be the sister of Dan Francisco, the perpetrator of the sacrilege in Santa Lucia, was there, and received great attention from the colonel.

At the time of our starting from Santa Lucia, Don Francisco was still confined in the yard of the *quartel Perreira;* and the men pitying his sufferings during the day, exposed as he was to the heat of the sun, loosened his bonds as soon as night prevented detection, and enabled him to recruit his diminished strength by a night's respite; otherwise he would have lost the use of his limbs altogether. Rodriguez once questioned Teniente Louis in my hearing, as to whether the men did not do something to relieve the poor fellow's sufferings. The question was asked in such a tone of pity, that there was no doubt he would have been glad to be assured of such being the case, although he did not dare to express his feelings. Louis answered with a significant look that he had not inquired into the matter, which was so strictly true, that none of the officers knew but that Francisco had been spirited away to the city of Corrientes by the holy fathers of the puebla, after the first day of his confinement. The *padre* every morning bestowed a look of holy horror upon the culprit, with a recommendation to the guard to look well to the safety of the prisoner, and we were at a loss to ascertain what would be the end of the matter. Garibaldi, on hearing of the affair, after grumbling at the idea of losing one of his men, concluded to let the *padre* have his own way with the poor fellow, declaring he should suffer no further punishment at his (Garibaldi's hand.) Three days he had suffered the confinement, or rather torture, of the "spread eagle," although neither of these terms would convey an adequate idea of the nature of the torments; and had the consecutive nights been added, there would have been but little use in sending him to Corrientes for farther punishment, as the nature of his confinement was fast reducing him to a skeleton.

This was the state of affairs on the morning of our departure, ere we had left the plaza. The most of the battalion were already mounted, but having a great desire to look at the poor fellow once more, I stepped through the *quartel* to the yard, and on reaching him I obeyed the impulse which at the moment possessed me, and drawing the knife from my belt, I cut the thongs which bound his wrists and ancles, and bidding him scale the fence and be off, I turned and encountered the eyes of Rodriguez, who, I believe, had dodged through the *quartel* for the same purpose. Seizing me by the shoulder and looking sternly in my face, he whispered, "Do you know what you have done?" There was no use in denying that I was badly scared, and I was hardly relieved by his harsh "To horse!" which I looked upon as a respite, however, and I mounted and was off in an instant. As I left the plaza, the sight of the old *padre* and his subordinates hurrying to the deserted *quartel* caused me to increase my horse's speed to the utmost. Rodriguez was close at my heels, and as I urged on towards the river, his loud laugh and muttered "*Que demonio Americano!*" assured me that I had nothing to fear from him.

The *padre*, doubtless convinced in his own mind that the prisoner had been released by Garibaldi's orders, did not see fit to pursue us, and Don Francisco was forgotten, until he reappeared among us at Salta Grande, evidently a reformed man, and he was never seen to taste a drop of liquor while we were associated together in the battalion. There was yet another visitor in quest of friends, and ere we had been an hour on board of the Villa Blanco I had received the salute of *Mi quirida Manuela Ramos*, who had been in Paysandieu since the first of August. From her I learned that rumors of the destruction of Garibaldi and his entire force had been received, and were generally credited in the Banda Oriental until within the last fortnight, when these rumors gave place to the certainty that a remnant of the party still survived and were on their return towards Montevideo. Francisco, her

brother, had accompanied her to Paysandieu, and now belonged to a Biscayan battalion of volunteer artillery, which were acting as a garrison in the puebla. These troops were so called, on account of the members comprising it being mostly emigrants from the Spanish and French Biscayan provinces, and the service was to end on the return of the army under Rivera, whenever that might happen. The whole country had been surprised at our hazardous entrance of the Parana, and the annihilation of all composing it had been confidently predicted. Admiral Brown had ascended the Uruguay in pursuit of us, until the largest of his vessels (the brig Belgrano) had been stranded, after which, receiving information of his mistake, he proceeded with all his disposable force into the Parana with the results already related. The whole country was sanguine of the success of Rivera, and advices were daily expected of the total rout of the Argentines, and the flight of Rosas from Buenos Ayres.

The vessels of our squadron were much damaged, and the naval stores necessary for their repair were not to be procured short of Montevideo; therefore, with the exception of one schooner and two gun-boats, they were obliged to remain in the Arago. A rumor was in circulation that the decisive battle was about to be fought, and the battalion in Paysandieu having expressed a desire to participate in the affair, they crossed over into the Entre Rios, and I found myself with the charge of Manuela upon my hands, which occasioned me some anxiety; not that I disliked it, yet from the uncertainty of our movements, I was fearful some emergency might again separate us before I could confide her to the care of her brother. But I had no occasion to trouble myself on her account, as she was better qualified to take care of herself in the campo than I was. However, another week past without any news of the army, when we were suddenly alarmed by the reappearance of the Biscayans, who brought fearful news of the total rout and massacre of the Oriental army, through the defection or treason

of the Correntine contingent. Upon the receipt of this news we proceeded, with all of the vessels and boats that could be rendered serviceable, to the "lime-kilns" on the coast of Entre Rios, some thirty miles above the Aroyo, in the hope of being able to succor some part of the scattered troops. But here we could neither see nor hear of anything satisfactory, and the next day we returned to the station.

While at the kilns, in rambling about through the campo some of the men stumbled on a nest of the South American ostrich containing upwards of eighty eggs, some of which were quite fresh, and I had the good luck to secure one of the best; but it was strong, and required a less delicate stomach than I possessed to make it palatable by any of the ordinary methods of cooking; but the Frenchmen of our party, who were less fastidious, succeeded, by a liberal use of sugar and spices, in making them delicious.

Four days more passed without bringing us any news. The time hung heavily on our hands, through uncertainty and idleness, and we began to mistrust the correctness of the news we had heard, when we were joined by one of the Generals of the late Oriental army named Lunes, or Nunez, who, with seven other officers, had made his escape. From him we received full confirmation of the disastrous battle. Rivera having been joined by the Correntine force, had, at the request of their General, assigned them the front line of battle, his own force of six thousand Orientals forming the second or main line, while the third was formed by the Feraps, who, on learning of the treachery of the Correntines, made a hasty retreat, leaving the Orientals to their fate. The army was surprised while employed in slaughtering cattle for the subsistence of the troops; but having succeeded in forming their lines of battle, they awaited the onset of the Argentines, led by Oribe and Ortiz in person. On their approaching near enough to support the Correntine line, in case of disaster, the latter, by previous arrangement, faced about and opened their fire upon

their late allies, the Orientals, who for a few moments were thrown into confusion, and gave ground before the superior forces of the Argentines and their new allies; but being rallied by Rivera, they made a stand worthy of the days of Marathon and Platæ, and although deserted by their Brazilian brethren from Rio Grande, the six thousand Orientals contended with the entire force of the confederates until they were cut to pieces. It was said that not fifty out of the six thousand escaped the slaughter, after having repeatedly refused to receive quarter on condition of laying down their arms. This body of troops, under Rivera's own training, were mostly negroes, and had been the medium of his former success in his desperate encounters with the Argentines. It was the finest and largest as well as the best equipped army he had ever raised, and with it fell his last hopes of fame and revenge. He himself was not brave enough to share the fate of his troops, and deserted them in time to secure his own retreat, dressed in the garb of a common gaucho—a garb that would better befit the majority of the military aspirants of the south at all times, than any other.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Effects of the news—Burning of vessels—Start for Montevideo—Soriana—Mercedes—Junction with the land party—Execution of robbers—Our services required to shoot a lady—Garibaldi refuses—Demonstrations—The Oriental lancers—March for Montevideo—Santa Lucia—The mount in sight—The remnant of the expedition—Enter the city—The blockade—Curious measures of the enemy—Materials for an army—Warlike demonstrations—Fortifications—Plan of escape—The venture—The Italian boatman—Once more afloat—The Columbia frigate—American protection refused—Pursuit.

The effects of this news were not long in developing themselves, and were further hastened by the information that the

Argentines were already in the Banda Oriental. All was bustle and confusion. The stores were landed from the larger vessels and every man allowed to help himself; the guns were buoyed and sunk in a secret nook ; and the holds of the vessels, after being filled with brush, were anchored in front of the town of Paysandieu and set on fire. The Biscayans had already started for Montevideo, taking under their charge the major part of the inhabitants, who were forced to leave their pleasant homes to the mercy of the enemy. This was a long and wearisome march for the women and children, but there was no other way of accomplishing the journey, as the river's mouth was still blockaded.

It was on the 17th of December, when, everything having been got in readiness for moving upon Montevideo, we set fire to the battery, and the party which were to accompany Garibaldi by land took up their line of march ; and one hour later we made sail on board of the Villa Blanco, accompanied by the Robla, and pointed our prows to the south-west. Being favored with fair winds, we entered the Rio Negro on the third day after leaving Paysandieu. The sun was setting as we passed the ancient pueblа of Soriana, said to have been one of the first places settled by the Spaniards, and remarkable to us as being the first place where we were received with expressions of dislike by the ladies. Whether we were taken for Argentines, or whether they were really inimical to the interests of Don Fructuoso, we had no time to stop to inquire. Probably they had heard of the disaster that had befallen the President, and had determined to become firm adherents of Rosas and Oribe, in hopes of retaining possession of their property. Certain it is, they called us all manner of hard names, which sounded harshly from such a source.

By eight o'clock we reached the pueblа of Mercedes, a thriving village on the southern bank of the river, containing ordinarily about three thousand inhabitants, as I judged by the number of houses, stores, etc., although the place was then

almost deserted by its inhabitants. Some twenty sail of merchant vessels, of a larger class than ordinarily seen in the river ports, were moored at the bank in front of the town, where they had evidently been stationed for a long time. The village was still occupied by a battalion of lancers numbering about three hundred men, who confined themselves to the outskirts of the puebla, and silence reigned supreme in the streets, which were recently teeming with an enterprising population.

We were not permitted to occupy quarters within the limits of the place, and therefore immediately proceeded to a *saladiero* about a mile and a half south, and about equidistant between the puebla and the campo santo (burying-ground) belonging to it. We were not well pleased with this arrangement, but trusting that Garibaldi would mend the matter on his arrival, we endeavored to make ourselves comfortable. The residue of the party reached the puebla during the night, and in the morning joined us at the *saladiero*, and we were glad to learn that we were to continue our march the next day. During our present halt, the convoy of people, cattle, horses, wagons, etc. which had accompanied the land party from Paysandieu pressed on in advance, the cavalcade being something more than a mile long.

An incident unusual to our common routine of duty occurred during the forenoon. This was the execution of two robbers lately captured by the police of Mercedes in the act of plundering an *estancia*, after committing unheard of atrocities upon the defenseless females residing therein. A requisition having been made upon Garibaldi by the commandant of the puebla, a firing-party of eight were detailed for each of the criminals, and at eleven A. M. they marched for the place of execution south of the campo santo. Men caught in such business as these had been engaged in are usually described as being of the most villainous appearance, and I had therefore made up my mind that the doomed men were anything but human in their aspect. But I was much at fault; for both of

them were not only young but good-looking. Two posts had been set in the ground, on the top of which, just high enough for the prisoners to be seated, were spiked pieces of plank. On these they seated themselves, by command of the officer appointed to see the sentence carried out, and the attendant priests of the Catholic communion approached and administered whatever of consolation they required, which, by the way, was not much. After the priests had retired, the judicial officer, accompanied by the commandant of the puebla, who had just arrived upon the ground, demanded whether they wished for anything further, when one of them coolly requested to be furnished with a cigaretto. This was answered by the commandant, who produced a bunch of the desired article from his pocket, lighted one, and placed it in the mouth of the condemned. A shake of the head sufficed to express that they had no further wants, and the officers retired, when the word of command was given, and the leveled muskets vomited forth their contents, launching the two brothers into eternity. This business was a very painful one to us, as those in command of the firing-party were required in all cases to advance and discharge the contents of their muskets at and within a foot of the head of the corpse, to prevent resuscitation.

A still more disagreeable call was made upon our services by the commandant, which would have created a mutiny at once, if Garibaldi had not utterly refused to allow us to have any agency in the matter. The object of this call was the execution of a woman. The unfortunate creature, who was young, pretty, and wealthy, had been detected in corresponding with the Argentines, and there being the most unequivocal evidences of her guilt, she had been condemned to be shot. The bare mention of our being called upon to act as executioners in this affair set the camp in an uproar. *Los Ingleses* had been looked upon as the most efficient instruments in the punishment of offenders, since the recommendation of the *padre* of Santa Lucia was given to that effect. The quadroon Robinson swore

that if he was detailed, he would send his ball through the bloody heart of the commandant, a feat I have no doubt he was fully capable of committing; but he was not called upon for any other purpose than to expiate the offense of declaring his intention too unguardedly, it having been heard by one of the officers who was no friend to our party of foreigners. He remained in the "safe-companion" during the remainder of our stay (some twenty hours,) and was released with the assurance that a repetition of his late offense would cost him his life. Garibaldi's answer to the commandant of the place, upon his making a requisition for our services in this matter, was noble. Drawing his majestic figure to its full height, he turned away in disgust as he replied, "My party will fight men, but they shall not shoot women." This being reported in our quarters, the next appearance of the chief was greeted with three times three by our whole party, which expression of our acknowledgment of the manly course he had taken seemed to please him much, although he tried hard to frown us into silence.

It was late the next morning ere the trumpets sounded to horse, but by ten o'clock we were fairly under way. As we marched past the puebla, the utmost stillness was observed, as it was about the time appointed for the execution. Suddenly the report of the fatal volley rang in our ears. Every one held their breath to hear the report of the final musket. It came, and a general shout of execration upon the dastard who could do such a deed and live, went up from the whole line without a word of rebuke from the officers, who were now as much excited as the men. Every one was so occupied with his own train of thought, that we were not aware of the approach of the battalion of lancers, who had evacuated the puebla and were within a hundred yards of our line. Their course being somewhat different from ours, the column halted to allow us to pass by. They were as rascally a looking set of beings as I ever set eyes on, an opinion which Garibaldi also appeared to entertain, as he ordered the trumpets to sound

the trot and gallop with only the interval of a few seconds between them.

Our march was uninterrupted, and without any event worthy of note occurring, on Christmas eve we entered the puebla of Santa Lucia, ten leagues from the capital. This puebla was very similar to those I have already described, and we were not sorry when the summons to continue our march was sounded on the morning of Christmas day. But to our chagrin, a few miles from the puebla we again encamped, and from this time until the 31st of December our progress was so slow that we were two days in sight of the mount before we were allowed to finish our march by entering the city. This we did on the evening of the latter date, after an absence of six months and thirteen days.

As I have before said, our force on leaving Montevideo was four hundred souls, ninety-two of whom were all that remained. Nothing could exceed the joy of our party when it was known we were to enter the city. Marching a couple of miles and encamping again, had become so common that we began to fear we might be again turned in the opposite direction, and marched off to some distant point for a farther course of military operations. In view of this emergency, Tom and myself had sounded the rest of the foreigners, and it was agreed that should any movement of the kind be proposed, we would at once refuse to proceed. For the purpose of carrying out this resolution, we secured all the ammunition we could lay hold of, determined, if necessary, to fight for our liberty as long as there was a man left. But a little after noon of this, the last day of the year, we were conducted to the foot of the mount, where, turning loose our horses, we finished our march on foot, entering the city and taking up our quarters in one of the quartels of the late policia, the whole force of which had been marched off to join in the disastrous campaign of Don Fructuosa Rivera.

There was one warm-hearted friend to greet me on our

arrival. Francisco Ramos and his sister had reached the city with the Biscayans, but that battalion had disbanded itself, and its members were scattered beyond the possibility of being again united. Consternation prevailed throughout the city. The troops of Oribe and Ortiz were already in sight on the surrounding hills, and had they chosen, they could have occupied the place without striking a blow, the ninety men of Garibaldi's party being all who were under arms, and the inhabitants had not as yet thought of holding the city against them. The cause of this curious method of proceeding of the Argentine Generals, was to be found in their fear that Rivera, who was yet in the camp, would succeed in raising another army and again shut him up in the capital, as he had done once before. Oribe's troops therefore encamped on the heights to the eastward of the city, and commenced the erection of batteries. This occupied several days, during which the unfortunate inhabitants were almost paralyzed with terror, momentarily expecting an attack. This state of things could not long continue, and the idea of detailing sentries from our diminutive party was a complete burlesque. But it was the nucleus around which a valiant host of men were to rally, who for more than three years succeeded in setting at defiance the whole military force of the confederation of the La Plata single-handed.

I have before noticed that the majority of the population of Montevideo were emigrants from the French Biscayan provinces—men who possessed all their national love of glory, and only needed to be spurred a little to face any danger. Who the person was that roused the spirit of enthusiasm among them I could not ascertain, but the first notice of the new order of things was given towards the evening of the fourth day of January, when the sound of military bands, accompanied by the voices of thousands of the inhabitants chanting the Marsellais, was heard upon the Plaza Granda of the city, through the avenues leading to which crowds were pressing to join in the general demonstration, their voices borne upon the breeze like

the mingling of many waters, and filling the air with the grandest melody that was ever heard in that country. The next morning's light dawned upon a breastwork of no ordinary dimensions, bristling with cannon, while every man in the place was suddenly transformed into a soldier.

It was time for me to be off. The order was already given for our party to hold themselves in readiness to proceed to any point of the lines where our services would be most required. My comrade, Tom Lewis, was of the same opinion with myself. "If they succeed in getting us into the batteries once, there is no farther chance for us," said he. In this view of the case, we decided upon losing no time in at least making the attempt. The city during the day had been put under martial law, death having been declared the penalty for any one belonging to the forces who should attempt to leave it. The project was hazardous in the extreme, and we were fearful we should not be able to induce a sufficient number of our comrades to back us, to make our success even probable. Tom and I were discussing this matter just before daybreak on the 5th of January, and having come to a decision, we turned out of our bunks, and rousing the quadroon Robinson from his slumbers, we secured his co-operation in a very brief space of time. We were equally successful in enlisting five others, and it was agreed that we should leave the quartel separately as soon after *reveille* as possible, and make our way to the mole. We could not start before the morning roll-call, on account of the patrol, who would have been sure to arrest us. Having reached the mole, we were to decide on the best course to pursue. Francisco Ramos had disappeared, and the rumor was that he had escaped to Buenos Ayres. Manuela remained near the quartel, and by my suggestion the day before, she had changed her abode to near the head of the Bouveries, a remnant of the old Spanish wall, which commanded a view both of the mole and harbor, and I had promised that if we escaped she should not be long behind us. We were now all in readi-

ness, and anxiously watching the morning light. It was not long before the rattling of drums and the deep boom of the morning gun ushered in the gray dawn, and ere we broke our ranks, after answering to our names, the patrol who had been upon duty during the night were seen retiring from their posts and hurrying to their homes. As yet no guard had been posted within the city during the day, which made us sanguine of success, and as soon as we were dismissed we gradually slipped away, without entering the quartel again, as if for water, wood, etc., which we had been accustomed to procure every morning. In half an hour we had all reached the mole without molestation. Dispatch was the word. Tom and myself took the lead to the stairs, calling to the rest in a low voice to come on. On reaching the landing we were greeted with the sight of an Italian boatman, who was cleansing his boat preparatory to commencing his day's work. Apparently surprised at our sudden appearance, he suspended his work for a moment to look at us. This brief space of time, so precious to us, we improved by descending the steps, and Robinson, who had not forgotten his former feat at this spot, laid hold of the bow of the boat, and drawing her to the steps, cried out, "Tumble in, boys!" an invitation which needed no repetition, and we accepted at once. The Italian now seemed to awake from his stupor at our proceedings, and perceiving too late that we were all members of *el Exeveito National*, which had latterly been inscribed upon the bands of our caps, implying that we belonged to the National forces, he assumed the ugly and attempted to make a noise, but a blow from the powerful fist of the quadroon sent him backward into the stern of the boat, where, for fear of a second dose, he remained quiet, only begging that we would spare his life. We assured him he should not be hurt provided he remained quiet, but threatened that unless he did so we would drown him.

While this was transpiring we had shaken out the high-peaked shoulder-of-mutton sail, and the boat was dashing the water

from her prow, and heading for the Columbia frigate, which was lying in the outer roads. As our boat disappeared from their view among the vessels in the inner harbor, we observed a knot of men on the mole watching our motions. It was now a race for life or death, and we resolved unanimously to put to sea in the frail craft, rather than return to the servitude from which we had just escaped. We were fast approaching the frigate, already considering ourselves under the protection of the stripes and stars, and we quickly decided that the best way was to avow openly who we were. The boat glided within hail. The sentry at the gangway having motioned with his hand that we could not come along side, I hailed the ship, and having stated that we were American seamen who were desirous of entering the service, we received answer that the frigate wanted hands, but as the captain was on shore, the officer in charge did not feel authorized to enter into any agreement of the kind or even permit us to come on board. In answer to his advice to return on shore and seek protection of the consul, we told him that all chance of our reaching the consul was by this time at an end, and as our lives were in danger, we demanded the protection of our country's flag. No answer was condescended, and there being no time to lose, the boat's bow was again turned towards the city. A number of English vessels of war (corvettes and brigs) were anchored in the inner roadstead, and we resolved to try them ; but on approaching near enough to make out what was being transacted upon the mole, to our dismay we perceived the port barge already filled with armed men preparing to start in pursuit of us. Garibaldi was on the mole giving directions to the officers, and there was no mistaking that our capture was the order of the day. Another moment and she was shoved off, and the poised oars descending into the splashing waters, her bow turned towards the course we were steering with the intention of cutting us off. All hands now proposed putting about and taking the open sea ; but to do this without provision or water was mad-

ness. However, it was folly to approach any nearer to the barge, and I threw the boat's head into the wind with the intention of running off again.

CHAPTER XL.

The Brazilian corvette—A last chance—Laconics—Protection secured—Commandant Nerys—Garibaldi's envoy—The demand—Difficulty of securing the protection of American officials abroad—Consuls—The attack upon Montevideo—The Herald—Capt. Burroughs—The Ramos family—Release from the Brazilian—Passage to Buenos Ayres—The Argentine capital—Reception—Opinion of the captain of the port—Don Ramon Ramos—Settled for life—The Baleineiro—The renegade.

We were close under the stern of a smart-looking corvette belonging to the Brazilian navy, upon the poop of which was standing an officer, an elderly gentleman, who I supposed was the captain. He was evidently watching us with great earnestness, and understood the whole matter, as he told us upon endeavoring to explain our situation. As the boat's sail our shivered in the wind, I caught his eye, and almost involuntarily demanded, "Do you want any men?" "Are you English?" he inquired. I replied, "English and Americans." "Yes, yes," said he, "come on board, come on board," this time speaking tolerably good English. I laid the boat alongside under the gangway, where he met us and told us to hurry up out of the boat. Wishing to make sure, I attempted to commence an explanation, but he stopped me at once. "I understand all," said he, lifting the cape of the red-trimmed military poncho which I wore, "*Exeveito National*—barge coming: come along—walk right down," pointing to the companion leading to the ward-room. Obeying his rapid string of laconics, we descended and found a swarthy-looking lieutenant

seated at a table, upon which stood a bag containing about half a peck of silver dollars. A book was open before him, by the side of which was pen and ink. The captain of the vessel, speaking through the open skylight above the table, gave directions to the officer to dispense with taking our names for the present; upon which he proceeded to count out sixteen dollars to each of us, and then remarked that the balance of the business could be done at leisure. Returning to the deck, the Italian boatman was well rewarded for the use of his boat; and having been assured of the protection of the Brazilian Government, he departed much better satisfied than he was at the outset of our acquaintance. The poor fellow was personally protected, but having a family in the city, he was forced to relinquish the occupation of a waterman for that of a soldier. Whether he survived the siege or not, I never heard.

It had taken but a few moments to transact the affairs which had occurred since we boarded the Brazilian, and we were now all on deck, anxious to witness the reception of Garibaldi's officer by Capt. Felippe Antonio Nerys. Through the portholes of the corvette we perceived that Louis was the envoy. Springing on board and advancing towards where the commander was standing, he pointed to us, and demanded that we should be delivered up to the Oriental Government as deserters; whereupon Capt. Nerys demand of each of us the place of our nativity, after which he remarked, "I do not find an Oriental among them—they are all English or Americans: I cannot surrender these men to you: they have all taken the bounty as volunteers in the service of his Imperial Majesty Don Pedro Segundo (the second.) During this exciting conversation the captain had moved towards the gangway, and at its close he lifted his cap and politely bowed, when Louis took the hint, and entering the barge, returned to the shore, not, however, before promising that Garibaldi would have us all in his possession yet—a threat which, luckily for us, after-circumstances did not warrant. Considerable negotiation

was carried on between our protector and Don Melchor Pacheco y Obes, the Oriental Minister of War, for several days; but commandant Nerys was firm in his resolution to hold us, and the matter dropped.

The rascally manner in which we had been refused the protection of our own flag was only a common instance of the kind constantly occurring in some part of the world. Had we been a party of beggarly foreigners who had never seen the United States, instead of American citizens, the same man would doubtless have opened the frigate's broadside upon the city to protect us, and upon his own responsibility too. The same holds good, likewise, in regard to the majority of American and English consuls, who will much sooner receive and protect the subjects or citizens of a foreign power, than those whom it is their duty to befriend. I have stood in the office of a British consul at the time when seven English sailors entered and demanded his protection. His answer was, "Leave my office!" They did not obey at once; so seizing his cane and hitting them right and left, he yelled, "Get out, get out of my office, for a set of jackanapes!" The same official, an hour later, took under his protection a long, green Connecticut yankee, who had just run away from an American whaler, merely upon his word that he was a native of the province of New-Brunswick. This is a fair sample of the consuls of both Governments in South America, and is the natural consequence of their being obliged to depend upon their fees for remuneration. It likewise offers facilities to induce them to conspire with those Governments, which are always anxious to procure English and American sailors to man their war vessels. By withholding the required protection, this is very easily done, by the assumption that any person in trouble claiming protection is guilty of misdemeanor or crime, without inquiring into the matter; thereby leaving the victim to his fate, and pocketing the proceeds of their iniquitous connivance. But these gentry do not always escape scathless. It

was for no strict adherence to his official duty that a late consul at Buenos Ayres had the consular garb torn off his back upon the Alemada of that city. In regard to the officer of the frigate who had treated us with so little consideration, he was said to have been severely reprimanded by his commander, when the latter learned our application, charging him in future to receive all who claimed protection.

We were at last safe, and from our secure position we witnessed the first attack of the Argentines upon the city, which was made during the evening; and as the rattling of musketry and the deep boom of artillery was borne upon the breeze to our ears, we congratulated ourselves that the business was in the hands of those who had more interest in encountering the danger than we had. For an hour the city was illuminated by the shells and fireballs thrown into it, in the hope of setting it on fire; but by nine P. M. the Argentines, who had attacked the lines at several points, drew off their troops, and darkness and silence succeeding to the uproar, we sought our repose, having been furnished with hammocks by order of the commandant.

A very short time sufficed to convince me that the Brazilian service was no place for me. The ship's company were of every shade from black to white; and although they appeared cleanly, as far as regarded their clothing, and were moreover friendly and accommodating to a fault, yet I witnessed *that* within the first twenty-four hours of my stay on board which was enough to call down the vengeance of the Almighty upon the vessel and all on board of her, and I was now nearly as anxious to escape from the corvette as I had formerly been to leave the Orientals. During the second day on board, a boat from the United States schooner Enterprize came along side, for what purpose we could not learn, and after remaining for a few moments she returned to their own vessel. We had an idea, however, that the visit referred to us. The next day was the Sabbath, and early in the forenoon we were required, with the rest of the ship's company, to attend religious services after

the Catholic form. This we did not fail to let them see we disliked; but as the officer of the deck insisted, there was no alternative, and we proceeded aft. On the appearance of the captain, he approached us, and half-inquiringly remarked, "You are not Irishmen?" We answered that we were not. "Then you have no business here," said he; "go about your own affairs:" a command which we obeyed at once.

At the distance of one-fourth of a mile from the corvette, which, by the way, was called the *Uniaõ*, (Union,) lay the old ship Herald, which had formerly brought me from Rio de Janeiro. On making application to the captain, I received permission to go on board of that vessel, and in a few moments more I had the pleasure of again shaking hands with Captain Burroughs, who was all amazement on hearing of the various scenes I had gone through. During my recital of the history of these events, the old fellow's astonishment frequently interrupted me with, "Sho! neow dew tell!" "I want to know!" with a strong nasal twang, which, together with his lean appearance, would have made a subject worthy of a Hogarth. Having got the captain in good humor, I broached the particular subject which I had come upon, and succeeded in enlisting his sympathies in behalf of my amiga Manuela, and in an hour after I had boarded the Herald the boat had returned from the Bouveries, bringing in her the last of the Ramos family from Montevideo. The mother had followed the two brothers Juan and Pablo with the army, and of course nothing could be learnt in regard to her fate, which circumstance was severely felt by my fair charge. For the present Capt. Burroughs agreed to assume the protectorship of Manuela, on receiving a weekly sum of money as an equivalent for her board, and further took upon himself to bring off the remainder of the effects belonging to the family, or assist in the disposal of them.

This settled, and having given notice where I was located for the present, I took leave of them, and the corvette's boat having come for me, I returned to the Union. Here I found

that some of the officers had been questioning my comrade Tom Lewis, and from him they had learned what I certainly never knew before—that I had a family upon my hands. This came to the knowledge of Capt. Nerys, who sent for me, and after a number of questions in regard to Tom's assertion, he asked me whether I had really designed to enter the service, or had only sought the protection of the imperial flag. I kept the advantage I had gained by the story, and assured him that my object was certainly nothing more than to secure my liberty. "Have the rest of your comrades families?" he inquired. I answered that I believed not. "Well, that's all at present. Send Lewis to me." The whole party went through a separate examination, after which we were all called in company, and after telling us that he had a perfect right to hold every one of us, he demanded the money that had been paid to each man; but none could produce the whole sum except myself, and mine was taken. Lucky was it for me that I had once more been in company with Manuela, or I had fallen short. I offered to make up the sum for Tom, but it was not permitted, and the next morning I was sent on board of the Herald. Robinson, Rushton, and a man by the name of Best, who was a sailmaker by trade, signed the ship's books, entering the service for two years, while Tom and the other three were detained for the present until the captain could decide what course to pursue with them. My *family* was all that brought me out of the scrape so easily. Tom and the non-signers were discharged at the end of three months, and were more lucky than me in succeeding in getting away both from Montevideo and Buenos Ayres, while I determined to proceed to the latter place as soon as possible. Manuela was in the best of spirits, and we were a happy set of mortals on board of the old cockroach box, which was the most appropriate name that could be given to the Herald. She swarmed with cockroaches, whose rushing about during the night resembled the noise produced by the passage of one of those immense swarms of pigeons in their semi-

annual flights over the western regions of the United States. These insects were at times very troublesome, as they did not hesitate to travel over our faces, asleep or awake, in their nightly reunions.

After waiting a fortnight on board of the Herald, I succeeded in securing a passage on board of a Spanish brig, and in company with Manuela I bid farewell to Montevideo, as I thought, for the last time. The following evening we anchored in the inner roadstead of the port of Buenos Ayres. If the sight of Montevideo had formerly pleased me, on first beholding it, the more extensive panorama of the Argentine capital filled me with delight. The city is situated on the south side of the La Plata about one hundred and eighty miles from its mouth, in 34° 35′ S. latitude, 58° 24′ W. longitude, and contains upwards of one hundred thousand inhabitants. Fronting on the river for the space of four miles, its stately buildings, forts, and long rows of well-built houses and stores are beautifully relieved and set off by the noble *paseo* or *alemada*, (public promenade) formed by the smooth sandy beach, the top of which is ornamented by a row of evergreen trees. At nightfall, after the stillness of the atmosphere has given place to the cool breezes of the river, this delightful promenade is crowded with the inhabitants seeking pleasure, or a relaxation from toil and the dust of the streets. These various features, on the one side, and the river before and around us, as smooth and as brilliant as burnished silver—the light and graceful little vessels of almost every commercial nation, whose light draught of water enabled them to enter the inner roads—while still farther riverward, some four or five miles distant, a fleet of larger merchant ships served to relieve the monotony of the distant horizon—all of these contributed to form points of beauty in a picture which at first sight the beholder would suppose the eye could never tire with gazing upon. But I was afterwards doomed to contemplate all of these beauties not merely with indifference, but, in connection with their

associations, with feelings amounting to absolute hate. But I will not anticipate.

Early in the morning the port barge came alongside, and the two passengers of *el Capitan Guiterrez* were submitted to a rigid scrutiny, Gimanez, the captain of the port, declaring his conviction that I was a *salvajo*, i. e., an Oriental. I had papers in my possession furnished by Capt. Burroughs, which set forth that I was recently discharged from his service; but I had better have kept them to myself, as that gentleman was not favorably known in Buenos Ayres, however popular he might have been in Montevideo; yet as no positive proof could be obtained for the present, I was permitted to land as *un marinero Americano*. Manuela was also permitted to pass, after a most rigid examination, in which she related the manner in which her family had become inhabitants of the Banda Oriental, and named many relatives at the present time residing in the city before us. Her story was satisfactory to the official, who, after completing his business and raising the embargo upon the vessel, departed to examine the other vessels that had arrived during the night.

We were not long in preparing for the shore; and the boat being in readiness, we secured our baggage and left the brig, and in a few moments were transferred to a cart, which, after a drive of some three hundred yards, landed us upon the dry beach. The extreme shoalness of the water in front of the city, although an inconvenience is also a protection, for no force of any great magnitude can approach sufficiently near to attack it by water; while in more peaceable times the imports into the city, with the exception of salt, which is usually taken into the Salon Reachucio (creek) at the eastern end of the city, is obliged to be transported from the lighters to the warehouses in carts drawn by oxen.

Contrary to our expectations, no difficulty was experienced in finding those who were acquainted with the relatives of Manuela, and in a short time we were most hospitably received

and cared for by an uncle and aunt of hers, who appeared to be delighted with her appearance among them once more. She had left them when a little child, and now returned a full-grown woman. Everything was declared at our disposal, and after partaking of some refreshments, an account of our adventures was requested. But when their niece began to relate the part her brothers had taken in the Oriental service, her uncle placed his hand over her mouth, and looking around to assure himself that there was no one within hearing, remarked, "Walls have ears in Buenos Ayres, since Don Manuel has been Governor. You must not tell that, even to me." The history of her own family included mine since our acquaintance, and the old man listened to the account of my connection with the Orientals, in view of my having been an involuntary actor in the scenes I have related in this work; but at the end he advised me to keep my own counsel, as nothing would be received by the Argentine Government in extenuation of the misfortune of having been one of Garibaldi's men. I accepted the offer he made to procure me a lighter, by which he felt certain I should be able to make myself rich in the course of time, as business was brisk in commercial affairs; and he drew such a glowing picture of the happiness I would be the means of creating in his family, that I agreed to settle down among them.

The old gentleman was wealthy, and promised to take charge of my affairs as far as I required assistance; so having nothing farther to do for the next fortnight, the time was occupied in a continual series of amusements, which were terminated by the delivery of the lighter, by means of which I was to coin gold for my pockets. The boat was a *baleinero* of nearly three tons' burthen, and entirely new, having just been finished. The next day I was to take her to be registered, and for a pleasure-trip the whole family were to accompany me. The morning found us early on the river, and the excellent points of the little craft were shown off and extolled by the builder,

who accompanied us; and at ten in the forenoon we ran in before the port-office and were conveyed in carts to the beach, where I met with a man whom I recollected having seen on board of the Oriental corvette Sarandhi, at the time Garibaldi's squadron was being fitted out, in whose service he held the post of lieutenant.

CHAPTER XLI.

The accusation and arrest—The retiro—The alcalde—Trial—No defense admitted—Committed to the retiro—The alternative—Enter the service—The bounty—Argentine currency—The Chacabuca—Major Craig—Occupations—Conduct of the English and French Admirals—Progress of the war—Attack upon el Isla de las Ratas—British interference—Insults—Cruising—Pamperos—Endeavor to procure a discharge—Refitting—Apply for a transfer—Promoted—Receive a present—Ordered to the San Martin—Admiral Brown—Hypochondria.

After we had sailed from Montevideo, the remainder of the naval force was broken up, and the vessels having been sold, the officers were discharged. Among them was this man, whom I will call Ward, as that sounded very much like his name, which I only heard mentioned once, and then indistinctly. He held some petty situation in the port-office, and appeared to be somewhat of a favorite with the chief of the harbor administration, for whom he acted as a sort of spy around the boarding-houses where unemployed seamen usually resorted. The idea of trouble flashed across my mind on meeting the gaze of the scoundrel, and I returned his civil bow in an equally polite manner; and hoping that a seeming look of doubt, which I thought might have reference to my identity, would result in my favor, I faced him boldly, while visions of stocks, prisons, and the Argentine squadron, were alternating

through my brain. Capt. Gimanez recognized me at once as the passenger of the Dos Hermanos, and laughingly reiterated his suspicion that I was a *salvaje*, adding that he would presently attend to the business on which we came, and the next instant he had disappeared through a door leading into an adjoining room. My eye anxiously took in the countenances of those in the office, and I discovered that the ogre had disappeared likewise.

Flight would have been useless, and I whispered my fears to the old gentleman. Before he had time to make any reply the captain re-entered, followed by the spy, and coming directly up to me, he demanded of the latter, "Do you know this man?" "I have seen him before," replied the renegade. "Where have you ever met him? and what was his occupation at the time you met him?" The answer was brief and perfectly comprehensive to all present. With a villainous smile upon his face—such as a devil might be supposed to indulge in upon receiving permission to torment a lost soul—he answered, "I met him on board of one of the vessels composing the Oriental squadron, at which time he belonged to the brig Perriera, connected with the squadron under Garibaldi."

This was enough. The *baleinero* was registered, and the party dismissed, minus one, though not before I had received the assurance of every assistance from Don Ramon, my new patron. This was all he could do; for anything like an interference with whatever measures the Government chose to take in regard to their disposition of a *salvaje*, was equivalent, in the eyes of those in power, to declaring themselves sympathizers with the Riveristas, the suspicion of which was enough to involve any one in irretrievable ruin. Quick work was made in settling matters with suspected persons; and if the walls of the *retiro* could speak, they would make a revelation of horrors which might easily vie with those of the far-famed French Bastile. The *retiro* was situated at the upper point of the city, and, like the Bastile, was strongly fortified; and

a general opinion seemed to have passed into a proverb, that those who were sent to the *retiro* were destined to a quick passage into eternity. My friends still lingered upon the Alamada, as I left the port-office escorted by four files of the police soldiers, and in an instant after I observed one of the party following at a little distance, for whom, recollecting the affair which transpired upon my leaving Mercedes, I was filled with apprehensions.

After marching about half a mile through some of the principal streets, my guard halted before the door of a building, over the top of which was displayed a broad sign bearing an inscription certifying that here was located the office of *el Teniente Alcalde de la Primera Instancia*, before whom I was conducted and arraigned at once. The judge was a good-looking old Spaniard, with a benevolent expression of countenance—the very kind of person most to be dreaded in that country, as he can deliver you over to the executioner with the same polite bow and smile with which he would greet a friend in the ball-room. Casting his eyes over his spectacles, as he listened to the charge from the captain of the port, (a worthy coadjutor,) and fixing them upon my face, he commenced a series of nods, which I understood to mean, Do you hear that? while the pens of a dozen clerks, seated at as many different desks, traveling furiously over the surface of the paper before them, at times stopped suddenly; and they regarded the *salvage* with a look of horror which, notwithstanding the predicament I was in, brought a smile to my face in spite of my utmost efforts to restrain it. This circumstance was duly noticed and recorded against me, and at length, having heard the renegade to the end, his honor demanded what I had to say for myself. In answer, I gave them a brief summary of all which had befallen me since I had entered the Rio de la Plata.

He heard me patiently to the end, and expressed himself sorry for me; "But," said he, "how do we know but what this is all false? We do not know that it is true. Where is

your proof?" It was nearer than I thought. Manuela Ramos stepped forward and offered to swear to the truth of what I had said. A moment's conversation passed between the judge and my accuser, and then it was intimated that her evidence could not be received either for or against me. Some documents were then made out and delivered to the renegade, who took his leave, and immediately after I was re-conducted by the guard to the port-office, where my destination was made known to me, or rather, I had to make choice of one of two offers. By the *alcalde* I was committed to the *retiro;* but the captain of the port offered to commute the sentence to service of the Confederation for one year, giving me two hours to decide. In the meanwhile my friends, who were all still near at hand, were allowed to confer with me, and by their advice I chose the service, as Don Ramon assured me I was certain of being impressed from the prison, in which case they would hold no terms with me; although by doing so I hazarded the possibility of being sentenced to be shot, as many had been before for a far less offense than I was charged with.

Entering their service as a volunteer made a vast difference in my affairs; for in a few moments after coming to that decision I was re-conducted to the *alcalde's*, and the commitment having been discharged, the old judge shook me warmly by the hand, declaring that my willingness to enter the service under Admiral Brown convinced him of the truth of the history I had given him, and he expressed his hopes that I should meet with speedy promotion. The sudden confidence and good wishes of the old rascal were not very agreeable to me, as they came rather late to be of much service; but I succeeded in concealing my disgust, and was presently on my way to Fort Federacion, after discharging my escort at the quartel of the port-office; Gimenez (pronounced Himanez) and *mi Tio* being the only guard now considered necessary, as Don Ramon had become my bail that no attempt should be made by me to break the agreement I was about to confirm.

A short walk brought us to the fort, and in twenty minutes I had sold myself to the Government for the space of one year, receiving as bounty the sum of seven hundred and fifty dollars of the paper currency of the country, which, fluctuating in value with the state of commercial affairs and the aspect of the war, was now held in the proportion of thirteen paper to one silver dollar, being a trifle over fifty-seven dollars in hard money. Three days' grace were allowed me to prepare for the new service I was about entering, which I spent with my friends, and on the appointed day I presented myself at the port-office, and during the forenoon was conveyed on board of the Chacabuco. This vessel was a schooner carrying topsails fore and aft, and armed with six guns, two of which were mounted upon pivots. She was commanded by Major Craig, a Scotchman, and an enthusiastic follower of the Argentine Admiral, who was himself a native of the "land o'cakes and brither Scots," a clever, good-natured old gentleman, one who, however anxious to keep out of danger, was continually making narrow escapes, until he finally fell into one which cost him his head. The ship's crew was composed of renegades from every nation in Europe and America, with a large sprinkling from various parts of Asia and Africa. Among such a company my time could not pass very agreeably, and we led a very monotonous life, laying off the mount at the distance of full seven miles from the city, from which the booming of cannon and the rattling of musketry daily gave notice of the mortal strife being carried on between the Montevidean garrison and our (I suppose I must call it so now) army, which beleaguered the city. This was not the worst part of the business, for we were not even allowed to blockade the port. However, that was not to be regretted by any person of humane feelings, as the order had been given to capture the city, if possible, and put every living soul to the sword who should be found in it.

The forcible prevention by the British and French Admi-

rals of any co-operation with the army on our part, kept our Admiral (Brown) in a continual fever of excitement, which found vent in keeping us upon the move without any definite object in view. The entire Banda Oriental was by this time completely overrun by the Argentines, and every fortified place was occupied by our garrisons. Rivera had not made his appearance, and the fond hope entertained by the Montevideans that their President was advancing to rescue his capital, had given place to a dogged resolution to defend the place to the last extremity. It was in the power of the English and French Governments, who afterwards made such a great parade with their forcible measures of pacification, to have secured favorable terms of capitulation to the garrison and inhabitants, and the war would have been at an end; but that did not appear to be their policy while anything was to be made out of the beleaguered city. It is only to be wondered at that they did not leave them to their fate, after having stripped them; but this they considered, for a marvel, as rather too mean, and determined to get out of the scrape with as much credit as possible. They essayed to try their skill upon the Argentines, but the expenditures resulting from the project so far exceeded the plunder acquired in their predatory excursions, that the English sneaked out of the business, leaving their faithful allies, the French, to finish what they had begun as best suited themselves. Had the Argentine fleet been allowed to run in, the city must have surrendered at once or been razed to the ground, as every building was commanded from the harbor. Besides the city, the Montevideans had garrisons in the fortress which crowned the summit of the mount, and had also recently erected a fort upon a small low islet midway of the city and the former place.

As if in ridicule of our efforts to assist in subduing the city, the two Admirals granted us the privilege of entering the harbor and attacking the latter post, after they had become well aware that it had been strongly fortified; and ever ready

to accept any assistance towards closing the war, Admiral Brown ordered all the light vessels to prepare for the attack, and the next morning (Sunday) found us, to the number of seven sail, under way and standing for the harbor. No attempt had been made to remove the merchant vessels out of the reach of the shot from the island ; these being left, doubtless, to afford them an excuse for ordering us off, in case our fire had been too warm for the Riveristas.

At eight A. M. we dropped our anchors in line of battle before the fort and opened our broadsides. They were not long in returning our compliments, and for about an hour and a half the cannonade was warm and effective upon their part, as they managed to hull us at every discharge. There was but little doubt that English gunners had a hand in scaling the cannon upon the islet. Besides the firing from the fort, we were annoyed by Garibaldi, who with three small gun-boats took up a position between our line and the fleet of merchantmen, and opened his fire upon us with perfect impunity. Meanwhile the garrison of Fort San Jose, upon the south-eastern point of the city, commenced trying the range of their guns upon us, but finding the distance was too great, they desisted.

Although we had been but a short time engaged, we were all perfectly willing to give it up for a bad job, and acknowledge that we were but second best. The vessels were much cut up, three already having their pumps at work, and the squadron could easily muster a list of some thirty killed and wounded. In this dilemma the appearance of an English barge, from the bow of which waved a white flag, was beheld with secret satisfaction by all hands. The firing ceased, and the Englishman giving the proximity of the merchantmen as a reason for discontinuing our attack, signified that it was the pleasure of Her Majesty's commander-in-chief that we should cease firing and leave the harbor. It would hardly be possible to imagine a more mean way of insulting the representative of the Confederation, in what was undeniably one of the ports

of that Government by virtue of the federal compact, and Admiral Brown felt the weight of it, as he frequently expressed the wish that he had a sufficient force under his command, declaring that he would in such case drive them all out of the river. However, in the present instance we were glad to escape as soon as possible, and were soon beyond the boundaries of the harbor.

I had watched narrowly during the cannonade to ascertain what effect our fire might have upon the fortress; but in spite of all my scrutiny, the place presented the same unbroken front it did at the moment when we let go our anchors. Whether we really did any damage I never ascertained, but the probability is that we did not. The vessels which had sustained the most injury were sent to Buenos Ayres, and we returned to the same monotonous course of life we had formerly led. Our cruising ground, when we did cruise, was from the mount to Maldonado and back. At times we ascended the river, and after sighting la Colonia and Martin Garcia, returned and resumed our old anchorage.

Spring, summer, autumn, passed, and the winter set in, the season of *pamperos*. Whoevever has rode out a *pampero* off the mount would be little likely to forget it; but to brave a winter of them is another thing. To be continually at work sending down masts and yards, letting go and weighing extra anchors, and passing the night, wet, cold, and cheerless, during the continuance of the gales upon the deck of a vessel which is pitching bows under, was enough to weary out a giant.

But we waded through it, and with the spring came the signal to weigh anchor for home. The very idea put new life and spirits into us. I had received, by every opportunity that offered, kind remembrances from my friends in Buenos Ayres, with full accounts of the transactions of Don Ramon, but the last intelligence from the old gentleman was very disheartening. My time having just expired, he demanded my discharge. At first no notice was taken of his efforts in my favor; but continuing

to press the subject, he was at length told that on account of the scarcity of men, they felt obliged to refuse to discharge any person from the naval service until a sufficient number were procured to make up a full complement for the different vessels composing the squadron. They acknowledged that having served faithfully, I was fully entitled to my liberty, and promised to grant me the first discharge that was made out to any one in the squadron. In view of these circumstances, I did not consider it improbable that my acquaintance with the mount would embrace another year, at the least; but the idea of seeing my friends again was the all-absorbing subject for the present, and the anchor once more on the bow, we turned our prow westward with hearts free from care, and being favored with a spanking breeze, our vessel buffeted the muddy waves of the la Plata, and in a short time the mount sank in the horizon, and its recollections were lost in the more pleasing anticipations of the future.

The next morning our eyes were again greeted with a view of the stately city, from which we had been absent over a year. By nine in the morning our vessel was crowded with the friends of the various members of the ship's company, among whom I had my full quota. Application had been made to release me from duty during the stay of the vessel in port. I say to release me from duty, but on board of the Chacabuca I had, properly speaking, no duty to perform: occupying the post of *alfarez* (in English, cadet,) I had been a complete ship's cousin. There was no boat duty, and my daily routine was simply to eat my meals and amuse myself in the best way I could. At Maldonado I obtained a little relaxation in hunting and fishing on the island, though the former afforded only a few water-fowl; but the fishing was grand; mullet of a larger size than I had ever before seen were in abundance, and an excellent fish called *piscadinia* (the common cat-fish) were very plentiful. The tigre, a small species of shark, with most formidable teeth, and spotted like a leopard, was quite common

and their appearance usually put an end to our sport. The books on board I had read again and again, as well as all I could borrow from the other vessels of the squadron. But these resources were exhausted, and I had surrendered to the gloomy and morose feeling called blue devils, when we were relieved by the order to make sail for home. We had been four months and a half without starting our anchors, previous to sailing for Buenos Ayres.

The request of Don Ramon was complied with, and Major Craig having countersigned the order, I once more left the vessel and mingled in the gay scenes of the city. With the assistance of *mi Tio* I obtained an interview with the Minister of Marine, and preferred my request to be allowed to serve on board of some other vessel. A few days after, Capt. Gimenez informed me that my request had been submitted to the Admiral, from whom I must expect my answer; and on the evening of the same day a large package was brought to the residence of Don Ramon, which, upon opening, we found to contain a fine blue broadcloth coat, garnished with the Argentine buttons, and farther ornamented by a small wreath of golden oak-leaves and acorns, in the centre of which was the inscription *A su lealtad* worked in gold braid. A smaller package enclosed within the other contained a commission as lieutenant, dated 26th of February, 1844, and an order to report for service on board of the new brig San Martin, to which vessel the flag of Admiral Brown was to be transferred. I did not anticipate much enjoyment under the command of such a hypochondriacal person as the Admiral was known to be; but as he was said to become tired with his subordinates before the first three months were past, I was in hopes I might finally be sent on board of one of the gunboats or lighter crafts employed as guarda costas.

I experienced more pain from parting from friends and home this time than ever before. Exactly four weeks from the time we left the mount we resumed our anchorage in

nearly the same spot. The English and French Admirals (though the English commander-in-chief, Purvis, ranked only as a Commodore in the British navy) had not relinquished their old system of annoyance, and every slight movement on the part of our squadron, to prevent vessels conveying articles contraband of war from entering the port, was followed by an order from one or the other of those sea magnates for our vessels to strike their flags, at the peril of having them blown up. These humiliations kept old Brown more than half crazy the most of the time, and the consequences were severely felt by the officers of our vessel, who were not treated with half the consideration that the men composing the ship's company were. He had imbibed the notion that some particular ones of our number were constantly conspiring to poison him or do him some mortal injury. To guard against the former, the queer old chap's cabin was furnished with braziers, chafing-dishes, and all the appurtenances of a bachelor's residence, and with his own hands he prepared the food upon which he subsisted. It was not uncommon for him to come upon deck, and after hobbling fore and aft on the quarter-deck at a rapid rate for the space of half an hour, muttering to himself with great energy and earnestness, suddenly order a boat to be brought under the gangway, and calling some one of our number, command him to get his traps together and pack himself off on board of another one of the vessels of the squadron, which he usually designated after the boat had pushed off. There was neither politeness or leave-taking about these sudden movements: on the contrary, old Brown frequently parted with his most meritorious officers in a complete rage, into which he had worked himself without any extraneous cause or assistance, during which he was sure to load the unoffending person with abusive epithets and reproaches totally out of keeping with the dignity of his position. After one of these freaks he would rest for a little while, until the next cause of excitement again saddled

the nightmare for his benefit. This course of conduct had the effect of creating a great barrier between the Admiral and his officers, insomuch that no farther communication was held between the two parties than what related to the most necessary duties of the vessel. This course of proceeding drove them off so fast that our number in the first three months had grown beautifully less, having been reduced from twelve to four.

CHAPTER XLII.

Boat-service—Capt. Voorhees—His powers of imitation—His reward—The Sardinians—Result of their interference—Expect a brush—The Buceo—The camp of the besiegers—Military punishment—A spectacle—Cockney Sam—Death-and-glory boys—Stranding of the Gorgon—My turn to leave—Ordered to the Federal—New line of service—La Colonia—Treason—The massacre—The blockade of La Colonia—The assault and capture of the place—Retribution—An awful scene—The unquenched spirit—Reflections.

I had secured the charge of the boat-service, and managed to keep away from the vessel as much as possible, being for the greater part of the time in waiting at the Buceo, (a temporary port held by the Argentines about eight miles below Montevideo,) for the purpose of conveying dispatches from Oribe's head-quarters to the Admiral. The three officers remaining on board were doomed to see old Brown's coxswain to all intents and purposes elevated above and exercising all the authority which belonged to themselves. This coxswain, through the influence of the Admiral, was shortly afterwards made a lieutenant, in which capacity he proved as little capable of retaining the favor of his patron as the rest of the officers, for he was the first of the four remaining on board of the San Martin who was driven away by our funny old Admiral.

During this summer, the American captain in command of the United States naval forces upon the station, whose name was Voorhees, following the example of the English and French Admirals, saw fit to take umbrage at the stopping of an American vessel which was conveying aid and comfort to the enemy, and signalized his official career by seizing a little gunboat belonging to Oribe and compelling our vessels to strike their flags, which were forbidden to be hoisted again until Capt. Voorhees' wrath should be appeased. The vessels remained three days in this species of limbo, and old Brown gave notice that he considered his squadron as forcibly taken by the United States forces, and refused to re-hoist his flag until he was compelled by the threat of Voorhees to blow the vessels out of the water, when he submitted. Capt. Voorhees, we were happy to find, was not upheld in this exploit by the Government he represented, and expiated this specimen of his powers of imitation by being suspended from command in the navy for a term of years.

A short time after, the process of bamboozling the Buenos Ayrean Admiral having continued to become more and more fashionable, we were visited by the Sardinians, who had two heavy corvettes and a large brig in the harbor. A fishing-boat belonging to an Italian had been caught outside of the port, and as the occupant appeared to court an acquaintance with our vessels, he was taken on board and detained. By some means the news was conveyed to the senior captain of the Sardinian squadron, who, in imitation of his illustrious examples, sent the before-mentioned brig of war to demand the release of the prisoner and the restitution of the boat. The vessel, fully prepared for action, came to across the stern of the San Martin, on board of which, in anticipation of such an event, springs had been placed upon the cables and every preparation made to give them a suitable reception, although no evidence of the intention was apparent to a casual observer. Having gained the best position for raking our decks, a boat was low-

ered and manned, and presently a little weasen-visaged Italian, with a very hairy face, and wearing the uniform of a lieutenant, mounted the gangway and demanded where the Admiral of the Argentine squadron was, evidently expecting to find old Brown waiting to receive him. I directed the *envoyé* to the quarter-deck, and turning around, walked forward to see that the springs were all ready to be cut adrift. For an instant his Sardinian Majesty's officer hesitated upon the ladder, but finally ventured to descend and approach old Brown, who advanced a few steps to meet his visitor. When within a few paces he let fly a volley of Italian, accompanied with the most violent gesticulations; but after an instant's pause, perceiving from the puzzled expression of the Admiral's countenance that his talk was all Chinese to his listener, he stopped short, and after waiting to see whether he was to get any answer, he commenced anew, this time using the Spanish language. The gist of his business was, that he was to intimate to the Argentine chief that if the aforementioned fisherman was not released at once, forcible measures would be used to compel his surrender. The language was couched in the most arrogant terms, and the manners of the envoy were insulting. The Admiral's answer was briefly given: "Return on board of your vessel, and tell your commander that if he has any communications to make to me, I shall be happy to receive an officer who knows how to respect himself and the flag under which I have the honor of commanding. You will likewise assure him, from Admiral Brown, that if a shot is fired from his vessel at me, I will sink every vessel that bears his flag in these waters. You can go, sir." The Sardinian was dumbfounded and attempted an apology, but old Brown waved him off and he slowly departed over the gangway. As his boat pushed off, our drum beat to quarters, the range of cable upon deck was allowed to run out, and the vessel, veering to her springs, presented her broadside to the astonished Sardinians, who at last found they had caught a Tartar.

The brig immediately re-entered the port, and in an hour more she returned, accompanied by the corvettes. The ship Veinte-y-Cinco de Mayo, (Twenty-Fifth of May,) which carried twenty-eight guns upon two decks; the brig Gen. Echagua, mounting sixteen; and our brig the San Martin, eighteen guns, were immediately got under way and stood off to gain a berth for a fair fight; which having done, we hove to and awaited the approach of the supposed hostile squadron. But we had mistaken their character: they had no intention of fighting, and we returned to our anchorage. An apology was tendered and accepted; the fisherman, the cause of all of the trouble, was set at liberty, and no farther annoyance from this quarter was experienced. The Brazilians, however, troubled us somewhat, and as they always had a powerful squadron of well-appointed war vessels on the station, we were obliged to succumb.

This was the usual course of affairs on board, and I was glad to escape as much of it as possible. At the Buceo I had a most unlimited range. The whole campo was open to me, and when making any stay over night, I occupied the same room in the same house in which I had formerly resided with Manuela and her family. I embraced every opportunity that offered to visit the camp of Oribe at the *cerito* (hill) east of the city. At this time (July, 1844,) there were about thirteen thousand men within the lines of the besiegers, some of whom made a very creditable appearance; but by far the larger proportion were a rascally-looking set, and capable of doing any kind of dirty work.

I was allowed to range at will through the *campomento*, as it was termed, and in one of these excursions I chanced to encounter an object so revolting to humanity as to thrill me with horror, and cause me to be so imprudent as to utter an expression of pity for the poor wretch who was doomed to such a dreadful passage to the eternal world, when I was warned at the instant by the rough voice of an officer on horse-

back to have a care, which sufficed to bring me to my senses and cause me to hurry away from the neighborhood. The object of which I write was the body of a man who was suffering the punishment of death by the hide. The *modus operandi* of which is this: the skin is taken from a horse killed for the purpose, and while yet warm, the doomed man is stripped and firmly sewed in it with thongs of the same material: a cap covers the head and neck, firmly fastened to the hide where it covers the shoulders, and the whole is suspended by a strap to the limb of a tree. The victim is thus completely enshrouded, with the exception of his face, which with tantalizing cruelty is left uncovered, that he may gaze upon the beautiful face of nature, until his sufferings, occasioned by the contraction of the green hide as it dried in the hot sun, and the pangs of hunger, should destroy his sense of vision. The subject now suffering this living death was an officer belonging to the Montevidean garrison, who had been captured in an unsuccessful sortie they had made eight days previous. The only sign the unfortunate being gave of life, was a slow but continual protruding of the tongue from the fleshless lips, shriveled tightly upon the teeth, followed by a sudden spasmodic reaction. I found it was dangerous to stop and bestow any particular notice upon objects of this kind, and especially so, if any expression of sympathy was allowed to escape the beholder; and I have no doubt I should have been immediately arrested for the involuntary emotion I exhibited, had I belonged to the land forces.

The English convict, whom I have formerly mentioned as cockney Sam, (I believe his name was Blaisdell,) was at this time giving much trouble to the besiegers in a series of desperate sorties. Having gathered a small band of characters as reckless as himself, mostly seamen of every nation under the sun, he took the responsibility of patroling in front of the lines, and frequently dashed at small parties of the Argentines who ventured to approach within his reach. His men were distin-

guished by a high-topped cap, bearing the skull and cross bones in front, with the device or motto, "Death or glory," in large letters. These characters were designated *demonios* by the troops of Oribe, and served to keep his lines upon the alert.

The winter was less tedious than the preceding one, and slipped away almost without my perceiving it, although we were favored with the usual number of pamperos, in one of which some six or eight vessels, including her Britannic Majesty's steam frigate Gorgon, were driven on shore near the former saladiero of the Munoz family. This latter vessel, contrary to all our expectations and wishes, was again got afloat, through the indefatigable perseverance of her commander, (Hotham,) with whom I was eventually brought into disagreeable contact.

The time was now fast approaching in which I was to take my turn among the discarded favorites of the old gentleman who regulated the affairs of the marine service. By being out of his sight the most of the time, I had escaped becoming the object of his hallucinations; but I at length perceived that the old fellow began to wax fidgetty, and his communications were delivered in a rather more laconic manner than usual. These indicated a speedy change, and I was not surprised when a new favorite was selected and sent upon my usual service, and two days after I received the order to be off on board of the Aquirre. This was a small hermaphrodite brig belonging to the navy, which had been ordered to Buenos Ayres to refit. I was to be a passenger only, having been ordered to report myself immediately to Capt. Gimenez for service. Once more, and very unexpectedly, I found myself on the way to the Argentine capital, with the idea that I was about to take the Ramos family by surprise; but their instant appearance, upon our dropping anchor, proved they knew more of the matter than I did. The Government had resolved to fit out an armed packet or dispatch vessel, for the purpose of establishing a regular communication between the army and Buenos Ayres, and for

supplying the different posts in the Banda Oriental with ammunition, as well as to be in readiness for any service requiring a light craft. For this purpose an American-built pilot-boat called the Estrella del Sud, (Star of the South) was selected, and having been re-christened the Federal, was now fitting out under the charge of Capt. Charles Roberts, one of the river pilots. To this beautiful little craft I was immediately attached. It was now January, 1845, within one month of the expiration of my second year in the service, and once more I essayed to gain my liberty, but in vain. However I received a written warrant for my discharge at the expiration of the present year, and anxious to secure a peaceful residence in Buenos Ayres, I yielded the point and joined the little vessel, on board of which I anticipated a pleasant year of service, as we were to be independent of the orders of the Admiral, and, while not upon dispatch business, enjoyed a sort of roving commission, which enabled us to cruise upon our own hook.

Everything being in readiness, we sailed from Buenos Ayres upon our first trip on the 2d of February. The Federal was a fore-and-aft schooner of about sixty tons' burthen, though from her appearance as she rested on the water, one would hardly suppose her more than thirty: but an experienced eye would detect in the long, heavy, tapering spars, a scale which would better enable it to determine her measurement. Her armament was one medium 12-pounder upon a pivot, with a complement of fifty men, well provided with small arms; and from the fact of a large proportion of the men being Europeans and Americans, the Federal was better calculated to render efficient service than many of the larger vessels in the fleet. While with Capt. Roberts, I soon learned the difficult parts of the navigation of the La Plata, and gained a more intimate acquaintance with the minor ports on the Oriental coast.

In March we visited La Colonia, opposite Buenos Ayres. This place being of great importance to the Riveristas, they had made the most strenuous efforts to hold it, as well as the port

and puebla of Maldonado, below the capital. But it had surrendered to a close investment established by the Argentines, and the former garrison having expressed their willingness to serve under Oribe's government, a small party of Argentines was added to the late Oriental or Riveras force, and the place was left by the main body of troops which had besieged it, in the full confidence of its security. But it proved to be no part of the Riveristas policy to remain longer under the Argentine sway than sufficed to rid them of their enemy's presence; and therefore as soon as they were relieved from the fear of the superior force that held them in check, they rose upon and massacred the Argentines who remained with them, and again hoisted the flag of Rivera. Both of the contending claimants for the presidency of the Uruguayan republic made use of the same flag, both claimed to be the legally constituted chief magistrate, and each denounced the other as a usurper; hence, in using the term Oriental, it will be necessary to confine it in future to the party of Oribe, and let the name of his opponent serve to designate the opposite interests.

The treason of the garrison of La Colonia marked them as objects of speedy vengeance, and with the reception of the news a large force was detached from the main army to reduce the place, and punish the barbarous actors in the brutal tragedy. A close blockade of the works was followed after the lapse of a month, during which the besieged were greatly straitened for want of provisions, by an assault in which the lines of defense were assailed at every point which offered a chance of success; and although the garrison acquitted themselves as became men contending for life or death, it was carried after nearly all of them had been put to the sword. Only twenty-two prisoners were taken, and these were speedily condemned to suffer death. The execution was to take place upon the morning after our arrival; and as I was to be on shore early in the morning, I felt a desire to witness the manner of dispatching prisoners taken in battle. At the time appointed, the

troops forming the new garrison were drawn up on the plaza, around a small bench raised about two feet from the ground, the corners of which were furnished with eyebolts. Across one end of the bench a block of about six inches in thickness was placed, upon which the forehead of the condemned rested, and a little below the block an opening in the bench appeared eight inches in width. The whole apparatus was about seven feet by two, with the head placed towards the west, elevated some three inches above the foot, the surface forming a slightly inclined plane. The bench was constructed in two parts, opening in the middle by means of hinges in the centre posts at the two ends, which supported the whole. Under this machine a long narrow trench was dug, capable of admitting the body of a man. One end of this trench ascended by a slope to the surface of the ground, under and beyond the foot of the bench. The garrison, to the number of three hundred men, were drawn up in a square around the fatal spot, leaving openings at the corners by which any person who wished to gratify their curiosity, could gain access to the awful scene.

At ten P. M. the condemned, twenty-two in number, were brought into the square, and arranged eleven upon either side of the fatal bench. In all my endeavors to detect anything like fear, I failed completely. They entered the place with as firm a step as if marching on parade. The two ranks were then ordered to face inwards, and an officer advanced and read the warrant for their execution, after which a few minutes were occupied in administering the last rites of the church to the doomed men. The priests slowly retired, and a moment of the most profound stillness followed, in which I could hear my heart beat.

This silence was broken by a single tap on a drum. The first man in the rank upon the left of the machine stepped forward to its centre, where two gigantic negroes in masks attempted to seize him; but although apparently a man of

no great physical force, he thrust them both from him with seeming ease, and springing upon the bench, he shouted at the top of his voice, "*Viva el excellentissima senor Don Fructuosa Rivera! Mueran el degolador Rosas! Mueran todos los esclavos de Rosas!*" (Long live the most excellent Sir Don Fructuosa Rivera! Death to the cut-throat Rosas! Death to all the slaves of Rosas!)

All the efforts put forth by the united strength of six powerful blacks could not avail to silence the brave fellow until he had finished his speech, when he was pulled down, and his wrists and ancles were confined to the eyebolts by a turn of a stout thong of raw hide, the end at each corner being held by one of the blacks. A horrid-looking monster in human shape, armed with a long heavy knife, similar to those used in the southern States for the purpose of cutting corn, now stepped to the upper end of the bench on the right of the victim's head, and seizing him by the hair simultaneously with the roll of the drum, the head of the unfortunate man was lifted up and backwards, and the long glittering blade was drawn from heel to point across his throat, nearly severing the head from the body. A slight shuddering tremor which agitated the body, was the only evidence of suffering I could perceive. The limbs were cast loose, the two parts of the machine separated, and the corpse of what was but one moment before a living man, full of youth, health, and vigor, fell heavily into the trench below, amid cries of "*Viva la Confederacion Argentina!*" etc., while a lasso was fastened to the ancles and the body was dragged from the trench.

By the time this was effected, another of the victims had been bound upon the fatal bench, and in a moment his lifeless corpse followed in the same track with the preceding one. It would be unreasonable to suppose that the same degree of indifference would be exhibited by the survivors, as their comrades successively passed the ordeal. The feeling of excitement in some was most terrible, and I was obliged to turn

away, sick of the horrid exhibition. As the fatal couch was emptied, each was anxious to relieve himself of the dreadful state of intense agony to which his mind was wrought up, by becoming the next victim. I would gladly have left the spot long before, but the means of egress were now closed, and it would not have been safe to express such a wish or to evince anything like sympathy for the condemned.

That the sentence was just, no one for a moment doubted: they were guilty of treason and murder of the blackest kind; but some other and less revolting method should have been adopted to satisfy the demands of justice, and spare the heart-hardening effects of such brutal exhibitions upon human nature. Were all military executions suspended for ten years by the authorities of the Spanish-American republics, I have no doubt the people would lose all their taste for such sanguinary spectacles, and the cause of humanity be greatly benefited.

In one hour and three quarters from the time of commencing the bloody drama, the troops marched from the place, and with no very agreeable feelings I hurried on board. Was it possible that these were the same kind of men as those whom I daily met, pursuing peaceful avocations in Buenos Ayres and other places, where no military force was stationed? Did my friends in that city belong to the same class, and had they passions which could be aroused so far as to enable them to behold such butcheries as this with coldness and indifference? I asked myself these questions as I reflected upon the late scene, and was puzzled to imagine how a people possessing so many friendly qualities, which were from their nature almost spontaneously productive of happiness, could throw them aside, and sacrifice their best interests, hopes, and life itself, in pandering to the ambition of a few, who seldom failed to reward their faithful service with the basest ingratitude, and often with death itself. So much for war, and the passion for military glory.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Maldonado—The guerilla warfare—Notice to quit—Communicate with the citadel—The convoy—The attack—A night of it—Final defeat of the Riveristas—The island—Its ruined fortifications—Capture of a pickaroon—Jean Alexandre—Another change in the aspect of affairs—The demand of the allies—Refusal of Gov. Rosas—Consequences—Seizure of the fleet—Our escape—Arrive at Buenos Ayres—My disappointment—Ordered to the Parana—The Phillemore.

In May our duty was changed to that of conveying ammunition to the different military posts on the coast, and towards its close we entered the harbor of Maldonado, freighted with that article. It was evident to all that the conveying of the boxes containing the cartridges from the beach to the fort was to be no child's play. From the rigging, with the aid of a glass, I could detect small parties of from ten to fifty men each, manœuvering at various distances from the high tower which overlooked the plain; and the little puffs of smoke from these squads told of mischief to the garrison, who were evidently on the alert, as was proved at intervals by the booming of artillery.

These movements served to occupy our attention until nightfall, when a partilla of the Riveristas suddenly made their appearance on the shore, and sent us notice to quit in the shape of a volley of carbine balls. A charge of grape from our pivot-gun cleared the beach in a twinkling, and at about half-past ten P. M. twenty-five of our men were landed and posted upon one of the sand hills which commanded the vicinity, and a man acquainted with the locality was dispatched to the fort to give notice of our arrival. The boxes were now transferred to the beach, after which another party of twenty were stationed upon a hillock about one hundred and fifty yards west of the former. We could not reasonably hope to escape some annoyance before getting rid of our charge, and therefore held ourselves in readiness for instant action.

Nearly two hours had passed when the trampling of horses' feet announced the approach of a large body of troops. We were instantly on the alert; but the signal previously agreed upon appeared on their approaching the port and gave notice that they were friends; and the force (a squadron of lancers) having halted in line of battle about fifty yards inland, several wagons which they had convoyed were conducted to the beach and loaded with the boxes. In the meantime we had paid our respects to the officer in command, and passed along the line of troops, who were about five hundred in number, and sat their horses grim and silent, in momentary expectation of the appearance of an enemy. In twenty minutes everything was in readiness for the return of the column, and our men were already withdrawing from the hillocks preparatory to re-embarking, when the lancers suddenly wheeled from column into line, with leveled weapons and loud cries of "*Viva la Confederacion!*" and spurred their horses to meet the charge of a formidable body of horse, who loomed up as black as Erebus and dashed forward to the cry of "*Rivera o muerte!*" Quickly uniting the two detachments, which formed a stout body of forty-seven men, who, being armed with muskets and bayonets, would be far more effective in checking the second onset of the Riveristas, we moved briskly toward a steep hummock, of which we took possession. The two parties had already met and recoiled from each other; the wagons had again retreated to the cover of the schooner's gun; and our party of lancers, having fallen back to the outer edge of the sand hills, stood ready to receive the second charge of the enemy.

Our men from the Federal were now posted on the brow of the hummock, about seventy-five yards in advance and to the left of the line of battle of the lancers A quarter of an hour elapsed, and the whole line of the Riveristas again appeared in full career. A cadet had been dispatched to the schooner to give notice of the state of affairs, and as the line

came thundering on, they were saluted with an oblique volley of musketry from our men, which threw their right wing into confusion. Before they recovered from this surprise our arms were all loaded again, and our second volley was followed by a random shower of grape from the Federal, which completed their rout, and the whole line broke up and began to move off in small parties to the left. The men were clamorous for pursuit; but as it was probable they would rally as soon as they were relieved from our harassing fire, I kept the hillock, while the whole battalion of Argentine lancers, as if perfectly satisfied with our efforts in their favor, remained immovable. Another discharge from the vessel, and the loud singing of the iron shower to the east of us gave notice of an attempt to gain our rear by the cover of the sand hills. This made a change of front necessary; and descending from the hillock, we made a run for another, some three hundred yards to the east and nearer the vessel. As we passed, the lancers were in motion for the campo, and saluted us with shouts of "*Bravissima!*" and by the time we were posted, they had disappeared in the gloom.

It was pitchy dark, and nothing could be seen of either friends or foes. Hardly knowing why, I had thrown myself down upon the western slope of the hummock, and all but three had followed my example. These three served to reveal our position to a small party of the enemy, who had dismounted, and with carbine in hand had approached to within fifty yards of usby crawling upon their hands and knees. Taking the three men for a picket, they fired a volley at them, which brought down two and wounded the third, and springing up, they rushed forward until within a few paces, when they were saluted with a shower of balls from our whole force. Once more stillness fell upon the scene, but only for a moment. The sound of another charge came loud upon the ear, and in a few seconds the whole body, moving in column between the sand hills, presented their front sections directly before us.

When within thirty yards, half of our force delivered their fire with murderous effect, and after an instant's pause the second volley was poured upon them. Had they pressed on, we should have been surrounded and cut to pieces. But a moment's halt to restore order in their ranks was fatal to them, and gave us an opportunity to re-load, when we poured a scathing fired upon them, which decided the affair. They were thrown into utter disorder, and the lancers at that moment made their appearance, and taking the broken column in flank, completely routed and put them to flight.

Daylight showed the Riveristas scattered far and wide over the campo, with the Argentine cavalry in full pursuit, and the wagons now proceeded to the fortress, escorted by our forces. At 10 A. M. we had returned to the beach ; and after burying our two men, and conveying three more who were wounded to the vessel, I walked over the site of our night's operations to mark the effect of our fire. It had been terrible, and, sick of the scene, I gave up the inquisition, and embarking the men, we left the dead of both friends and foes to be disposed of by the garrison.

This place (Maldonado) had been an important position in the hands of the Brazilians, and the harbor had been defended formerly by a strong fort upon the island which protects it from the sea. But its solid walls of stone and lime cement were in ruins, and the heavy guns which had garnished its ramparts lay upon the ground trunnionless and fast consuming with rust. The harbor, though small, has a sufficient depth of water to enable a frigate to enter with ease, but the holding-ground is poor, and our little schooner at one time narrowly escaped going ashore in a heavy squall.

We remained at Maldonado until the next day, when at about eleven A. M. the appearance of a small craft off the island, with the Chacabuco in chase, being something unusual, we got under way and ran out of the harbor. Upon approaching near enough to make out her signals, we found that the

chase was a pickaroon from Montevideo, and as the Chacabuco was a dull sailer, we at once set off in pursuit. The wind was light and baffling until about three P. M., when a strong breeze set in from the north-east, and the poor wretches in the little vessel, which proved to be nothing but one of the baleineiros, or large whale-boats, I have alluded to elsewhere, were almost drowned by the press of sail which they carried, in hopes to escape from us. But they might as well have spared themselves the labor, for ere five o'clock P. M. they were securely bestowed on board of the Federal. The privateer had a crew of fourteen men well provided with small arms, and had managed to escape out of Montevideo the night previous. She had been discovered by Col. Nicola, the present commander of the Chacabuco, who at first supposed it was some man-of-war's launch and took no notice of her; but her after-movements induced him to make sail in chase, when finding they endeavored to escape, he at once suspected her true character and continued in pursuit. Had it not been for our interference, the little vessel would have dodged her pursuer, without a doubt, and I for one ardently wished we had been in Buenos Ayres instead of Maldonado at the time. The patrone in command was an old Frenchman named Jean Alexandre, whom I had formerly known while serving under the Oriental flag. He was a native of Pouilliac, department of the Gironde, in France, and had spent many years of his life in the United States of America, and served under Gen. Jackson at New-Orleans in January, 1815. The poor fellow could not have been placed in a more precarious situation than he now occupied, and he understood the full extent of his danger. He was completely overwhelmed by his capture, and did not hesitate to declare his conviction that the hour of his delivery to the Government of Buenos Ayres would be the last he should spend upon earth. On reaching the mount, we were ordered by the Admiral to convey the prisoners and their craft to that port and surrender them to the Government. I never

met the Frenchman again, or learned anything in regard to his fate. His days probably ended at the retiro, where thousands of others have been relieved of life's joys and sorrows.

From this time to the ninth of July we made several trips from port to port, without anything worthy of notice transpiring. But a change was to come over the spirit and aspect of affairs at Montevideo. The English and French Admirals, forgetting their national antipathies, now determined, as nothing further was to be made out of the Riveristas, to try their hands upon the Argentines; and declaring their intention to become pacificators, they intimated to Governor Rosas that it was their sovereign will that the troops of the Confederation should be withdrawn from around the beleaguered city and peace be restored, under the penalty of a seizure of the Argentine fleet, a blockade of their ports, and the commencement of hostilities generally, to all of which that dignitary returned an unqualified refusal, asserting the right of the South American States to manage their own affairs, and denying the right and justice of either the British or French to interfere. This roused their ire, and when we ran through the squadron on our way to the Buceo, although we noticed they were all stripped of their colors; yet as we had been accustomed to such sights for nearly three years, we merely understood it as some temporary punishment inflicted upon the Admiral by our Anglo-French supervisors. With this understanding, therefore, we proceeded to the latter port, and having delivered our dispatches, we received others from Oribe, with orders to convey them at once to their destination—Buenos Ayres.

In one hour's time we were again under way on our return. For a moment we hove to near the Admiral, to receive any communications from him he might wish to make, and now for the first time learnt the true state of affairs. There was no longer any such thing as an Argentine squadron. The various vessels had been divided between the English, French, and Montevideans, they having given two of our schooners to the

latter. All the foreigners in the service, officers and men, had been discharged or enlisted in their own service, and they had forced the hypochondriacal old Admiral to surrender for ever the dignity he had enjoyed for years as sole arbiter of marine affairs in the Rio de la Plata. The Chacabuco, being at Buenos Ayres, was exempted from this seizure; and as nothing was to be found of old Brown, and any farther stay in that locality would involve the loss of the vessel, we made sail at once for home.

We were not a moment too soon. Ere we had gained a distance of five miles above the mount we noticed the sails of Her Majesty's corvette the Curacoa, as they dropped from her yards, her head swinging round to the course we were steering, and in a few moments she was after us under a complete crowd of canvas, firing guns as signals for us to heave to. But not feeling inclined to do this, we packed all sail upon the vessel and made the best of our way to Buenos Ayres. I always had entertained the hope that I might be allowed to reside peaceably in the Argentine capital, hence my anxiety to escape the seizure. But had I been able to foresee the rascality of the Government I was serving, I should have taken a different course.

It was morning when we arrived at Buenos Ayres, and the news of the hostile proceedings of the English and French had already reached the seat of government, and in view of the present state of things it was but natural for me to expect a full discharge from the service. I was ordered to remain on board of the Federal until further orders. These were not long in coming. Just after nightfall a large launch filled with men came alongside, and covered the deck of the vessel with a heterogenous mass of bipeds of every hue and color. They were distributed in every part of the schooner, which was presently got under way and left the port. As we approached the outer roads, where an English brig of war was already stationed, perfect silence was enforced to prevent our egress from being

discovered, and a dense fog at the time aiding them, we unfortunately succeeded, and in a short time were clear of the port. It required but little penetration to discover that the river Parana or the Uruguay was our destination, and the next morning our eyes were greeted with the sight of the island of Martin Garcia and its fortifications—a place I had devoutly wished never again to look upon. The Chacabuco's people were already stripping the fort and batteries of their guns and whatever of warlike material could be found, a business at which our force was at once employed. A number of merchant vessels which had been stopped were receiving the warlike freight, and all was hurry and bustle.

For the three succeeding days we were employed in embarking the heavy guns, and had barely finished, when on the fourth the British brig of war the Phillemore hove in sight. During the early part of the morning, two of the largest vessels had been sunk in the channel a small distance below the fort, by order of Col. Nicola, who commanded all our operations for the present; but by some oversight their masts had not been cut away when the man-of-war hove in sight, and they were discovered by the enemy, who took measures at once to ascertain to what extent the entrance to the river was obstructed. As the brig continued to near us under shortened sail, Nicola, fearful of another seizure, immediately made the signal to get under way, and in half an hour's time we were off up the river, on perceiving which the Englishman came to anchor, in which position we lost sight of him. With light and variable winds we at length entered the Parana, and once more bid good-bye to what was going on in the outer world; for the news of what transpired beyond these rivers had always become almost forgotten by the time it reached us. Our progress was very slow, as we did not resort to Garibaldi's method of gaining ground, i. e. by warping, and we were therefore over two weeks in ascending the river, a distance of two hundred miles from Buenos Ayres.

CHAPTER XLIV.

Obligado—Fortifying—Determination of the Argentines to oppose the progress of the enemy—Obstructions—Potato-seeds—Col. Thorne—Means of opposing the enemy—Arival of Don Ramon and his niece—Dissatisfaction of the English seamen—Folly of resistance—The desertion—The capture—Fate of the deserters—My fears relieved—The traitor and his sentence—The doomed men—The camp—Appearance of the Anglo-French fleet—Forebodings.

At length we cast anchor in the reach of Obligado, a short distance from the puebla of San Pedro, which lay to the north-west of us. The main channel of the river here ran between the Argentine bank and an island about six hundred yards distant. At the upper extremity of the reach a bold promontory, some seventy-five or eighty feet above the level of the river, jutted into the stream, the top of which offered a most eligible spot from which an approaching enemy might be annoyed. To the south of this point the coast, which was low, curved slightly to the west for a few hundred yards, and then resumed its more usual trend to the south-east. In front of this curve, about eighty yards from the beach, a pillar of sand (concrete) some thirty feet in height and about the same diameter at its base, tapering to about ten feet at the top, rose abruptly from the river, like a guardian giant posted to warn us of the approach of an enemy. The island opposite was a dense jungle of bush and vine. Here a considerable military force had assembled, but it had not as yet been decided whether the place should be fortified or not. The troops consisted of three battalions of blacks (infantry) and a corps of lancers, and, including the people on board of the vessels, the entire force was about fifteen hundred men.

Here we lay inactive until near the last of August, when we were ordered to fortify, as the Anglo-French confederates had determined to enter the river for the purpose of breaking

up the commercial monopoly of the Argentines, and establishing the right of way to all nations to ascend the Parana and Paraguay rivers for the purposes of lawful trade. This was an immunity the Argentines had always enjoyed, and of course was the source of an immense revenue, which went exclusively into her own coffers. This had been the principal cause of her decided pre-eminence among the States of the Confederacy, and to relinquish her import and export dues on everything entering or coming out of the river, was a policy to avoid which any and every sacrifice must be made. But there was much doubt, even among the most sanguine, as to the possibility of preventing the enemy from succeeding in their attempt, and therefore they were determined to make Johnny Bull and his unnatural brother Frog pay as dearly for the whistle as their (our) resources would enable them.

A scene of activity and bustle now commenced in every quarter of the camp. Every man was set to work, and the process of raising redoubts of pounded clay went on with great energy. Upon the river a corresponding activity was observed. The merchant vessels, to the number of twenty-two, were moored head and stern in a line across the river, at equal distances from each other, after which they were securely fastened by strong chains passing alternately over and under them, the ends of the cables being attached to heavy anchors buried in the opposite banks; rendering the whole a formidable barrier to the progress of any ordinary enemy. But the General-in-chief, to whom the charge of defending the river was intrusted, hardly understood the nature of the foe he had to deal with, in supposing that such an obstacle could for any great length of time check the progress of the heavy steam frigates of France and England. At the southern end of this chain of vessels two breastworks were constructed about four feet six inches in height, eight feet at the base, sloping in front to five in diameter. At the top great care was taken in giving these defenses a warlike aspect, and the display of symmetry in

the proportions of the works was the only merit they possessed, as they were absolutely useless as shelter to the men.

In visiting this part of our field of operations, while watching the men employed in preparing the earth, which they worked into a stiff clay before it was added to the rising mass, I noticed they threw up a number of small round bodies at every spadeful. Taking one of them in my hand and freeing it from the coating of clay, I found it was nothing less than the simon-pure original potato, of what is usually designated the Irish species. On cutting it open, I found it was very watery, and had a milky appearance. The Paysanos (natives) told me they were not fit for food until after the second year's cultivation.

The natives of the provinces are not famous for industrious habits, and therefore the defenses rose but slowly. Meanwhile two other earthworks had been laid out—the principal one upon the south-eastern extremity of the reach, and the other upon the before-mentioned promontory to the north-east. The Federal was now dismasted and added to the chain of vessels which spanned the stream, their spars having been long since snugly stowed upon their decks, and our whole ship's company were transferred to the north-eastern battery, to assist in its construction and defense.

The reader is aware that the Argentines maintained a squadron of small armed vessels in this river, whose rendezvous was the Bageada, where they had warmly contested our right to pass, at the time of our service under Garibaldi. This squadron, which was under the command of an American by the name of Thorne, a native of Baltimore, Md., who held the rank of colonel in the Argentine service, had been summoned to assist in the defense of the place; and arriving about the middle of September, he was directed by the commanding General, Mancilla, to assume the direction of affairs in the battery where I had been posted. The earthwork had been finished, and we were now procuring and mounting our can-

non, of which seven had been assigned to us. With the exception of three of these, we might as well have had none, the remaining four being of no use whatever. They were honeycombed and trunnionless, and to supply the latter deficiency they had been placed on hurdles, to which they were strapped by bands of iron. The calibre of these four pieces were respectively one two-pounder swivel, two four, and one six-pounder. The charge of the artillery upon the battery had been committed to me; but when I saw these unserviceable guns, I refused to have anything to do with them; and as there were no others to be procured, they were pointed through the empty embrasures. The three guns by which we expected to be able to annoy the enemy were the twelve-pounder from the Federal, and two nines; but these were useless when opposed to the long 24, 32, and 64-pounders of the English and French.

Upon the south-east battery No. 1, the ordnance was in good condition for service, the calibres being 9's, 12's, and 18's. No. 2 had five long guns, 18's and 24's: which were the only really serviceable guns at this post. No. 3, designed for seven guns, had but three, which, in point of size, were useless. The four batteries mustered an aggregate of twenty-two pieces of ordnance, of which ten ranged from 12's to 24's: upon the rest but little dependence could be placed. On the opposite side of the reach, an armed brig (the Republicano) mounting twelve guns, and commanded by my old friend Major Craig, was so disposed that her broadside could sweep the locality in which the anchors were situated which held the chains, and otherwise prevent anything interfering with our barricade.

About the middle of October, I was surprised by the arrival of Manuela and her uncle at the post. The old hidalgo, finding that he must accompany his niece, had resolved to turn the trip into one of profit; accordingly he had brought with him three large wagons loaded with groceries and dry goods, and the whole force at the place having recently been paid off

by the Government, the old man drove a flourishing business for some two weeks and a half, when, his stock being completely used up, and thinking his visit had been long enough, he gave notice of his intended return. There were already rumors in circulation that the allied squadrons had entered the river, and I therefore joined with the old gentleman in endeavoring to persuade Manuela to return with him until we had passed the crisis, which was now evidently fast approaching. But in this we both failed, and he departed alone, after recommending us both to General Mancilla.

The batteries were manned solely by those who had formerly belonged to the marine service, who, to the number of one hundred and fifty men, were composed of seamen of all nations, of whom at least thirty were British subjects. A general feeling of dissatisfaction prevailed among them in view of the approaching conflict with their countrymen; but they were in the lion's mouth, and resistance to the authority of the governing influence was sure of meeting with summary and condign punishment. Although it was my duty to watch these men and detect anything like an attempt at desertion, yet there were many of them who, careless of the consequences, avowed their determination to seize the first opportunity which should offer for their escape. They did this the more readily in my presence, in consequence of their knowledge of my being detained in the service against my will, and hoping I would join them in such an attempt. But knowing the precautions that had been taken to detect any persons who might leave the post, I warned them of the folly and danger of such a proceeding.

For a short time I had reason to suppose my advice was taken, and everything went on smoothly; but on the evening of the 12th of November I overheard by accident a conversation between a couple of the men, which let me into the secret that an attempt was to be made by four of the Englishmen to seize one of the boats and desert. I lost no time in warning these

men to desist, and they promised to proceed no further in the scheme, and with this assurance I was satisfied and took no more notice of the matter. At midnight an alarm-gun and the rattling of drums summoned us to the batteries, when the truth flashed upon me at once—the four men had gone off. They had belonged to Thorne's battery; and that officer, after being summoned and reprimanded by the General for his want of vigilance, returned to his post to re-convey to all the men under his command the gist of Mancilla's blessing, with such alterations and additions as best suited his own temper. Boats were manned and dispatched in pursuit, while guns were being fired at intervals to give notice to the row-guard—who were stationed in the river below to warn us of the approach of the enemy—to be on the alert for deserters. A light rain had set in, the first we had experienced during the season, and as it was now spring, we were fearful it might last a long time—a circumstance much to be dreaded, as the sods had all been stripped from the surface of the ground, which was already slippery from the heavy fogs that prevailed. We were kept in the batteries all night, and the people, after a thorough parboiling, were permitted to retire to their quarters late in the morning. It was generally known throughout the camp, by nightfall, that the deserters were captured, and their fate served to deter any others from making a similar attempt. A strict inquisition was instituted, to ascertain if there were any others engaged in plotting for their escape; and although nothing of the kind had ever entered my head, I was fearful some of the men would intimate that my suspicions had been aroused, and that I had been in the habit of warning others of the danger of such proceedings, which placed me in an awkward predicament, as I had failed to let my suspicions be known to my superiors. All the foreigners were called out by name, and fourteen of them were selected and marched off by themselves. These, I afterwards learned, were conducted a short distance from the camp and brutally put to death.

The alarm guns that were fired the night before having apprised the guard-boats below of the desertion, the four men were surprised to find, after they had proceeded some seven miles from the post, that their course was blocked up by the appearance of three barges. Despairing of escape, they ran their boat in among the sedge upon the bank, where they left it, and endeavored to escape by crawling away upon their hands and knees as rapidly as possible. Unfortunately for them, all their motions had been watched from the bank of the river by a body of horsemen, which had been dispatched in pursuit in that direction, and they were pounced upon by these merciless beings ere they had proceeded fifty yards from the spot where they had landed. Three of the number were instantly sabred, while the fourth, having hid himself in the thick grass, for a moment longer was permitted to hope for escape. The guachos, armed with their long knives and sabres, searched in every direction, with loud shouts of death to the English deserter, who they at length discovered, as he was endeavoring to relieve himself from the painful position in which he lay. Throwing up his hands in despair, he begged them to spare his life, as he could give information of others who were plotting to escape. On hearing this, the commander of the party gave orders to bind him, and place him in one of the barges to be conveyed back to the post. The ears of the three who had been sabred were then cut off, and placed in a bag and taken to headquarters, where they were exhibited to General Mancilla, who required this proof of the capture of the delinquents. The scoundrel who was spared, after being conveyed to the Republicano, gave the information which resulted in the murder of the fourteen men I have before alluded to, after which he was sentenced to receive two hundred lashes on board of that vessel and two hundred in the camp on shore, and in case he survived that punishment, he was to be shot—a sentence which proved that even the Argentines had a just appreciation of the merits of his case. The first part of the sentence was duly carried

out, under the supervision of Major Craig, the two hundred lashes leaving his back in a most horrible condition. He was then left to recover from its effects before receiving the second part. The wretch now earnestly begged for death, but it was denied him, and his lucky destiny opened the way for his escape.

Nothing further could be done towards strengthening the defenses on account of the weather, which continued wet and uncomfortable. The troops were kept continually exercising on the batteries, their tramping playing the mischief with the wet clayey soil, and keeping our men paddling about in the sticky mass. Our battery, as well as No. 1, at the south-eastern extremity of the reach, had the cover of a dense thicket, the principal component of which was the shrub which I have formerly described as bearing a resemblance to the musquite of the southern States. Within this thicket our camp was pitched, the majority of the men occupying huts constructed of brush and covered with sail-cloth. On the whole, we were pretty comfortably situated in regard to quarters, and in spite of the drenching rains, by digging a network of little trenches or gutters we managed to dispose of the water, and keep our habitations dry. In such weather no one cared to expose himself more than he was absolutely compelled to, and as we were not subjected to guard duty, the time slipped rapidly away.

On the morning of the 19th of the month our guard-boats gave notice of the near approach of the enemy, who were but a few miles below the reach, and at about one P. M. they hove in sight, to the number of thirteen sail, including three steam frigates—two English, the Gorgon and Firebrand, and one French, the Fulton. The others were corvettes and brigs, among the latter the San Martin, formerly the flag-ship of Admiral Brown, a son of whom held command in one of the batteries. The enemy's fleet anchored about four miles below the post, and sent his lightest vessel forward to reconnoitre and

try the calibre of our guns. In this they did not succeed, as they only drew the fire of a small gunboat, which moved towards them in derision. The extent of the preparations for their reception appeared to surprise them, as they forbore to attack us during the afternoon, doubtless supposing the reduction of the place would occupy a large portion of one day at least. We were kept constantly on the alert; but the weather during the previous day having become fine, we did not feel much inclined for sleep, with all this warlike display before us. The night was calm and beautiful, and the men gathered in knots about the guns, discussing the probable result of a conflict with the powerful force before us, their conclusions, in the main, being verified to the letter during the ensuing day.

CHAPTER XLV.

The Patricios — Marcilla's address to the troops — A medley—Major Craig—A magnificent scene—The battle of Obligado—Ignorance of the natives—The San Martin—Dreadful slaughter—Explosion of the Republicano—Death of Craig—Fearlessness and noble conduct of the women—Intrepidity of Mancilla—Explosion of the shell and its effects—My situation and sufferings—Hope—The negro's prayer—Misery—A night of despair—A wonderful providence—Relief—The hammock—My situation discovered—The French officers—Their opinion.

The thunder of the morning gun fell upon wakeful ears on the morning of the 20th of November, 1845, and the rattling of the drums summoning the troops to their ranks woke up the echoes of the river below, from whence similar sounds reached our ears. The men formed in line, and, under the command of Thorne, were marched to the campo in rear of the post, where the whole force of the garrison were forming an immense square. Among them I noticed a fine-looking battalion of men who had just arrived, and on inquiry I was

told they were a part of the national militia called Patricios, from the puebla of San Pedro. But in spite of their good looks, they proved to have only come to show themselves, as there were not a dozen of the whole force left by twelve, M.

The entire number on the ground was upward of two thousand, and the square having been formed, General Mancilla, dressed in a splendid uniform, rode in, and drawing his sword he harangued the troops, who were all to run away before the next four hours had past, calling upon them to look around at the beautiful country, the freedom of which had been purchased with the blood of their fathers from the despots of Europe, who, he asserted, had again returned to try to reduce their loved land to their rule. "Your fathers gave this land to you, and it is yours," said he: "they consecrated it to freedom, and bestowed upon you the sacred trust to preserve it free." At this last clause the negroes composing the regular infantry, every one of whom had drawn his first breath in Africa, were loud in their *vivas*. But he continued: "This land is ours, and we will defend it to the last breath—will you not?"

For a few seconds the uproar was tremendous. The troops shouted their *vivas*, waving their caps upon the points of their bayonets, the drums beat, the trumpets of the lancers sounded a charge, and the band of one of the negro regiments, composed of a cracked clarionet, two trombones, a valve trumpet, two French horns, and a bass-drum, made a din which drowned the whole. Almost mechanically I cast my eyes towards the Anglo-French squadron, in the expectation of seeing them escaping for their lives down the river under a full head of steam; but the light vapory smoke told that the steam was fast generating for a totally different purpose. What the concluding words of Marcilla's speech were I could not make out, he kept his horse in such rapid motion around the square; and as he gained the most hearty applause from the blacks, he saw fit to bestow the greater part of his attention upon them.

This part of the morning's entertainments occupied nearly an hour, and it was eight o'clock before we started to return to the battery. While on the way, my hand was suddenly grasped from behind by some person, and turning, I met the gaze of Major Craig. There was an air of seeming bewilderment and alarm upon his face, which imparted to it such an an intense look of solemnity—a most unusual expression to be seen on his countenance—that I could not forbear laughing outright. The old fellow squeezed my hand until the blood tingled in the ends of the fingers, and giving another of his mysterious looks, he broke out with, "Why, my dear boy, this is no laughing matter, I assure you; we cannot tell how many of us will meet together to-morrow morning." "Very true, my dear Major," said I, laughing again in spite of myself, "and therefore you and I will shake hands and say good-bye, hoping to meet again soon." The old man dropped my hand, offended at the light reception I gave him, and hurried off. I never saw him more. Ere the sun had finished its daily course, the Major had paid the debt of nature.

Once more we ranged ourselves around the guns in the battery, and by this time a part of the fleet of the enemy were in motion; we therefore hastily dispatched a breakfast of bread and beef, with the accompanying matte, by which time the steam-frigates had taken the sailing vessels in tow and were steaming slowly towards us. For one moment I left the battery to assure myself of the departure of one for whom I cared more than life itself, (my Manuela,) and quickly returning, upon the instant the word was given to stand by. A host of causes conspired to make it a moment of vast interest. The hostile vessels were taking up their positions as coolly and as silently right under the muzzles of our guns, as if they were performing the same operation in some friendly port, and the different regiments were marching to their various posts with their bands playing the national anthem; the Patricios were marching up the steep road leading from the beach of the river to

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BATTLE OF OBLIGADO.

the spot occupied by our battery, while the voices of the whole battalion, joining in unison with a band in which violins formed a principal feature, sounded magnificently.

As the head of their column reached the top of the road, the first shot was fired from our redoubt, and the colors were displayed upon all the fortifications. This was the signal to open a general fire, and the roar of the guns and shouting of the Argentine war-cry, "Death to the English and French!" served to drown everything else. The enemy were not backward in responding to our compliments, and the shower of shot, shells, and congreve rockets poured into our frail earthworks, which offered no more resistance to their deadly course than as many straws would to the course of an ox. The steam-frigates, at almost a safe distance to themselves, hurled their murderous missiles upon our troops, stationed in the rear of the lower batteries, with tremendous effect, killing and wounding them by whole platoons. It appeared that the majority of the natives were not acquainted with the character of these destructive missiles (the shells.) I overheard a number of our Patricios, whose attention was attracted to their bursting, calling to their comrades to look at the *rotten shot* as they shivered into fragments. Two of them had the temerity to endeavor to extract the burning fuse from one which fell near them, and were blown to atoms, while the most of their comrades escaped by throwing themselves flat upon the ground.

Our fire told with considerable effect upon the enemy, who, as a general thing, endeavored to keep their vessels in the same position as at first taken by them; but in one or two instances they found their quarters too warm, and did not hesitate to give evidence of it by scrabbling out of their berths as fast as they could. The San Martin, an object to which the special attention of young Brown, son of the late Admiral, was directed, was completely riddled; but in spite of everything she retained her place, and by a miracle was kept afloat. She was manned

by Frenchmen, whose fire throughout the day was far more effectual than that of their ally. The firing commenced about nine o'clock, and as the action progressed, that of the steam-frigates grew more and more destructive, and by eleven it was frightful in the extreme; and the poor troops, with nothing to do, were compelled to stand idle and be shot down by the half-score. The negroes fared much the worse, the lancers being drawn up and partially sheltered in the rear of the shrubbery on the right of our battery. Soon after eleven, the havoc becoming more dreadful every moment, the infantry began to break away from their ranks and disperse, and shortly the campo was alive with the fugitives. Mancilla immediately ordered the lancers to charge upon the stragglers and cut down every man who refused to return to his post, and about fifty of the fugitive negroes lost their lives. About one P. M. the Republicano armed brig was blown up by order of Major Craig, who came over and joined us at the batteries, where he was immediately put to death by order of Mancilla, for having left his post without orders.

Shortly after this transaction I was surprised to notice five women moving around in the rear of the battery in one of the most dangerous places, doing their utmost to assist and comfort a large number of the wounded who were scattered around in that locality, furnishing them with water, assisting them to place themselves in a comfortable position, etc. A slight exclamation of surprise procured me the information that at least one half the female portion of the population of San Pedro were in attendance upon the wounded. A few moments afterward the cadet of the battery pointed to a group of the noble-hearted creatures, among whom my eyes fell upon Manuela, and in an instant every other feeling was absorbed in my fears for her safety.

General Mancilla had stood upon the parapet of our battery for the last hour, watching the effect of our fire and occasionally giving directions which vessel should be the next object

of our favors. He was a large man, and his figure offered a fair mark to the whole of the enemy's fleet, who were trying their skill in gunnery in the hope of punishing his temerity. By his direction I leveled the gun at the Gorgon, but the shot plunged in the water at least twenty yards short of the vessel, and with a malediction upon me for my carelessness he left the place, and I became less exposed, as a large part of the enemy's fire was now turned upon batteries 1, 2, and 3, from which a spirited cannonade was still kept up from three or four pieces, which were yet in working order. But the steam-frigates having succeeded in forcing their way through our chain of vessels, they chose a position from which they were enabled to sweep the interior of the lower batteries, and in a short time they were silenced and deserted altogether.

After being relieved from the presence of Mancilla, I took the liberty of deserting my post for a few moments, during which I sought in vain for Manuela; but being assured by one of the *pueblanas*, who had lately been with her, that she was safe and unharmed, I returned to my duty, which was well-nigh at an end. The three guns upon our battery were the only ones in working order in the whole line of defenses; and as the greater part of the people had deserted the place, we only replied to the enemy through the 12-pounder of the Federal.

It was useless remaining any longer, and Col. Thorne had just called to us to leave everything and escape, when a shell from the Gorgon burst among us, and I felt myself lifted from my feet, and hurled with great velocity through the air for a considerable distance before I struck the ground. My eyes closed upon the falling figures of the men around me, and all was darkness. A feeling of numbness had seized my left arm, and my right leg below the knee was filled with an intense burning pain, while my face appeared to glow with the heat of a blast-furnace. I felt I was lying in one of the many pools of mixed clay and water which were scattered around, but at what distance from the front of the battery I could not deter-

mine. From the peculiar sensation in my face, I knew it was severely burnt or scorched: I was also totally blind, but whether my eyesight was destroyed, was a question for time to decide. To relieve the fever in my arm, I had sunk it in the soft clay and water—a measure to which I also resorted to ease the fierce heat which seemed to be consuming my leg; in addition to which, a feverish thirst, in which my tongue felt like a strip of parched leather, tormented me, and I called loudly a number of times for some one to give me water. But I might as well have saved my breath, for there were none to answer me. All the signs of life that came to my hearing were the low moans of some two or three poor creatures who, from the sound of their voices, were near their last gasp.

For a short time after this I had no recollection of what transpired, and suppose that I must have fainted; at all events, when I was aroused to the sense of hearing, I found that some of our men had returned to the battery, and I at once discovered by the sound of their voices who they were. By this means I was enabled to call them by name, and soon succeeded in attracting their attention, and begged them to lead me away from the place, as I thought I could walk. To this they assented, and were about to lift me up to carry me, when a sharp firing of musketry gave them notice that the enemy's marines were landing above the battery where we were; and fearful their retreat would be cut off, they left me, with the assurance that they would come for me as soon as they could procure the means of taking me away. An English negro, who had been my steward on board of the Federal, lingered for several moments after the others had gone, and I endeavored to induce him to remain and be taken prisoner or escape with me. But he had imbibed the notion that the English and French would show us no quarter, and refused to believe anything I could say to the contrary. The firing now approached more closely, and being seized with fresh alarm, he sprang away, but again returned to say that a number of the

women had been killed, and something fell indistinctly upon my ear about one who had been cut in two by a cannon-shot. I understood what the poor fellow meant to say, but his footsteps died away with his last expression, "God help you!" and I was again alone.

If my bodily sufferings were great, those of the mind now far exceeded them, and I devoutly wished that the next shot or shell would put an end to my existence. The enemy still continued to throw their missiles into our battery, although they had taken possession of those below, and had thrown all their guns into the river, with the exception of a few brass pieces which they designed to keep as trophies. The coolness of the atmosphere now told me that the day had merged into night; but still the shells, and occasionally a congreve rocket, hurtled through the air, the former bursting among the shrubbery and scattering destruction through the huts, many of which I judged to be on fire, from the strong smoke which was at times swept in my face by the wind. My wounds were now less painful, and although I was sensible of great bodily weakness, my mental faculties were unimpaired. I did not think of death resulting from my present injuries, but I considered it improbable that I should escape the iron hail which was poured upon the place, if the fire should be kept up through the night. The cause of this tremendous cannonade was to be found in the suspicion entertained by the English and French commanders that our troops had only retired to the cover of the wood, where they were waiting to attack any party who should be landed to complete the destruction of the defenses.

Long and weary were the hours that night, and during their lingering passage everything that had transpired within my recollection was thought of again and again, and my mind dwelt upon the chances I had of being taken a prisoner by the enemy, and what disposal they would make of me. At length these feelings subsided into listlessness and I felt per-

fectly indifferent as to what happened to or became of me. At length, feeling tired of the position in which I lay, I threw my arm around to ascertain whether there was anything within reach which I might draw under my head for a pillow, and my hand touched a large bag which the men who had last left me had forgotten in their hurry: it was a clothes-bag well filled, and with considerable exertion I drew it towards my head; but it was too high, and wearied with the effort, I let my head drop against it to gain breath, and as I did so, a spent shot struck the bag with great force, glancing downward, and burying itself in the earth beneath me. Had I been a moment later in placing the barrier, my brains would inevitably have been dashed out. Indifferent as I felt, I could not help considering this a wonderful providence, and again the train of thought started afresh in my mind. Now, home (my own New-England home) and friends rose in imagination before me, and I ardently desired and looked forward to the time when I should once more see them; and then the bitter thought of the blasted hopes, of which I was to drink the cup to the very dregs, with the image of poor Manuela, flitted across my mind, and almost drove me to madness. What preserved my senses, in the weakened state I was in, I know not. The recollection of those horrid events even now distract me. For the remainder of the night I fear I was very wicked, but over it let me draw a vail. God, I trust, has forgiven me.

Towards morning the firing increased, and without knowing which way I went, but taking the sound of the enemy's guns as a guide, I dragged myself over the ground in the direction of the tents. I was right, and at length my head struck a bush: avoiding it, I crawled on, and my hand encountered one of the huts, at its entrance. Making my way in, my hand struck against what proved to be a pail, which to my great joy I found was full of water. In an instant my head was half buried in the cooling element, and I drank until my breath was exhausted. A very curious state of feeling suc-

ceeded to this refreshment. Without rightly knowing why—whether from joy or sorrow, I could not define—but I wept long and violently, and when the fit passed off, my head felt relieved and a new strength seemed to possess my whole frame. Knowing that some of the huts had hammocks swinging in them, I threw my hand above me, and found that one was within my reach not more than two feet from the ground. I soon succeeded in getting into it, and had got quite comfortably situated, when a cannon-ball struck the bottom of the swinging couch and in an instant I was on the ground. This was no chance shot; for I found, on being carried on board of the Gorgon, that my getting into the hammock had been seen from that vessel, and being on the look-out for living objects to exercise their skill upon, they had intended the favor for me only.

I now contented myself with the ground for a couch, and during the forenoon I heard the people of the enemy's squadron at work upon the lower batteries, with an occasional musket-shot from the sentries posted around, as some straggling gaucho flitted by the post. This was my surmise, and it proved to be correct. The sullen boom of a gun, followed by the hurtling shot or shell, was now heard only at long intervals, and I began to consider it doubtful whether the allies would take so much notice of the place where I was as to visit it. In this I was mistaken. My bodily strength was failing fast: my shattered arm was encased in a heavy mass of the clayey soil, which was hardened by the feverish blood upon the inside; my leg was likewise plastered with the same material, so that the flow of blood in both limbs was stopped. The condition of my face was a great annoyance to me: the whole surface was covered with a black and hard crust, the cracking of which with every motion of the features occasioned severe pain.

In this situation I tried to form some idea of the length of time I could live, in the event of being overlooked by the victors.

This speculation was broken up by the sound of approaching footsteps, which was soon followed by the more regular tramp of a party who, from the words of command from the officers, I knew were French marines. The heat of the sun indicated that it was considerably past noon, and its scorching beams rendered my position so uncomfortable that I was obliged to turn myself every few moments. This movement attracted the notice of the French officers, who instantly approached me, and raising me up, they demanded who I was. To this I answered that I was an American of the United States of North America. For a moment they conferred together, during which they expressed their belief that I was an Englishman, who was merely attempting to dodge the responsibility of being found in arms against my own flag by claiming to be a Yankee. However, they said nothing to me about the matter, but having decided they would send the English to look after me, they departed. For a few moments I thought they had concluded to leave me, and the prospect of dying by inches was by no means comforting; but there was no help for it, and I endeavored to feel resigned to whatever fate had in store for me.

CHAPTER XLVI.

The English surgeons—Interrogations—Vindictiveness of the English sailors—False accusations—Protection—Refreshments—Delirium—Brutality—My destination—Blindness—Fever—Offers of service—British estimation of our defense of the post—Declaration of Com. Hotham—Confirmation—The ring—Under way—The Chacabuca destroyed—Santa Rosario—A ray of light—Sight restored—Transfer to the transport—Humanity of a British Admiral—Sail for the Mount—Delirium—Arrive off the Mount—Transferred to the Vernon frigate.

Shortly after another party approached, and one of the number, exclaimed, as he raised my head, "What a horrible

face!" The blood flowing through the cracks in the hard crust which covered it, which was quite black, must have presented a singular aspect. Another took hold of and attempted to raise my arm, but this was attended with such exquisite pain that I could not refrain from crying out. By their voices their conversation proved them to be a surgeon and his mates. they appeared to be an elderly man and two young men, and "Who are you?" at length demanded the elder. I answered, as I had formerly done to the Frenchman, that I was an American. "I think not," he replied; "but what were you doing here?" I answered that I was doing the same as every other person in the batteries. "Then you mean to say you were fighting against us?" "It is useless to deny it," said I; "every one here at the time fought against you." "It is a judgment of God upon him," chimed in one of the younger ones. "You do not know what you are saying, Charles," remarked the elder: "if you had been in the batteries, they would have compelled you to fight against us." "I would have died first," responded the other. "You don't know what you would do, young man," said I, "if old Mancilla's knife was at your throat." "Were not the Englishmen who were with you compelled to fight?" I answered that all were, whether they were willing or not. His further questions—how many Englishmen were in the batteries—who planned them and directed their erection—whether I had any hand in it—how long had I been in the service—what rank I held—who commanded the post—was Mancilla wounded—what had been our loss up to the time when I was wounded—who commanded this battery—was Thorne wounded—were answered as far as I was able to do so.

Here another comer joined in the conversation. "I saw that chap, your honor, swinging his cap on the top of the battery, yesterday." "Yes, d—n him, so did I," said another; "and I," "and I," chimed in at least a dozen voices. "Kill the s—n of a b—h!" "Kill him, the bloody traitor! he's an

Englishman: I know the place in England where he was born. He served with me in the old Peak (Pique) ten years ago in the Mediterranean, your honor," said another. This was too much, and careless of the consequences, I pronounced them a pack of liars.

At this stage of affairs the surgeon commanded silence, which was obtained after considerable grumbling by the men, who were sent to fulfill various orders. Turning again to me, the surgeon asked whether I thought I should live if he had me taken up and conveyed on board of one of the vessels. I answered that I thought I should, as I did not feel much like dying at present. He felt my pulse, and with the remark, "I do not know," he left me, promising to return. The moments dragged slowly along, seeming almost like hours to me while they were absent; but the sound of their voices at times showed they were at no great distance.

In about ten minutes the party returned, and the question, whether I thought I should live, etc., was repeated, to which I gave the same answer as before. My condition was inspected and they again left me. Half an hour now elapsed, when they returned and put the same question, and received precisely the same answer. The surgeon asked me if I felt hungry; but the sensation of hunger was no part of my troubles, and I merely requested a little water. "You shall have something in a short time that will make you stronger," said he; "and as you think you will live, you shall be taken on board of the Gorgon and well cared for; and you may rest perfectly easy, for I pledge you my word you shall not be hurt while under my charge."

I thanked him for his kindness, and now felt that I had a protector. A number of men by his direction procured a square frame cot made for such uses, and under their supervision I was laid upon it without causing me much pain; then raising it upon their shoulders, with the surgeon and his mates following closely and watching their motions, they conveyed

me down the steep road to the beach. In this transit I was surprised at the amount of vindictive feeling evinced towards me by the men. Their curses, although whispered, were pronounced with a fervor that was almost terrific; and one of the number actually proposed to his mate upon the other side of me to let the cot slip from his shoulder, which would have been certain death to me, as the bank at the side of the road was nearly perpendicular, and I should have perished before any boat could have reached me. But the voices of my protectors, as they cautioned them to mind what they were about, inspired me with confidence. Their list of vile epithets continued unexhausted to the end of the journey, and I was at last set down upon the beach, the surgeon telling me that I must remain there until the launch was ready to return to the vessel. "You must make your mind easy, as no one shall hurt you; and try if you can eat some of this biscuit." I made the attempt but could not; but one of the younger surgeons having soaked a portion in wine, he insisted that I should try, and it was put into my mouth, but I could not swallow it, though the wine relieved me.

At this time my mind was as strong as it ever was, at least it seemed to be, and yet the remove from death was slight indeed. While upon the beach, one of the younger of the surgeons never left me. I inquired of him why their men were so bitter against me. "They lost some of their messmates yesterday," said he, for one thing; "and they say you are an Englishman, which is nothing in your favor if it is the case. But you must not mind them; you will be well taken care of, so make yourself perfectly easy on that score." After lying upon the beach near an hour, I was placed in the launch of the Gorgon, and shortly after I found myself on board. Occasionally a fit of delirium would take possession of me, but its duration was short, and the speaking of any one near me served to break it up. This was perceived, and I found some one constantly near me afterwards. While in this situation I

was obliged to listen to the comments of every one who approached the spot where I lay, and I was forced to the conclusion that all the humanity among them was confined to the medical and surgical departments of their service. They attempted to dress my shattered arm, but it was beyond human nature to bear it and they desisted, and finally resolved to send me to the Admiral's ship off Montevideo. A transport brig which had accompanied the fleet, loaded with coal for the use of the steamers, having been relieved of her freight, was to be sent back in a few days, on board of which I was to be a passenger.

The surgeons were very attentive to me, and furnished me with a diet that was calculated to restore my wasted strength, and after being on board three days I felt much better, and was able to note more particularly the conversation going on around me. As yet all was darkness, and my kind protector was very anxious at each visit in his inquiries as to whether I could perceive any light; but not a ray had dawned upon my vision, and after seven days in this state, he told me it was probable my sight was destroyed. I had begun to have the same fears myself, and a dreadful feeling of despair took possession of me in spite of all his remonstrances. My face was continually covered with cloths saturated with oil, but the fever still kept a firm grasp upon it. I suffered great pain whenever the arm or leg was moved, and to complete my distress, I was told that the probability was strong that I should have to suffer an amputation of the latter.

On the eighth day on board I still remained in the same situation outwardly that I did the first. My clothing—a blue coat trimmed with red, a scarlet vest, together with my shirt bosom, rosary, and cross, (the gift of Pauline Rose, which had accompanied me through all my vicissitudes,) were blown entirely from my breast, which was likewise scorched considerably, the edges of my tattered clothes being charred to a cinder. The pantaloons were stripped from my wounded leg as high as the knee, and I was covered with blood and clay, no attempt

having been made to relieve me of its offensive presence. At length one of the men, who professed to compassionate my situation, proposed to remove my clothing and furnish me with some of his own which were clean, volunteering still farther to rid me of some of the earthy covering which annoyed me. His offer was gladly accepted both by myself and the surgeon, who expressed himself glad that some one would undertake that duty. My tattered uniform was stripped off with some difficulty and considerable pain, and after a partial cleansing, which gave me great relief, I was provided with a seaman's undershirt of flannel without sleeves, a pair of *calconcillas* of common factory cloth fringed at the bottom, and an old blanket *poncho*, red with faded yellow stripes,—the two latter articles forming a part of the plunder which they had obtained from the camp of our troops. My boots were removed, and, with the rest of my Argentine equipments, departed for ever. However, as it was warm between decks on board of the Gorgon I did not feel the want of clothing.

I have said before that I overheard much conversation among the men, from which it appeared that the fire of our batteries upon the 20th was even more destructive than I had supposed, especially in regard to human life; but I was not able to get any definite information. On board of the San Martin the havoc was said to have been dreadful, and had there been a breath of wind at the close of the battle her masts must have gone by the board—a catastrophe they were forced to make the greatest efforts to prevent. The English officers were anxious to learn who had been the director of what they were pleased to call our rocket battery, three or four common signal-rockets having been fired at them, one of which was said to have gone through the smokestack of the Gorgon—an absolute impossibility. But the object evidently was to glorify themselves, as was proved by their displeasure upon my informing them that the Republicano was destroyed by the order of Major Craig, instead of by their shell, as they boasted. One of

them, after saying that he had served on board of the same ship (Gorgon) at St. Jean d'Acre, declared that the resistance they had met with in reducing that strong place was nothing compared to what they had experienced from our batteries, and from present appearances they cared less about ascending the river farther than they did at the outset of their expedition. They did not hesitate to assure me that my destination was the gallows, the commander-in-chief having declared within my hearing that if he dared to do it, he would hang me at the yardarm of his vessel. It was lucky for me, therefore, that Sir Charles Hotham had such scruples, or I should have been relieved from all of my distress in a very summary manner. But there was one thing more that I overheard from the men which aggravated my feelings more than all the rest. Among the descriptions given of what he had seen, one of them mentioned the corpses of the women, from a part of one of which he boasted of having taken a ring. He was close to me, and, almost suffocating, I asked if there were any letters upon it. He answered there were some outlandish words, and commenced spelling *V-i-v-e mi Duen-ño.* It was enough—it had belonged to Manuela! She had the motto engraved with the blade of the long dirk which had been presented to me by Capt. William Brown, of the Texan schooner Liberty, while in that service. The man suspected what I should say next and hurried off, and I endeavored to drive the subject from my mind.

At length everything was in readiness for the fleet to continue on its way up the river, and I felt by the motion of the paddles that we had left Obligado. I had lost the run of the days, and experienced frequent fits of what appeared to be delirium tremens, in which the most horrible imaginings possessed me. While free from these attacks, during the night, as I supposed, we were lying at anchor, and from the conversation I learned that the boats of the squadron had gone upon a search for the Chacubuco, which was said to be concealed somewhere among

the islands. After a considerable time they returned, with the information that she had been blown up by Nicola, and as it was now day, the steamer again got under way.

What kept me alive at this time I cannot conceive. My brain, the most of the time, seemed to be on fire. I lived altogether without eating, unless I was fed in my moments, or rather hours, of insanity—one of which intervals, I found, had been embraced to break and relieve my arm from its clayey covering, much to my relief. I knew the shattered limb must be removed, and wondered why it was not done at once; but in answer to my inquiry why they did not amputate it, I was told it would be time enough when I should reach the Admiral's ship off the mount.

This was to be the last day I was to spend on board of the Gorgon. Towards the afternoon I learned that preparations were being made for another brush with Mancilla, and I judged the locality to be Santa Rosario. By the bustle on board, I found they expected warm work; but after beating to quarters, they steamed slowly by and anchored above the place. Here, for the first time since I was wounded, I caught a faint glimpse of light; and if the famished Arabian shouts for joy on beholding the oasis which is to relieve him from the grasp of death, my feelings were scarcely less exultant—I fairly screamed with delight, to the surprise of those upon the deck. But no one was there to sympathise with me until the surgeon came, who expressed himself gratified at my escape from blindness. Touching my right eyelid, he said the sight of that eye was undoubtedly destroyed, and was surprised when I told him that it was the one with which I could see. He dressed my face, and telling me that I was to be transferred to the transport the next morning, left me. When the time came for my removal on the morrow, my eyes had improved so that I could make out objects near me with tolerable clearness, and I found I could see with both, but for the present the light was painful. On being brought to the gangway to be

placed in the boat, the morning air cut me to the bone, and I demanded the clothing which had been taken from me for the purpose of being washed and mended; but no notice would have been taken of me, had it not been for the friendly surgeon, who called upon the man who had taken them to produce the articles. By the way, after the fellow had got possession of my clothes, I received no attention from him, and he merely told the surgeon he had put them in soak in the wheelhouse, from which they had been washed away. While the conversation was going on, the officer in charge of the deck, who, from his language, I supposed was Hotham himself, called out to know what was the matter. On being told, he yelled out, "Away with him! the boat is ready, and he shall go, clothing or no clothing!" They lowered me into the boat and conveyed me to the brig, where I was placed in the hold upon some old lumber. A surgeon was sent with me, but he was a stranger from one of the other vessels: however, he was very kind, and did his utmost to make me comfortable—a thing not difficult, as I only required to be let alone.

We were soon under way for the La Plata. Four months had only elapsed since I had entered the Parana. At that time I considered myself peculiarly unfortunate: what was my situation now! I thought over the various occurrences during that short space of time, and suppose I must have been delirious, for on my return to consciousness I found myself securely fastened to the place where I lay, and my little strength seemed to have deserted me. Three days had elapsed, and we were tossing upon the waves of the La Plata. I begged to be released, but the surgeon refused, saying, "You will hurt yourself." I promised, entreated, wept, and finally cursed, in my impotent rage; but all to no purpose, as my paroxysms were considered as an evidence of the continuation of my derangement. At last I was worn out and became sullen and still, which I think would have been but the precursor of another fit of madness, if they had not looked upon it as a sign of returning reason

and loosened my bonds. The next morning I was told we were alongside of the Vernon, the flag-ship of Rear-Admiral Sir William Inglefield, the commander-in-chief of the British naval forces upon the Brazil station. In a short time the frigate's cutter came alongside, and I was placed in it and conveyed on board.

CHAPTER XLVII.

Surgeon Moxy—My future destination—An amputation—Out of danger—Cross-questioning—Admiral Inglefield—Placed in irons—Companions in durance—The troop-ship—Our transfer—Sail for England—Six upon four—Peak of Pico—The British packet—News of the war between the United States and Mexico—Whoever heard of the United States in England?—Sufferings from cold—The captain of the Apollo—Portsmouth—The Victory—Memorials of Nelson—Visitors—Admiral Parker—Sir George Seymour—His courtesy.

As they carried me over the gangway of the ship, my eyes fell upon the surgeon, who commenced capering around me, rubbing his hands together, and exclaiming, "Case of amputation! case of amputation!" and knowing me as his subject for the present, he escorted my bearers to the sick-bay (the nautical phrase for hospital) of the ship, where I was placed upon a cot, and my wounds were examined and I was condemned to lose my leg. This I would not submit to, and at the same time wished him to leave my arm as it was. For the present he left me to myself, and I lay perfectly helpless for a day and a half. My wounds did not pain me much unless they were touched, or the limbs were suddenly moved. One thing served more than anything else to keep me alive. This was the significant motion which was made by every one who approached me, that my neck was to be stretched. This good feeling on

their part did not fail to keep up an excitement in my mind which appeared to nourish my body. The surgeon of the ship, whose name I understood to be Moxy, was a very humane man, and appeared anxious to do all that he could for me. The gleeful expression of his feelings, upon my introduction to the ship, was to be ascribed rather to the opportunity which it offered for him to display his skill, than to any intention of harm to me. As long as I live I shall cherish the greatest respect for all the noble-hearted men who had me under their immediate charge while they considered me an invalid.

Many visitors came to see me, but none whom I knew; and the assertion that I was a British subject meeting with no denial, from the fact that I was unable to utter a word, it became in their minds an indisputable fact, and I found that many were anxious to see me made a spectacle of at the yard-arm of Her Majesty's ship Vernon. But there was no law short of England that could try me, and I felt easy on that score. At one time I was told that the captain of an American man-of-war had been to look at me while I was dozing, but he had declined to own me, of course, as the rescue of a poor American was of no account; while the hazard of embroiling the United States in war was to be risked to cover a foreigner with the broad ægis of American protection. It was decided I should be sent to England for trial.

Meanwhile, after having been on board of the frigate five days, the morning of the sixth saw preparations made for an amputation. There was no mistaking the object. The straps, table, instruments, etc., were all displayed; and the surgeon assuring me that my leg was not to be amputated, I begged him not to fasten me, as I could bear the operation. This point was yielded; and being seated in a chair, in which I was supported by one of the surgeon's mates, in a short time they removed the shattered limb. Contrary to my expectations, the operation, instead of being painful, relieved me greatly, although while it was progressing a few sharp

twinges accompanied the cutting of the nerves. After taking up the principal arteries they desisted, and I was laid upon the deck until near sundown, when the minor arteries were secured and the end of the stump was closed up. I was then placed in a cot again, and at the expiration of the next three days the crisis was said to be past and I was considered out of danger.

I now rapidly grew stronger, and in a fortnight more I could sit up. Many of the officers came to talk with me, whose object evidently was to discover by my knowledge of England whether I was an Englishman or not, and the avowal that I had not only been in that country, but that I was well acquainted with it, was not productive of any favorable impressions in my favor. Through one of these I conveyed a message to the Admiral requesting to see him. Shortly afterwards he visited me, and I asked him to allow me to be exchanged as a prisoner of war. The request served to procure me nothing but abuse, and the usual foul epithets of traitor, renegade, pirate, etc. This closed all effort on my part to obtain any favor short of England, and I looked anxiously forward to the moment when I should leave the vessel.

About the 20th of January I was able to stand without assistance, and two days afterwards I was discharged from the care of the surgeon and placed between two of the guns upon the main deck of the ship. Here were some eight or ten other prisoners who were taken in the river, or rather had given themselves up, and for the safety of Her Majesty's interests and forces in South America it was deemed expedient that they should be sent to England. As our destination was the same, I was placed with them; and as they were confined with iron shackles upon their ancles, through which ran a heavy iron bar, they thought I might as well have a shackle upon my ancle, when it was absolutely necessary that I should be allowed to exercise my limbs to make them strong enough to bear me.

The troop ship Apollo, which had been dispatched from

England with detachments of the 73d and 45th regiments for the Cape of Good Hope, having put into the Rio de la Plata at the moment when their presence was required to assist in holding the city of Montevideo against the Argentine forces, the troops were landed and the ship was ordered to return. By her we were to be sent to our destination, where we were to meet with the punishment due to our crimes, and were transferred to this vessel about the 2d of February. Before sailing I found means to forward a letter of farewell to Don Ramon Ramos at Buenos Ayres, in which I related what had befallen his niece and myself, and informed him of the improbability of my returning to Buenos Ayres again. On reaching the decks of this vessel we were at once placed in irons, as we had been on board of the Vernon. I requested the privilege of walking a little during the day, that I might recover the use of my limbs, but was refused; and although I had to be carried on board of the Apollo, I concluded I would not beg any favors from them. I suffered most from cold, and among the whole ship's company I could not find commiseration enough to procure me an old coat or blanket to protect my shivering frame after we had passed through the tropics. The passage would have been very pleasant to me had I been allowed the privilege of moving around. Of food they provided me with more than I could eat, owing to my weakness and want of appetite; but had I been a well man the daily allowance would have been small. Our provisions were issued to the prisoners at the established rate, i. e. six upon four, or six prisoners upon the allowance of four of their own men. My companions in durance were not looked upon by the sailors and marines with much apparent ill-feeling, as they had voluntarily surrendered themselves to the Anglo-French commanders; but I found the same abusive language heaped upon me on board of the Apollo that I had experienced in the Vernon and Gorgon. Worse than all, (a circumstance which makes me laugh whenever I think of it,) I at last lost caste even with

the Englishmen and Paddies who were shackled to the same bar with me. The secret of this was the avowal which I made from the first, that I had done the best for the Argentines that I possibly could, and consequently had endeavored to oppose the progress of their (my fellow prisoners') fleet as much as lay in my power. They adopted the same language that our jailors did towards me, until one day, one of the Irishmen being rather louder in his upbraidings than was consistent with our situation, an officer of the ship, overheard him and administered a succession of kicks and cuffs which for ever shut his mouth upon that subject.

Nothing transpired on the passage until we sighted the peak of Pico, one of the Azores, on the morning of the 20th of March. The weather was very foggy at the time, and the ship was almost upon it before it was discovered. It was on the larboard side of us as we passed, and by clinging to the tackling of the gun near me and looking through the port, I obtained an excellent view of the mountain, which has an elevation of 8,000 feet. Its sides were dotted high up with white buildings peeping out from among the vineyards. The island belongs to Portugal, in common with the rest of the group. Its latitude is 38° 29′ N., longitude 28° 26′ W. Before losing sight of the peak one of the British Government packets from Falmouth, bound to Rio de Janeiro, past within hail, and through the open port I heard the news conveyed from the packet to the Apollo officers, that Sir Robert Peel was again premier of England; and, what was of far more interest to me, that there was war between the United States and Mexico. It was amusing to hear the various comments made upon this news by the whole of these far-seeing and amiable cousins of brother Jonathan. The universal Yankee nation was whipped over and over, and completely chawed up; and to hear them talk, one would hardly suppose there was an Englishman in existence who ever heard of such a country as the United States. The celebrated Sir Hyde Parker asked me, when on board of

the Victory in the harbor of Portsmouth, whether the American Government gave pensions to men wounded in their service. He would not be guilty of knowing so much about such a small affair as the United States, for his title. The men composing the ship's company were not allowed to communicate with us, but with some of my companions a secret correspondence was carried on by means of signs. What the basis of this unusual change was, I could not find out.

From Pico to the British channel nothing worthy of note transpired, except that I almost perished with cold. I drank my cocoa and pea-soup daily, and shivered the rest of the time, except when tantalized by the gallant Britons on the opposite side of the deck. At such times I could not forbear to let loose all the pent-up hatred there was in my heart towards them. If an officer passed by, I shook my miserable old threadbare poncho at him, and asked him if that was sufficient clothing for a man to venture upon the coast of England with in the month of March; but they always passed by without taking any notice of me, except once, when I happened to accost the commander of the vessel, who stopped and appeared somewhat surprised. He demanded what had reduced my wardrobe so low, when I told him the whole story. "Pooh, pooh; very improbable story, very: however, must have some clothes, certain." He turned, walked aft, and I saw nothing more of him until we entered the harbor of Portsmouth on the 29th of the month.

On entering the port, the ship was immediately swarmed with shoremen, bumboats, reporters for news, and last, though by far the most plentiful, prostitutes. The uproar from this mixed crowd was almost deafening. A number of reporters approached to question us, but they were ordered off, and getting no information from the sentry, they departed. From the general conversation, I found that the ship was going into dock, and the crew, who had served their time out, were to be paid off. Within a couple of hours we were placed in a launch

and conveyed to the guard-ship, the Victory, the vessel on board of which Lord Nelson was killed at Trafalgar. They seemed to consider us dangerous persons, for we were placed in irons as soon as we reached the orlop deck of this ship, where the only light we enjoyed was the dingy glimmer of some half-dozen candles, which were stuck up around in iron brackets. Here we were relieved in a great measure from the gaping crowds we had been so long troubled with, and I, for one, was greatly relieved. The next morning four of the prisoners were taken away from our party, and we were told that nothing having been found against them, they were set at liberty. There were now but five of us left, and all with the exception of myself were pretty certain of a speedy liberation. From the spot where we were confined we could perceive a metal plate bearing the inscription, "Here Nelson died." On the spar-deck a similar plate conveyed the information that there the great man fell. The fame of this vessel even now has the effect of drawing large numbers of the British public to view the place where the hero drew his last breath. This was very opportune for me, as I was enabled to live much more comfortably while on board of this ship than I had since I had fallen into their hands. A sentry was posted near by to prevent any communication with us, who usually answered the thousand-and-one questions which during the day were asked by the scores of gentlemen and ladies who daily visited the ship. These, after satisfying their curiosity in gazing at me, usually placed a sixpence in his hand to be divided between himself and me. Of these donations my guardian usually appropriated the lion's share to himself, but occasionally the visitors would toss their mite to me, which I managed to secure.

The morning after being transferred to the Victory we were inspected by Port-Admiral Parker, Sir George Seymour, and several other officers. The Admiral, a stout, brandy-visaged person, strutted along in front of us, and looking

down, delivered himself of a series of grunts, and then turning to his flag-captain, (Seymour,) said: "You call them pirates, eh! They are not pirates: they are not Englishmen, either. However," he continued, turning on his heel, "I suppose they are some Englishmen's bastards." Having delivered himself of this speech, and indulged in a guffaw at what he doubtless considered his wit, he was about to move away. At this moment I spoke to him, and not knowing his rank, I addressed him as captain. He turned to listen, and in a respectful tone I requested permission to write to Col. Aspinwall, the American consul-general at London. "You can have no communication with the shore," he replied tartly. "You are known to be a British subject, sir, and have served under our flag; we have proofs of it, sir." He was moving away, and I called out to him that I was not a British subject, that he had no proofs of the kind, and that I had never served under the dirty rag that waved over the ship. He was too far off to hear the last part of my speech, or I do not know what would have been the consequence to me. The sentry over us, to whom I had not as yet become an object of so much importance pecuniarily, was greatly shocked and made a threatening movement with his bayonet, while my brother-prisoners opened upon me a volley of abuse, which I returned with interest. The truth is, I was nearly worn out. Thrust from the sick-bay of the Vernon as soon as I was able to stand, and immediately placed in irons, in which I had now been kept for two months, it will not be wondered at that I had almost lost the use of my limbs, especially as my whole system had been brought so low by previous sufferings.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

The chapel—The flag-captain and his family—The British lieutenant—A gleam of hope—The demand—Surrender—An acknowledgment of British humanity—Cowes—Osborne House—An adventure—Disappointment—Proceed to London—Southampton—Adventure in the cars—The sisters—London—The consul—Friendship of the English for the Yankees—The old man and his granddaughter—Passage to the United States—Land in New-York—Proceed to Boston.

The days slipped away almost without my noticing them. Day and night were alike revealed by the smoky blaze of tallow candles, while occasionally a few rays of sunlight were observed under the hatchways. At last I grew tired of sitting and returning the curious stare of the visitors, and endeavored to attract as little observation as possible. Sunday came, and I was released from my shackles and assisted to the main deck of the ship, where a large space had been enclosed to be used as a chapel. Around an open hatch in the deck above, a large choir of boys, well trained for the service, chanted the ritual. I was placed upon a bench on the larboard side of the ship, with a marine on either side of me. Directly opposite were seated the flag-captain, Sir George Seymour, with his wife and two daughters, who had probably been brought to see the English pirates, and doubtless were highly gratified with my piratical appearance, which the reader, if he recollects the components of my costume, will acknowledge was very picturesque. I was seated when they entered, and at the first glance they seemed frightened. A moment later, some change being deemed necessary, I was moved, with the assistance of the marines, two seats nearer to them, and after getting seated, on casting my eyes in their direction, I saw plainly that fear had given place to pity. I had not had my hair cut or been shaved for six months: my flesh had all wasted away, and the ashy paleness of my face, filled with the powder that had been blown into

it, contrasted admirably with the old faded poncho and fringed calconcillas, which were girted about me with an old red sash.

But now the church service commenced, and so long had it been since I had witnessed anything like the Protestant service, that it seemed as novel to me as if I had never seen or heard it before. With it, too, came recollections of home and friends. I was greatly affected, but there was no godly sorrow for sin in my tears: they flowed rather from my exhausted stated and revengeful feelings. After service I was again placed in irons. One of the lieutenants of the ship, who stood near while the shackles were being locked upon the bar, hearing me complain, remarked, "I suppose you know why you are kept in irons?" "O yes, perfectly," said I. "Well that's right, my lad, what is it?" "To prevent us from taking the ship, I suppose." He walked off, cursing me for a saucy Yankee—something or other.

Day after day passed, and no hopes of release. I had collected about ten shillings of British money which had been tossed to me by visitors, and the marines, who were usually stationed near me, procured me abundance of provisions, with what they were pleased to allot me from what they received on my account. Another Sunday, then Good Friday, and finally Easter, I was taken to the chapel on the main deck. All in the ship were assembling for worship, and I was in my place. Sir George opposite had folded his hands, and the good parson was hemming to clear his throat preparatory to commencing the service, when a stranger entered upon the starboard side, and making his way to the captain, commenced whispering in his ear, and while this was going on I noticed a number of nods and furtive looks from both of the parties directed towards me. I was at a loss to know what all this meant, but some faint glimmerings of hope darted through my mind, and a moment afterwards the captain arose and followed the new-comer out of the chapel. After a while he returned and resumed his seat, and all my hopes evaporated at once.

The service ended, and the notables opposite passed out. My guardians, who never left me, assisted me up, and once more I issued from the chapel; but instead of moving towards the nearest hatch, as was their usual custom, they directed our way towards a group of four gentlemen, who stood near the mainmast. Upon reaching them, one of the number asked me several questions in regard to my place of nativity, family, etc. Upon my answering them to his satisfaction, he turned to the baronet, and said, "I will guarantee that he is an American citizen, and I am empowered to demand and receive him by the United States Government." This was all that was said about that part of the matter; and while some papers were being made out relative to the transfer, the gentlemen continued in conversation. At length the person who had questioned me suddenly turned, and regarding me very attentively, remarked to Sir George, "He is very much emaciated." The Englishman bowed assent, and making a motion to a mulatto steward at a little distance, gave some order in a low voice, the tenor of which was made apparent a moment after in the approach of the servant with a glass of wine. I could not have drank it if my life had depended upon my doing so, and I remarked significantly and loudly that it was the first offer of kindness I had experienced at the hands of the British, and I wished it to be the last. "If I had been taken prisoner by the Hottentots at the Cape of Good Hope," said I, "I should have experienced better treatment than I have received from your humane British sailors and soldiers." There was no mistaking the sparkle in the eye of Sir George. If he could have had me in his power for a short space of time, he would probably have given me another taste of British vengeance.

The papers were by this time made out, and my deliverer had me placed in a wherry, and as we pushed off from the Victory, he remarked, "You are too weak at present to attempt the passage to London. I shall take you in the steamer to Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, where you will remain until you

recover your strength, and then we will see what farther can be done for you." My conductor appeared unwilling to be very communicative, and I failed in my efforts to learn his name. Whoever he was, he seemed to know more of the family to which I belonged than I did myself—a circumstance not to be wondered at, considering I had spent but little of my time at home since early boyhood.

Cowes, the place of our destination, was situated directly opposite Portsmouth, upon the west side of the Isle of Wight, at the distance of twelve miles from that great naval rendezvous. It is considered the most healthy locality in the British islands, and is built upon both sides of a small river called the Cowes, over which is a bridge connecting the two banks. On the eastern side, at a short distance from the river, stands Osborne House, a summer residence of the Queen—a large swell-front building of whitish stone. At West Cowes, fronting upon the strait, is the station of the Royal Yacht Club, in front of which was planted a battery of small cannon used for signals and saluting. In the town the houses have an antiquated look, but this is relieved by the bustle and activity that prevails in every quarter, and which had the effect of relieving the tedium of my residence there. The harbor, which is excellent, is much frequented by vessels stopping to receive their final orders before proceeding upon their voyage; and during the summer it is a place of great resort for the nobility and gentry for the purposes of sea-bathing and regattas.

As we drew alongside the pier, I was much pleased with the scene of busy life which presented itself upon every side; but I was just then in a state of mind to be pleased with everything. I was immediately placed in a carriage and conveyed to the consulate, where I was delivered in charge of a hotel proprietor, with orders to furnish me with whatever I should require. My situation excited the commiseration of all who saw me, and every one seemed willing and even anxious to make me forget my late sufferings. The vice-consul pro-

posed to clothe me, but I told him I should prefer to wear the dress their generosity had furnished me as long as I remained in England. To this he consented, and with good attendance and gradual exercise I soon began to grow strong and to take an interest in what was going on around me.

In my rambles I visited the grounds in the vicinity of Osborne House, over a large part of which I had wandered before my presence was detected. The Queen was there, and I was in hopes of obtaining a close view of her; but the coach in which she was taking her morning drive did not pass the place where I was standing concealed by the shrubbery, and a few moments later I was discovered by some of the guard, the sergeant of which, wondering how the deuce I got there without being observed, conducted me to the entrance of the grounds, where I made my exit with a caution not to be caught there again. I had seen the Queen at the theatre in 1838, and recollected my surprise at her very ordinary appearance, and always had an idea that I had not well observed the cynosure of the British public; hence my anxiety to see her again, and had her equipage passed along the road where I was concealed, I should have been within thirty feet of the royalty of England. On relating my adventure to the landlord of the house where I was boarding, he shook his head, saying that it was dangerous to be caught in such places, and advised me to keep away in future, as I should have had more difficulty in getting away, if the sergeant had not let me off through fear of being punished for neglect or carelessness.

By the 10th of May I had sufficiently recovered to bear the journey to London, and the vice-consul having decided to send me there, I requested permission to set out. He advised me to remain in my present quarters a little longer until I was fully recovered; but as I was anxious to leave, he consented and furnishing me with money and a letter to the consul-general, I crossed over to Southampton in the steamer that same night, to be in readiness for the first train of cars on the

following morning. As the passage was made in the night, I had no opportunity of obtaining a good view of the celebrated Hampton water, which is not to be spoken of in the same day with many of the sounds and bays of the United States. Southampton is the county-seat of Hampshire, and is situated between two small streams which empties into the head of the bay. The appearance of the place denoted that its inhabitants were a brisk and thriving people, although at the early hour in which I left the town the business of the day had not fairly commenced. Its distance from London is about seventy-five miles.

At half-past seven in the morning I took my place in an empty car, which from appearances I judged would remain so, but I was greatly mistaken: within a few moments of starting it began to fill up rapidly, the passengers being principally ladies. At starting, every seat was occupied, and if I could have got out, I felt I should have been willing to walk to London, rather than be caught in such company in my present condition. My appearance attracted general attention, and ere we had been under way ten minutes the hats of the three gentlemen in the car were circulating among the passenger, and the jingling of the money, as each one contributed his mite, fell gratingly upon my ear. It seemed to be a fresh insult they were seeking to offer me, for my prejudice against the British Government extended to the whole British nation, and latterly I had lost all feelings of gratitude even towards those to whom I was really indebted for life, (the surgeons,) for the motives of their conduct had developed themselves, and saving a man's life that you may hang him afterwards, is hardly deserving of gratitude. My present position was attributable to the unjust interference of England in the affairs of the country I was serving; and the idea of having become an object of charity, to the people of that country was intolerable, and I foolishly resolved that I would not accept a farthing from them. This was very wrong, and I have ever since regretted it.

The hats, heavily freighted, were given in charge of a couple of ladies, apparently sisters, who were seated directly before and facing me. After counting the money, the amount of which appeared to please them much, the younger of the two approached, and very sweetly said that my appearance seemed to betoken misfortune and destitution. The sympathies of the passengers had been excited in my behalf, and they had made a little collection for me which they wished me to accept. "Here are five pounds, all but two shillings and sixpence," said she; "it may be of great service to you." I told her I felt very much obliged to her and the rest of the passengers, but as I had a sufficient sum to pay all my expenses, I did not feel at liberty to accept the money. The poor girl drew back as if an adder had darted its fangs at her, and regarded me with such an air of curiosity and amazement, that I was sorry for her sake I had been so rude as to refuse it. Resuming her seat by the side of her companion, they both gazed at me until I was half disposed to be angry, while a general whispering through the cars showed that the rest of the passengers were no less astonished than the ladies were. The elder of the two next urged me to accept the money, but as I had refused it at first, I thought I would not draw back; and after a little discussion among themselves, it was suggested that the sum should be given to some charitable institution. This meeting with general approval, the money was handed over to the custody of a clergyman in the car, who offered to carry out the resolution of the company. An effort was now made by the two sisters to learn what had brought me to my present condition; and here I must observe that there is a vast difference between the ladies of England and those of our country. The English woman, as a general thing, is not afraid or ashamed to ask for information, whether it concerns her or not, even from a stranger, if her curiosity impels her to do so, the very idea of which would be repugnant to an American lady's sense of propriety. In answer to their inquiries, I gave

them a brief account of what had befallen me since I fell into the hands of their countrymen; and my communicativeness served to do away with the unpleasant feeling my apparently ungracious refusal of their bounty had occasioned, and after finishing my story, they acknowledged they could understand the feelings which had led to my late strange act. "However," said the younger, laughingly, "you should have more gallantry than to include ladies among your list of enemies. Our intentions were only for your good; but as you will not accept money, perhaps you will not be so unreasonable in regard to sharing in our breakfast, of which we have an abundance." I accepted this offer at once, and all who were seated near me kept up a very sociable conversation until we arrived at the great metropolis. Many invitations were given me by various persons to visit them, the acceptance of which afterwards served to employ my time while awaiting the sailing of the packet.

In about three hours from the time we started we entered the Vauxhall suburb of the British capital, and presently embarking on board of a steamer at Kensington, in a few moments we were landed at the Tower stairs, from whence, being acquainted with the localities, I proceeded to the consulate in St. Paul's Churchyard, where I was at once recognised by the consul, and the record of the facts in relation to my former visit to the office in 1838 were searched for and found among the documents of the office. I was immediately furnished with a boarding-house, and received an order for clothing, etc., which enabled me to pass among the people without attracting so much attention by my outlandish appearance. The war between the United States and Mexico was an all-engrossing subject of conversation at the time, and the sympathies of the British people, especially those who really knew anything about the two countries, were decidedly in favor of the latter, power, which they confidently asserted would have possession of the American capital before the year was ended. But this expression of opinion was only the result of their own wishes,

although among the majority it was attributable solely to ignorance.

In my former visit to England, while stopping at Coventry for a few days, during one of my frequent rambles into the country I entered a neat little cottage by the roadside, where my attention was instantly attracted by a very aged man, who occupied a great arm-chair at one side of the capacious fireplace. His long hair, which lay upon his shoulders, was as white as wool. A woman some forty years of age, neat and tidy in appearance, who was doing some housework, stepped forward, and answering in the affirmative to my inquiry for milk, she exclaimed, "Ye notice the old man; I am his granddaughter. He is 104 years old next michaelmas: but he is passing deaf and he has no sight; but he enjoys excellent health, praise God! Have you ever seen so old a person before?" I answered that I had not. "Ay, lad, you'll travel many a weary mile afore you find the likes o' him." Here the old gentleman seemed to notice our presence, and he demanded of his granddaughter who we were. The woman now looked at me for information, and having told her that I was an American and a sailor, she conveyed the answer into the old gentleman's ear, in tones which were almost deafening to me. After she had succeeded in making him understand, she turned to me with a look of incredulity, and asked if she had understood me aright about my being an American. I assured her she had, and that I was really an American. "O you need not tell me that—I know better than that: why, you are just like our people; but the Americans are all black." In this belief I was obliged to leave the whole family, as no assertion of mine to the contrary was sufficient to persuade her she was mistaken. Instances of like ignorance were by no means rare wherever I went, the people generally having an idea that the Americans were little better than a nation of savages; and even in many of the cities and towns of the interior, the common people had no idea of anything beyond their

immediate neighborhood. In London I could always find plenty who were disposed and even sought opportunities to insult the Yankees, professing to hold them in utter contempt. Many of the songs daily sung by the men on board of the Apollo during her passage to England were in honor of their victory over the unfortunate Chesapeake, the capture of the Essex, Wasp, etc., and I obtained a blessing from them one day for appending to the list the names of those vessels of the British navy which had fallen into the hands of our countrymen. Any allusion to these appeared to destroy the equanimity of their temper in an instant. These feelings still exist. The British people hate everything American, simply because we avow ourselves their rivals in everything that is really meritorious, and cross them occasionally in their plundering schemes of interference with our neighboring republics of the south.

The time was now fast approaching when I was to bid good-bye to England. The packet ship Wellington was named by the consul as the vessel in which I should make the passage to the United States, and I was directed to hold myself in readiness to go on board. The order to embark came on the 9th of May, and toward the close of the afternoon we left the St. Catherine's dock, and taking steam, we were soon on our way down the Thames. After passing Greenwich Hospital I left the deck, and in the morning we were entering the strait between the main island and Wight. By noon we were clear of the Needles, (sharp-pointed rocks which rise singly from the water at the western extremity of the Isle of Wight,) and I was bounding over the billows once more, down the channel, with the blue ocean before me.

Nothing worth recording happened upon the passage, and twenty-eight days after leaving the dock in London we passed Sandy Hook and entered the harbor of New-York. I was very much depressed in spirits on once more placing my feet upon my native soil. The thought of the great change in

my situation and prospects rushed upon my mind with an overwhelming force, and for some time I gave way to a kind of sullen despair. I was careless as to what became of me, and instead of returning to my friends, I lounged about New-York for some two months. But this could not continue long, and in August I proceeded to Boston and once more found myself with friends and relatives. I now learned that a brother, younger than myself, had been to the Rio de la Plata for the purpose of obtaining information of me. He had sailed in the Columbia frigate from the United States, and had returned in the same ship, having been on the Brazil station three years, during which time he had made every possible inquiry as to my whereabouts. He was on board of that ship on the morning of the escape of myself and comrades from the Riveristas, and witnessed the refusal of the officer to allow us to come on board. Afterwards we met repeatedly at the Buceo without recognizing each other, and he finally returned bearing the intelligence that I had been killed in the expedition into the Parana in 1842, which information he had received as authentic from acquaintances in Montevideo; and as there was no one to gainsay this intelligence, it was accepted as true by the most of my relatives, whose surprise at my reappearance among them may readily be imagined.

THE END.

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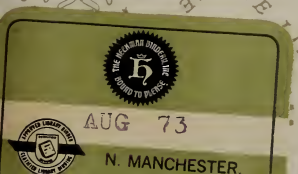

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